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JACK-O'-LANTERN

By Kate Douglas Wiggin

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

I

MISS MIRANDA SAWYER'S old-fashioned garden was the pleasantest spot in Riverboro on a sunny July morning. The rich color of the brick house gleamed and glowed through the shade of the elm and maples. Luxuriant hop-vines clambered up the lightning-rods and water-spouts, hanging their delicate clusters here and there in graceful profusion. Woodbine transformed the old sheds and tool-houses to things of beauty, and the flower-beds themselves were the prettiest and most fragrant in all the countryside. A row of dahlias ran directly around the garden spot, dahlias scarlet, gold, and variegated. In the very centre was a round plot where the up-turned faces of a thousand pansies smiled amid their leaves, and in the four corners were triangular blocks of sweet phlox over which the butterflies fluttered unceasingly. In the spaces between ran a riot of portulaca and nasturtiums, while in the more regular, shell-bordered beds grew spirea and gilly-flowers, mignonette, marigolds and clove pinks. Back of the barn and encroaching on the edge of the hay-field was a grove of sweet clover whose white feathery tips fairly bent under the assaults of the bees, while banks of aromatic mint and thyme drank in the sunshine and sent it out again into the summer air warm and deliciously odorous.

The hollyhocks were Miss Sawyer's pride, and they grew in a stately line beneath the four kitchen windows, their tapering tips set thickly with gay satin rosettes of pink or lavender or crimson.

"They look something like steeples," thought little Rebecca Randall, who was weeding the bed, "and the flat round flowers are like rosettes, but steeples wouldn't be studded with rosettes, so if you were writing about them you'd have to give up one or the other, and I guess I'll give up the steeples:

"Gay little hollyhock
Lifting your head,
Sweetly rosetted
Out from your bed.

It's a pity the hollyhock isn't really little, instead of being up to the window top, but I can't say, 'Gay *tall* hollyhock.' I might have it 'Lines to a Hollyhock in May,' for then it would be small; but oh, no! I forgot; in May it wouldn't be blooming and it's so pretty to say that its head is 'sweetly rosetted.' I wish Miss Dearborn wasn't away; she would like 'sweetly rosetted,' and she would like to hear me recite 'Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!' that I learned out of Aunt Jane's Byron; the rolls come booming out of it just like the waves at the beach."

Rebecca, the little niece of the brick house ladies, and at present sojourning there for purposes of board, lodging, and education, had a passion for the rhyme and rhythm of poetry. From her earliest childhood words had always been to her what dolls and toys are to other children, and now at twelve or thirteen she amused herself with phrases and sentences and images as her schoolmates played with the pieces of their dissected puzzles. If the heroine of a story took a "cursory glance" about her "apartment" Rebecca would shortly ask her Aunt Jane to take a "cursory glance"

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"You'll have to bury her and take care of Jacky."—Page 134.

at her oversewing or hemming; if the villain "aided and abetted" someone in committing a crime, she would before long request the pleasure of aiding and abetting in dishwashing or bedmaking. Sometimes she used the borrowed phrases unconsciously; sometimes she brought them into the conversation with an intense sense of pleasure in their beauty and appropriateness.

"How are you gettin' on, Rebecca Rowena?" called a peremptory voice from within.

"Pretty good, Aunt Miranda; only I wish flowers would ever come up as thick as this pigweed and plantain and sorrel. I just happened to be stopping to think a minute when you looked out."

"You think considerable more than you weed, I guess, by appearances. How many times have you peeked into that hummingbird's nest? Why don't you work all to once and play all to once, like other folks?"

"I don't know," the child answered, confounded by the question, and still more by the apparent logic back of it. "I don't know; but when I'm working outdoors such a Saturday morning as this, the whole creation just screams to me to come and play."

"Well, you needn't go if it does!" responded her aunt sharply. "It don't scream to me when I'm rollin' out these doughnuts."

Rebecca's little brown hands flew in and out among the weeds as she thought rebelliously; "Creation *wouldn't* scream to Aunt Miranda; it would know she wouldn't come.

"Scream on, thou bright and gay creation, scream!
'Tis not Miranda that will hear thy cry!

Oh, such funny nice things come into my head out here by myself, I do wish I could run up and put them down in my thought-

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book for school, but Aunt Miranda wouldn't like me to leave off weeding:

"Rebecca was weeding the hollyhock bed
When wonderful thoughts came into her head.
Her aunt was occupied with the rolling-pin
And the thoughts of her mind were common and thin.

That wouldn't do because it's mean to Aunt Miranda, and anyway it isn't good. I *must* crawl under the syringa shade a minute, it's so hot, and anybody has to stop working once in a while, just to get their breath:

"Rebecca was weeding the hollyhock bed
When wonderful thoughts came into her head.
Miranda was wielding the rolling-pin
And thoughts, at such times, seemed to her as a sin.

How pretty the hollyhock rosettes look from down here on the ground! *Rosetting, aiding and abetting, petting, hen-setting, fretting;* 'fretting' will do!

"Cheered by Rowena's petting,
The flowers are rosetting,
But Aunt Miranda's fretting
Doth somewhat cloud the day."

Suddenly the sound of wagon wheels broke the silence and then a voice called out—a voice that couldn't wait until the feet that belonged to it reached the spot: "Miss Sawyer! Father's got to drive over to North Riverboro on an errand, and please can Rebecca go, too, as it's Saturday morning and vacation besides?"

"Come straight to me!" and she stretched out her arms.—Page 138.

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Rebecca sprang out from under the syringa-bush, eyes flashing with delight as only Rebecca's eyes *could* flash, her face one luminous circle of joyous anticipation. She clapped her grubby hands, and dancing up and down, cried: "Can I, Aunt Miranda—can I, Aunt Jane—can I, Aunt Miranda-Jane? I'm more than half through the bed."

"If you finish your weeding to-night before sundown I s'pose you can go, so long as Mr. Perkins has been good enough to ask you," responded Miss Sawyer reluctantly. "Take off that gingham apron and wash your hands clean at the pump. You ain't be'n out o' bed but two hours an' your hair looks as rough as if you'd slep' in it. Smooth it down with your hands an' p'raps Emma Jane can braid it as you go along the road. Get your second-best hair ribbon out o' your upper drawer and put on your shade-hat. No, you can't wear your coral chain—it ain't appropriate in the morning. How long do you cal'late to be gone, Emma Jane?"

"I don't know. Father's just been sent for to see about a sick woman over to North Riverboro. She's got to go to the poor-farm."

This fragment of news speedily brought Miss Sawyer, and her sister Jane as well, to the door which commanded a view of Mr. Perkins and his wagon. Mr. Perkins, the father of Rebecca's bosom friend, was primarily a blacksmith, and secondarily a "selectman" and an "overseer of the poor," a man therefore possessed of wide and varied information.

"Who is it that's sick?" inquired Miranda.

"A woman over to North Riverboro."

"What's the trouble?"

"Can't say."

"Stranger?"

"Yes, and no; she's that wild daughter of old Nate Perry that used to live up towards Moderation. You remember she ran away to work in the factory at Milltown and married a do-nothin' fellow by the name o' John Winslow?"

"Yes; well, where is he? Why don't he take care of her?"

"They ain't worked well in double harness. They've been rovin' round the country livin' a month here and a month there wherever they could get work and house-room. They quarrelled a couple o' weeks ago and he left her. She and the little boy kind o' camped out in an old loggin' cabin back in the woods and she took in washin' for a spell; then she got terrible sick and ain't expected to live."

"Who's been nursing her?" inquired Miss Jane.

"Lizy Ann Dennett, that lives nearest neighbor to the cabin, but I guess she's tired out bein' good Samaritan. Anyways, she sent word this mornin' that nobody can't seem to find John Winslow; that there ain't no relations, and the town's got to be responsible; so I'm goin' over to see how the land lays. Climb in, Rebecca. You an' Emmy Jane crowd back on the cushion an' I'll set forrard. That's the trick! Now we're off!"

"Dear, dear!" sighed Jane Sawyer as the sisters walked back into the brick house. "I remember once seeing Sally Perry at meeting. She was a handsome girl and I'm sorry she's come to grief."

"If she'd kept on goin' to meetin' an' hadn't looked at the men folks she might 'a' be'n earnin' an honest livin' this minute," said Miranda. "Men folks are at the bottom of everything wrong in this world," she continued, unconsciously reversing the verdict of history.

"Then we ought to be a happy and contented community here in Riverboro," replied Jane, "as there's six women to one man."

"If 'twas sixteen to one we'd be all the safer," responded Miranda grimly, putting the doughnuts in a brown crock in the cellar-way and slamming the door.

II

THE Perkins horse and wagon rumbled along over the dusty country road and after a discreet silence maintained as long as human flesh could endure Rebecca remarked sedately:

"It's a sad errand for such a shiny morning, isn't it, Mr. Perkins?"

"Plenty o' trouble in the world, Rebecky, shiny mornin's an' all," that good man replied. "If you want a bed to lay on, a roof over your head, an' food to eat, you've got to work for 'em. If I hadn't 'a' worked early an' late, learned my trade, an' denied myself when I was young I might 'a' be'n a pauper layin' sick in a loggin'

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"I think he looks like a Jack-o'-lantern."—Page 139.

cabin 'stead o' bein' an overseer o' the poor an' selectman drivin' along to take the pauper to the poor-farm."

"People that are mortgaged don't have to go to the poor-farm, do they, Mr. Perkins?" asked Rebecca with a shiver of fear as she remembered Sunnybrook Farm and the debt upon it.

"Bless your soul, no; not unless they fail to pay up; but Sal Perry an' her husband hadn't got fur enough along in life to *be* mortgaged. You have to own something before you can mortgage it."

Rebecca's heart bounded as she learned that a mortgage represented a certain stage in worldly prosperity.

"Well," she said, sniffing in the fragrance of the new-mown hay and growing

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hopeful as she did so, "maybe the woman will be better such a beautiful day, and maybe the husband will come back to make it up and say he's sorry, and sweet content will reign in the humble habitation that was once the scene of poverty, grief, and despair. That's how it came out in a story I'm reading."

"I hain't noticed that life comes out like stories very much," responded the pessimistic blacksmith, who, as Rebecca privately thought, had read less than half a dozen books in his long and prosperous career.

A drive of three or four miles brought the party to a patch of woodland where many of the tall pines had been hewn the previous winter. The roof of a ramshackle hut was outlined against a background of young birches, and a rough path made in hauling the logs to the main road led directly to its door.

As they drew near the figure of a woman approached—Lizy Ann Dennett in a gingham dress and a calico apron over her head.

"Good-morning, Mr. Perkins. I'm real glad you come right over, for she's dead."

Dead! The word struck heavily and mysteriously on the children's ears. Dead! and their young lives, just begun, stretched on and on, all decked, like hope, in living green. Dead! and all the rest of the world revelling in strength. Dead! with all the daisies and buttercups waving in the fields and the men heaping the mown grass into fragrant cocks or tossing it into heavily laden carts. Dead! with the brooks tinkling after the summer showers, with the potatoes and corn blossoming, the birds singing for joy and every little insect humming and chirping, adding its note to the blithe chorus of warm, throbbing life.

"I was all alone with her. She passed away suddenly just about break o' day," said Lizy Ann Dennett.

"Her soul passed upward to its God
Just at the break of day."

These words came suddenly into Rebecca's mind from a tiny chamber in her head where such things were wont to lie quietly until something brought them to the surface. She was so thrilled with the idea of dying just as the dawn was breaking that she scarcely heard Mrs. Dennett's conversation.

"I sent for the undertaker, an' he's be'n here an' laid her out," continued that long-suffering lady. "She ain't got any folks, an' John Winslow ain't never had any as far back as I can remember. She belongs to your town and you'll have to bury her and take care of Jacky—that's the boy. He's seventeen months old, a bright little feller, the image o' John, but I can't keep him another day. I'm all wore out; my own baby's sick, mother's rheumatiz is extry bad, and my husband's comin' home to-night from his week's work. If he finds a child o' John Winslow's under his roof I can't say what would happen; you'll have to take him back with you to the poor-farm."

"I can't get him up there this afternoon," objected Mr. Perkins.

"Well, then, keep him over Sunday yourself; he's good as a kitten. John Winslow 'll hear o' Sal's death sooner or later, unless he's gone out o' the State altogether, an' when he knows the boy's at the poor-farm I kind o' think he'll come and claim him. Could you drive me over to the village to see about the coffin, and would you children be afraid to stay here alone for a spell?" she asked, turning to the girls.

"Afraid?" they both echoed, uncomprehendingly.

Lizy Ann and Mr. Perkins perceiving that the fear of a dead presence had not entered the minds of Rebecca or Emma Jane, said nothing, but drove off together, counselling them not to stray far away from the cabin and promising to be back in an hour.

There was not a house within sight, either looking up or down the shady road, and the two girls stood hand in hand, watching the wagon out of sight; then they sat down quietly under a tree, feeling all at once a nameless depression hanging over their gay summer-morning spirits.

It was very still in the woods; just the chirp of a grasshopper now and then, or the note of a bird, of the click of a far-distant mowing-machine.

"We're '*watching*'!" whispered Emma Jane. "They 'watched' with Gran'pa Perkins, and there was a great funeral and two ministers."

"They watched with my little sister Mira, too," said Rebecca. "You remember when she died, and I went home to Sunnybrook Farm? It was winter time, but she was covered with evergreen and white pinks, and there was singing."

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Great, though friendly, was the rivalry between them.—Page 141.

"There won't be any funeral or ministers or singing here, will there? Isn't that awful?"

"I s'pose not; and oh, Emma Jane, no flowers either. We might get those for her if there's nobody else to do it."

"Would you dare put them on to her?" asked Emma Jane, in a hushed voice.

"I don't know; I can't tell; it makes me shiver, but, of course, we *could* do it if we were the only friends she had. Let's look into the cabin first and be perfectly sure that there aren't any. Are you afraid?"

"N-no; I guess not. I looked at Gran'pa Perkins, and he was just the same as ever."

At the door of the hut Emma Jane's courage suddenly departed. She held back shuddering and refused either to enter or look in. Rebecca shuddered too, but kept on, drawn by an insatiable curiosity about

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"O Aunt Sarah, where shall we get another Jack-o'-lantern?"—Page 141.

life and death, an overmastering desire to know, and feel, and understand the mysteries of existence, a hunger for knowledge and experience at all hazards and at any cost.

Emma Jane hurried softly away from the felt terrors of the cabin, and after two or three minutes of utter silence Rebecca issued from the open door, her sensitive face pale and woe-begone, the ever-ready tears raining down her cheeks. She ran toward the edge of the wood, sinking down by Emma Jane's side, and covering her eyes, sobbed with excitement:

"O Emma Jane, she hasn't got a flower, and she's so tired and sad looking, as if she'd been hurt and hurt and never had any good times, and there's a weeny, weeny baby 'side of her. Oh, I wish I hadn't gone in!"

Emma Jane blenched for an instant. "Mrs. Dennett never said *there was two.*

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Isn't that dreadful? But," she continued, her practical common sense coming to the rescue, "you've been in once and it's all over; it won't be so bad when you take in the flowers because you'll be used to it. The golden-rod hasn't begun to bud, so there's nothing to pick but daisies. Shall I make a long rope of them as I did for the school-room?"

"Yes," said Rebecca, wiping her eyes and still sobbing. "Yes, that's the prettiest, and if we put it all round her like a frame they couldn't be so cruel as to throw it away, even if she is a pauper, because it will look so beautiful. From what the Sunday-school lessons say, she's only asleep now, and when she wakes up she'll be in heaven."

"There's another place," said Emma Jane in a sepulchral whisper, as she took her ever-present ball of crochet cotton from her pocket and began to twine the white-weed blossoms into a rope.

"Oh, well!" Rebecca replied with the easy theology that belonged to her temperament. "They simply couldn't send her *down there* with that little weeny baby. Who'd take care of it? You know page 6 of the catechism says the only companions of the wicked after death are their father the devil and all the other evil angels; it's no place to bring up a baby."

"When she wakes up I hope she won't know that the big baby is going to the poor-farm. I wonder where he is?"

"Perhaps over to Mrs. Dennett's house. She didn't seem sorry a bit, did she?"

"No, but I suppose she's tired sitting up and nursing a stranger. Mother wasn't sorry when Grandpa Perkins died; she couldn't be, for he was cross all the time and had to be fed like a child. Why *are* you crying again, Rebecca?"

"Oh, I don't know, I can't tell, Emma Jane! Only I don't want to die and have no funeral or singing and nobody sorry for me! I just couldn't bear it!"

"Neither could I," Emma Jane responded, "but p'r'aps if we're real good and die young before we have to be fed, they will be sorry. I do wish you could write some poetry for her as you did for Alice Robinson's canary-bird, only still better, of course."

"I could, easy enough," exclaimed Rebecca, somewhat consoled by the idea that her rhyming faculty could be of any use in such an emergency. "I don't know but it would be kind of bold to do it. I'm all puzzled about how people get to heaven after they're buried. I cannot understand it a bit; but if the poetry is on her, what if that should go, too? And how could I write anything good enough to be read out loud in heaven?"

"A little piece of paper couldn't get to heaven; it just couldn't," asserted Emma Jane decisively. "It would be all blown to pieces and dried up. And nobody knows that the angels can read writing, anyway."

"They must be as 'smart' as we are, and smarter," argued Rebecca. "They must be more than just dead people, or else why should they have wings? But I'll go off and write something while you finish the rope; it's lucky you brought your crochet cotton and I my lead-pencil."

In fifteen or twenty minutes she returned with some lines written on a scrap of brown wrapping paper. Standing soberly by Emma Jane, she said, preparing to read them aloud: "They're not good; I was afraid your father'd come back before I finished, and the first verse sounds exactly like the funeral hymns in the church book. I couldn't call her Sally Winslow, it didn't seem nice, so I thought if I said 'friend' it would show she had somebody to be sorry.

"This friend of ours has died and gone
From us to heaven to live.
If she has sinned against Thee, Lord,
We pray Thee, Lord, forgive.

"Her husband runneth far away
And knoweth not she's dead.
Oh, bring him back—ere 'tis too late—
To mourn beside her bed.

"And if perchance it can't be so,
Be to the children kind;
The weeny one that goes with her,
The other left behind."

"I think that's perfectly elegant!" exclaimed Emma Jane, kissing Rebecca fervently. "You are the smartest girl in the whole State of Maine, and it sounds like a minister's prayer. Shall you sign it like we do our school compositions?"

"No," said Rebecca soberly. "I certainly sha'n't sign it; not knowing where it's going or who'll read it. I shall just hide it in the flowers, and whoever finds it will

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guess that there wasn't any minister or singing, or gravestone or anything, so somebody just did the best they could."

III

THE tired mother with the "weeny baby" on her arm lay on a long carpenter's bench, her earthly journey over, and when Rebecca stole in and placed the flowery garland all along the edge of the rude bier, death suddenly took on a more gracious and benign aspect. It was only a child's sympathy and intuition that softened the rigors of the sad moment, but poor Sal Winslow, in her frame of daisies, looked as if she were missed a little by an unfriendly world; while the weeny baby, whose heart had fallen asleep almost as soon as it had learned to beat, the weeny baby with Emma Jane's nosegay of buttercups in its tiny hand, smiled as if it might have been loved and longed for and mourned.

"We've done all we can now without a minister," whispered Rebecca. "We could sing 'God is ever good' out of the Sunday-school song-book, but I'm afraid somebody would hear us and think we were gay and happy.—What's that?"

A strange sound broke the stillness: a gurgle, a yawn, a merry little cry. The two girls ran in the direction from which it came, and there, on an old coat, in a clump of golden-rod bushes, lay a child just waking from a refreshing nap.

"It's the other baby!" cried Emma Jane.

"Isn't he beautiful!" exclaimed Rebecca. "Come straight to me!" and she stretched out her arms.

The child struggled to its feet and tottered waveringly toward the warm welcome of the voice and eyes. Rebecca was all mother and her maternal instincts had been well developed in the large family in which she was next to the eldest. She had always confessed that there were perhaps a trifle too many babies at Sunnybrook Farm, but, nevertheless, had she ever heard it, she would have stood loyally by the Japanese proverb: "Whether brought forth upon the mountain or in the field it matters nothing; more than a treasure of one thousand ryō a baby precious is."

"You darling thing!" she crooned, as she caught and lifted the child. "You look just like a Jack-o'-lantern."

The boy was clad in a yellow cotton dress, very full and stiff. His hair was of such a bright gold, and so sleek and shiny that he looked like a fair, smooth little pumpkin. He had wide blue eyes full of laughter, a neat little vertical nose, a neat little horizontal mouth with his few neat little teeth showing very plainly, and on the whole Rebecca's figure of speech was not so wide of the mark.

"O Emma Jane! Isn't he too lovely to go to the poor-farm? If only we were married we could keep him and say nothing and nobody would know the difference! Now that the Simpsons have gone there isn't a single baby in Riverboro, and only one in Edgewood. It's a perfect shame, but I can't do anything; you remember Aunt Miranda wouldn't let me have the Simpson baby when I wanted to borrow her just for one rainy Sunday."

"My mother won't keep him, so it's no use to ask her; she says 'most every day she's glad we're grown up, and she thanks the Lord there wasn't but two of us."

"And Mrs. Peter Meserve is too nervous," Rebecca went on, taking the village houses in turn, "and Mrs. Robinson is too neat."

"People don't seem to like any but their own babies," observed Emma Jane.

"Well, I can't understand it," Rebecca answered. "A baby's a baby, I should think, whose ever it is! Miss Dearborn is coming back Monday. I wonder if she'd like it? She has nothing to do out of school and we could borrow it all the time!"

"I don't think it would seem very genteel for a young lady like Miss Dearborn, who 'boards round,' to take a baby from place to place," objected Emma Jane.

"Perhaps not," agreed Rebecca despondently, "but I think if we haven't got any—any—*private* babies in Riverboro we ought to have one for the town, and all have a share in it. We've got a town hall and a town lamp-post and a town watering-trough. Things are so uneven! One house like mine at Sunnybrook, *brim full* of children and the very next one empty! The only way to fix them right would be to let all the babies that ever are belong to all the grown-up people that ever are—just divide them up, you know, if they'd go round. Oh, I have a thought! Don't you believe Aunt Sarah Cobb would

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keep him? She carries flowers to the graveyard every little while, and once she took me with her. There's a marble cross and it says: '*Sacred to the memory of Sarah Ellen, beloved child of Sarah and Jeremiah Cobb, aged 17 months.*' Why, that's another reason; Mrs. Dennett says this one is seventeen months. There's five of us left at the farm without me, but if we were only nearer to Riverboro how quick mother would let in one more!"

"We might see what father thinks," said Emma Jane. "If we don't bother him, and find a place ourselves, perhaps he'll be willing. He's coming now; I hear the wheels."

Lizy Ann Dennett volunteered to stay and perform the last rites with the undertaker, and Jack-o'-lantern, with his wardrobe tied in a bandanna handkerchief, was lifted into the wagon by the reluctant Mr. Perkins and jubilantly held by Rebecca in her lap. Mr. Perkins drove off as speedily as possible, being heartily sick of the whole affair, and thinking wisely that the little girls had already seen and heard more than enough of the seamy side of life that morning.

Discussion concerning Jack-o'-lantern's future was prudently deferred for a quarter of an hour, and then Mr. Perkins was mercilessly pelted with arguments against the choice of the poor-farm as a place of residence for a baby.

"His father is sure to come back sometime, Mr. Perkins," urged Rebecca. "He couldn't leave this beautiful thing forever; and if Emma Jane and I can persuade Mrs. Cobb to keep him a little while, would you care?"

No; on reflection Mr. Perkins did not care. He merely wanted a quiet life and enough time left over from the public service to attend to his blacksmith's shop; so instead of going home over the same road by which they came he crossed the bridge into Edgewood and dropped the children at the long lane which led to the Cobb house.

Mrs. Cobb, "Aunt Sarah" to the whole village, sat by the window looking for Uncle Jerry, who would soon be seen driving the noon stage to the post-office over the hill. She always had an eye out for Rebecca, too, for ever since the child had been a passenger on Mr. Cobb's stage-coach, making the eventful trip from her home farm to the brick house in Riverboro in his company, she had been a constant visitor and the joy of the quiet household. Emma Jane, too, was a well-known figure in the lane, but the strange baby was in the nature of a surprise; a surprise somewhat modified by the fact that Rebecca was a dramatic personage and more liable to appear in conjunction with curious outriders, comrades, and retainers than the ordinary Riverboro child.

The little party toiled up to the hospitable door and Mrs. Cobb came out to meet them.

Rebecca was spokesman. Emma Jane's talent did not lie in eloquent speech, but it would have been a valiant and a fluent child indeed who could have usurped Rebecca's privileges and tendencies in this direction, language being her native element, and words of assorted sizes springing spontaneously to her lips.

"Aunt Sarah, dear," she said, plumping Jack-o'-lantern down on the grass as she pulled his dress over his feet and smoothed his hair becomingly. "Will you please not say a word till I get through—as it's very important you should know everything before you answer yes or no? This is a baby named Jacky Winslow, and I think he looks like a Jack-o'-lantern. His mother has just died over to North Riverboro, all alone excepting for Mrs. Lizy Ann Dennett, and there was another little weeny baby that died with her, and Emma Jane and I put flowers round them and did the best we could. The father—that's John Winslow—quarrelled with the mother—that was Sal Perry on the Moderation road—and ran away and left her. So he doesn't know his wife and the weeny baby are dead. And the town has got to bury them because they can't find the father right off quick and Jacky has got to go to the poor-farm this afternoon. And it seems an awful shame to take him up to that lonesome place with those old people that can't amuse him, and if Emma Jane and Alice Robinson and I take most all the care of him we thought perhaps you and Uncle Jerry would keep him just for a little while. You've got a cow and a turn-up bedstead, you know," she hurried on insinuatingly, "and there's hardly any pleasure as cheap as more babies where there's ever been any before, for baby carriages and trundle beds and cradles don't wear out, and there's al-

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ways clothes left over from the old baby to begin the new one on. Of course, we can collect enough things to start Jacky, so he won't be much trouble or expense, and anyway, he's past the most troublesome age and you won't have to be up nights with him and he isn't afraid of anybody or anything, as you can see by his just sitting there laughing and sucking his thumb, though he doesn't know what's going to become of him. And he's just seventeen months old and we thought we ought to give you the refusal of him before he goes to the poor-farm, and what do you think about it? Because it's near my dinner-time and Aunt Miranda will keep me in the whole afternoon if I'm late and I've got to finish weeding the hollyhock bed before sundown."

IV

Mrs. Cobb had enjoyed a considerable period of reflection during this monologue and Jacky had not used the time unwisely, offering several unconscious arguments and suggestions to the matter under discussion —lurching over on the greensward and righting himself with a chuckle, kicking his bare feet about in delight at the sunshine and groping for his toes with arms too short to reach them, the movement involving an entire upsetting of equilibrium followed by more chuckles.

Coming down the last of the stone steps, she regarded the baby with interest and sympathy.

"Poor little mite!" she said; "that doesn't know he's lost his mother this very day! Seems to me we might keep him a spell till we're sure his father's deserted him for good. Will you come and see me, baby?"

Jack-o'-lantern turned from Rebecca and Emma Jane and regarded the kind face gravely, then he held out both his hands, and Mrs. Cobb, stooping, gathered him like a harvest. Being lifted into her arms, he at once tore her spectacles from her nose and laughed aloud. Taking them from him gently, she put them on again and set him in the cushioned rocking-chair under the lilac-bushes beside the steps. Then she took one of his soft hands in hers and patted it, and fluttered her fingers like birds before his eyes, and snapped them like castanets, remembering all the arts she had lavished upon "Sarah Ellen, aged seventeen months" years and years ago.

> Motherless baby and babyless mother,
> Bring them together to love one another.

Rebecca knew nothing of this couplet, but she saw clearly enough that her case was won.

"The boy must be hungry; when was he fed last?" asked Mrs. Cobb. "Just stay a second longer while I get him some morning's milk; then you run home to your dinners and I'll speak to Mr. Cobb this afternoon. Of course, we can keep the baby for a week or two till we see what happens. Land! he ain't goin' to be any more trouble than a wax doll! I guess he ain't been used to much attention, and that kind's always the easiest to take care of."

At six o'clock that evening Rebecca and Emma Jane flew up the hill and down the lane again, waving their hands to the dear old couple who were waiting for them in the usual place, the back piazza where they had sat so many summers in a blessed companionship never marred by an unloving word.

"Where's Jacky?" called Rebecca breathlessly, her voice always outrunning her feet.

"Go up to my chamber, both of you, if you want to see," smiled Mrs. Cobb, "only don't wake him up."

The girls went softly up the stairs into Aunt Sarah's room. There in the turn-up bedstead that had been so long empty, slept Jack-o'-lantern, in blissful unconsciousness of the doom he had so lately escaped. His nightgown and pillow-case were clean and fragrant with lavender, but they were both as yellow as saffron, for they had belonged to Sarah Ellen.

"I wish his mother could see him!" whispered Emma Jane.

"You can't tell; it's all puzzly about heaven, and perhaps she does," said Rebecca, as they turned reluctantly from the fascinating scene and stole down to the piazza.

It was a beautiful and a happy summer that year, and every day of it was filled with blissful plays and still more blissful duties. On the Monday after Jack-o'-lantern's arrival in Edgewood Rebecca founded the Riverboro Aunts Association. The Aunts were Rebecca, Emma Jane, Alice Robinson, and Minnie Smellie, and each of the first three promised to labor for and amuse

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the visiting baby for two days a week, Minnie Smellie, who lived at some distance from the Cobbs, making herself responsible for Saturday afternoons.

Minnie Smellie was not a general favorite among the Riverboro girls, and it was only in an unprecedented burst of magnanimity that they admitted her into the rites of fellowship, Rebecca hugging herself secretly at the thought, that as Minnie gave only the leisure time of one day a week she could not be called a "full" Aunt. There had been long and bitter feuds between the two children during Rebecca's first summer in Riverboro, but since Mrs. Smellie had told her daughter that one more quarrel would invite a punishment so terrible that it could only be hinted at vaguely, and Miss Miranda Sawyer had remarked that any niece of hers who couldn't get along peaceably with the neighbors had better go back to the seclusion of a farm where there weren't any—hostilities had been veiled, and a suave and diplomatic relationship had replaced the former one, which had been wholly primitive, direct, and barbaric.

A shaky perambulator was found in Mrs. Perkins's wonderful attic; shoes and stockings were furnished by Mrs. Robinson; Miss Jane Sawyer knitted a blanket and some shirts; Thirza Meserve, though too young for an Aunt, coaxed from her mother some dresses and nightgowns, and was presented with a green paper certificate allowing her to wheel Jacky up and down the road for an hour under the superintendence of a full Aunt. Each girl, under the constitution of the association, could call Jacky "hers" for two days in the week, and great, though friendly, was the rivalry between them, as they washed, ironed and sewed for their adored nephew.

If Mrs. Cobb had not been the most amiable woman in the world she might have had difficulty in managing the Aunts, but she always had Jacky to herself the earlier part of the day and after dusk at night.

Meanwhile Jack-o'-lantern grew healthier and heartier and jollier as the weeks slipped away. Uncle Jerry joined the little company of worshippers and slaves, and one fear only stirred in all their hearts; not, as a sensible and practical person might imagine, the fear that the recreant father might never return to claim his child, but, on the contrary, that he *might* do so!

October came at length with its cheery days and frosty nights, its glory of crimson leaves and its golden harvest of pumpkins and ripened corn. Rebecca had been down by the Edgewood side of the river and had come up across the pastures for a good-night play with Jacky.

Mrs. Cobb stood behind the screen door with her face pressed against the wire netting, and Rebecca could see that she was wiping her eyes.

All at once the child's heart gave one prophetic throb and then stood still. She was like a harp that vibrated with every wind of emotion, whether from another's grief or her own.

She looked down the lane, around the curve of the stone wall red with woodbine, the lane that would meet the stage road to the station. There, just mounting the crown of the hill and about to disappear on the other side, strode a stranger man, big and tall, with a crop of reddish curly hair showing from under his straw hat. A woman walked by his side, and perched on his shoulder, wearing his most radiant and triumphant mien, as joyous in leaving Edgewood as he had been during every hour of his sojourn there—rode Jack-o'-lantern!

Rebecca gave a cry in which maternal longing and helpless, hopeless jealousy strove for supremacy. Then, with an impetuous movement she started to run.

Mrs. Cobb opened the door hastily, calling: "Rebecca, Rebecca, come back here! You mustn't follow where you haven't any right to go. If there'd been anything to say or do I'd 'a' done it."

"He's mine! he's mine!" stormed Rebecca. "I mean he's yours and mine!"

"He's his father's first of all," faltered Mrs. Cobb; "don't let's forget that. Come in, and we'll put things away all neat before your Uncle Jerry gets home."

Rebecca sank in a pitiful little heap on Mrs. Cobb's bedroom floor and sobbed her heart out. "O Aunt Sarah, where shall we get another Jack-o'-lantern, and how shall I break it to Emma Jane? What if his father doesn't love him, and what if he forgets to strain the milk or lets him go without his nap? That's the worst of babies that aren't private—you have to part with them sooner or later!"

"Sometimes you have to part with your

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own, too," said Mrs. Cobb sadly, as she folded up the sides of the turn-up bedstead preparatory to banishing it a second time to the attic. "I shall miss Sarah Ellen now more'n ever. Still, Rebecca, we mustn't feel to complain. It's the Lord that gives and the Lord that takes away: Blessed be the name of the Lord."

TO A LADY AT A SPRING

By Thomas Nelson Page

LONG æons since, in leafy woodlands sweet,
Diana, weary with the eager chase,
Was wont to seek full oft some trysting-place
Well-loved of all her train; some cool retreat
Of crystal springs, deep-bowered from the heat
Of sultry noon, wherein each subtle grace
Of snowy form and radiant flower face,
Narcissus-like, goddess and nymph might greet.
Diana long hath fleeted 'yond the main;
The founts which erst she loved are all bereft;
No more on violet banks her feet are set;
Silent her silvern bugle, fled her train;
One spot alone of all she loved is left:
This poplar-shaded spring is goddess-haunted yet.

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THE MOUNTAIN GOAT AND THE CAMERA*

By William T. Hornaday and John M. Phillips

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN M. PHILLIPS

AT last the camera has fully and fairly captured the elusive, crag-defying Rocky Mountain goat. *Oreamnos* has stood for his picture at short range, looking pleasant and otherwise, and the pictures call for neither an "if" nor an apology. They are all that the most ambitious wild-animal photographer could reasonably desire.

In photographing rare wild animals in their haunts the camera always begins at long range and reduces the focal distance by slow, and sometimes painful, degrees.

So far as I know, the first photographs ever made of *Oreamnos* in his native haunts were taken by the late E. A. Stanfield, on the rock walls of the Stickine River, northern British Columbia, in 1898, not far from where he afterward lost his life in that dangerous stream. This was a single negative showing one goat in the middle distance, and three others, far away, sticking against the side of what appeared to be a perfectly smooth wall of rock several hundred feet high.

After that came three or four pictures of goats taken in timber, on level ground and amid surroundings that seemed more suitable for white-tailed deer than crag-climbing goats. The distance was so great that it was only when the negatives were much enlarged that the goats became interesting.

On both sides of our ideally beautiful camp in the head of Avalanche Valley the mountains rose steeply and far. First came the roof slopes, a mile from bottom to top, their faces seamed with parallel "slides" and ribbed with the ridges of rock and points of moss-green timber that climbed up between them. Above all that rose the long stretches of crag and rock wall, crowned by peak, "dome," and "saddle."

From bottom to top we scanned the slideways for grizzly bears feeding on berries or digging roots. We watched the grassy belt just below the cliff-foot for mountain sheep. Goats we saw up there, daily, in little groups of three to five; but we had resolutely drawn our firing-line at three goats each.

But there was one old billy who fascinated us all. When we looked out of our tents on our first morning in that camp, he was calmly lying upon a ledge at the foot of the cliff, immediately above us, near a bank of perpetual snow. For two days he remained there, at the same elevation, moving neither north nor south more than three hundred yards. When hungry, he came down to the foot of the cliff and fed on the tender plants that grew at timber-line, then climbed back to his favorite contour line, to lie and doze away the hours.

That goat seemed so sociable that finally we began to regard him as one of us, and we scrutinized him and apostrophized him to our heart's content. On the fourth morning the beautifully clear sky and faultless atmosphere revealed a rare opportunity. While the cook was putting the finishing touches to an inspiring breakfast of fried mule-deer steaks and other luxuries, those of us who had most quickly succeeded in finding the clean spots on the camp towels took our usual early morning gaze at "that old goat." (Ye gods! How glorious was the crisp air, the spruce-woods odor, the crackle and snap of the camp-fire, and the golden glow of sunrise on the western peaks and precipices. *That* was life—without a flaw!)

As we gathered around our standing lunch-breakfast table I remarked to Mr. Phillips that it would be a glorious feat to secure some really fine photographs of that billy-goat in his natural environment. Turning to his side-partner, Mr. Phillips said very positively.

"Mack, it is up to the unscientific section to get those pictures!"

"I dunno about them environments," answered Mack slowly, while he steered a long line of condensed cream into his coffee-cup, "but we can shore git a boxful of scenery up thar. We never yet shot a full-grown billy with a camery; and they're mighty on-

* Copyright, 1906, by W. T. Hornaday

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sartin critters. If we corral him too close, he'll like as not go vicious, and knock us clean off the mountain."

We soon saw that an attempt would be made to round up that goat somewhere, somehow, and take a picture of him at short range. In a few minutes we invented a wigwag code of signals by which the cook was to signal at intervals, with a clean towel on the end of a fossil teepee-pole, the position of the goat. Mr. Phillips and Mack Norboe made ready for the event, and with Kaiser to assist in manipulating the goat, presently set out.

Mr. Phillips dislikes writing about his adventures, but in view of the fact that he alone is able to relate the occurrences of that day, I prevailed upon him to write out the following account of that daring and dangerous episode. Had I known on that morning the risks that he would run on those cliffs, hanging by one hand on a knife-edge of rotten rock, with an angry goat at a nearness of six feet and threatening to knock him off into mid-air, I would not for any number of photographs have encouraged the enterprise. It was only the merciful providence which sometimes guards insane camera enthusiasts which prevented a frightful tragedy; for it is well known throughout the goat country that an old male goat, cornered on a ledge, will fight dog or man.

In order to assist the photographers to the utmost, Charlie Smith and I considerately went bear-hunting; and this is Mr. Phillips's account of how the goat pictures were obtained:

"Shortly after twelve o'clock Mack and I started for the goat that had been hanging out above our camp. We took my stereoscopic camera, Charlie Smith's four by five camera, the dog, and my big gun, in order to kill the goat if he attacked me.

"After crossing the narrow flat of Avalanche Creek, we struck up the long, grassy slide directly opposite our camp. At first its slope was about twenty degrees, but this gradually increased until, finally, where it struck the slide rock it almost stood on end. We reached the slide rock about 2 P. M., after which the going was harder than ever. Gradually we worked our way out of the slide on to a high, rocky point which rose toward the south.

"Although lightly clad, we were by that time very warm. I had taken off my hunting-shirt, and hung it upon my back, and opened the sides of my knickerbockers. Inside and out, we needed all the air we could get. I wore that day a pair of light golf shoes with rubber soles, tipped at the toes and heels with leather, in which were fixed some small steel nails. These soles were very flexible and adjusted themselves so well to the inequalities of the rocks that I could jump and stick where I lit. Mack said, 'With them foot-riggin's, you shore kin go whar a bar kin!' Mack was not so well equipped as to foot-gear, having on an old pair of shoes with turned-up toes set with nails that were much worn. This handicapped him on the bare rocks.

"'It's about time Cookie wiggled that rag to show us whar that goat is,' said Mack, as we seated ourselves to rest and took out our glasses.

"Sure enough. In a few minutes we saw Huddleston out on the green flat in front of the tents, waving vigorously; and from his signals we knew that the goat was still there, toward the south and above us. We decided that the director's semaphore system was a good thing.

"We knew that our best chance for success lay in getting above the goat, to prevent his escape to the peaks, then in cornering him somewhere. After a long diagonal climb we found ourselves under the wall of the snow-capped mountain, which rose sheer up two hundred feet or more, then rounded off into a dome going about three hundred feet higher. Now, just here we found a very strange feature of mountain work. A great rock buttress stretched along the foot of the mountain wall, originally continuous, and several hundred feet long. But somehow, a big section had been riven out of the middle of that ridge, going quite down to the general face of that mountainside, like a railway cut standing almost on end. This central cut-out section is now the head of a big slide five hundred feet wide at the cliff, from which it descends at a fearful pitch.

"This slide is now bounded at the top by two ridges of rock, each with a steep wall facing the gap. The space lying between these walls is filled with masses of frost-riven rock, from the peak above, varying in size from dust to rocks the size of a freight-car. The weight and momentum of the larger rocks had carried them well down

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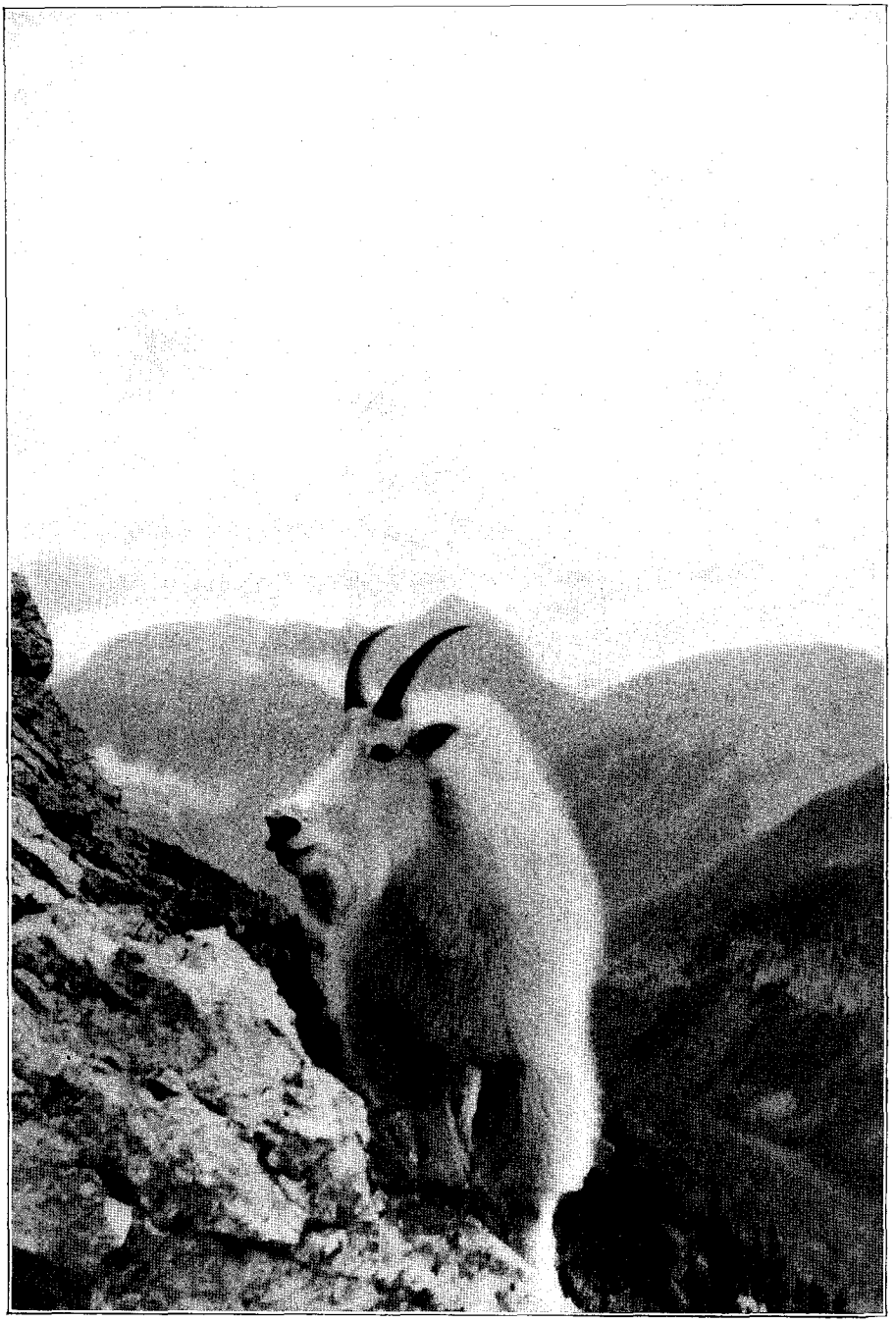

From a photograph, copyright 1905, by John M. Phillips.

The best goat picture.
Taken at eight feet.

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the mountain, and some of them were so evenly balanced that it seemed as if a touch would be sufficient to send them thundering on.

"We stood on the top of the northern ridge, close under the foot of the cliff, and looked down the rock wall, which dropped almost perpendicularly to the slide-way far below. On the south side of the slide rose a ridge very similar to the one on which we stood.

"From the signals Huddleston made at that time, we knew that the goat was below us. 'Thar he is now!' exclaimed Mack, pointing down our ridge, and looking, as he pointed, I saw the animal about one hundred and fifty yards below us on a point of rock overhanging the slide. He was staring down toward our camp, as if he saw Huddleston and his signals, but I doubt if he did see our cook, for without glasses, the distance was too great.

"Up to that moment our dog Kaiser had been obediently following at our heels. Then we showed him the goat, and explained to him what we desired. He seemed to quite understand what we wished him to do. Leaving us at once, he silently worked his way down over the rocks, and in three or four minutes jumped the goat. And then pandemonium broke loose. Kaiser barked excitedly, Mack rolled stones, and I yelled.

"The goat was very much surprised by all this noise and the sudden assault of the dog. Seeing that his retreat to the upper sanctuary of the cliffs was effectually cut off, he bounded like a great ball of cotton down the almost perpendicular wall of the cliff, into the slide-way, two hundred feet below. To get down safely after his game, Kaiser had to hunt for stairs, and before he reached the bottom the goat was well across the slide.

"In the meantime I had scrambled down the rocks into the head of the slide, and found that although it pitched at a frightful angle, I could get footing close under the sheer mountain wall, so I ran and scrambled across, jumping over some water-worn fissures. When I reached the opposite wall I saw the goat below me, coming up the ridge. Owing to the shape of the slide, I had travelled only one-third the distance covered by the goat.

"Seeing me above him, the goat thought he was again cut off from the mountain, and so sought safety on the face of the wall that overhung the slide. He did not realize that he could easily have passed me by going up the ridge before I could head him off.

"Seeing that the goat was safe for the moment, I thought of Mack, and fearing that he had fallen, went back. I found him at the bottom of one of the water-worn fissures. It was too wide for him to jump, so he had gone down into the rock crevasse, and when I found him he was on his hands and knees. And no wonder. The bottom was worn quite smooth, and pitched down at an angle of about sixty degrees. When he heard me he looked up and said: 'I wisht I had some of them legs them octopuses had that the professor was tellin' us about! I'd shore rope myself over this ditch!'

"When finally Mack crawled out of his trouble we went over and looked at the goat. I took a picture of it from the slide, then leaving Mack in the slide with my gun, I worked my way with the cameras out upon the ridge and finally secured a position above the goat.

"I found him standing on a ledge about eighteen inches wide, backed against a slight projection on the face of the cliff, which cut the ledge off. The ledge raised at rather a steep incline for about twenty feet up to the level on which I stood. The goat was about eight feet below me, while below him was a sheer drop of one hundred and fifty feet or more, down to the slide rock.

"He was a very large goat, weighing, I should say, fully three hundred pounds. He had a magnificent pair of horns, fully ten inches long. I was surprised to note that he did not show the least sign of panic, or even fear. He looked up at me quite calmly, and then, ignoring me entirely, solemnly and serenely gazed out over the crags below.

"After a few trials from above I found it impossible to get a good picture of him without getting much nearer; so I yelled down to Mack: 'I'm going down to him. If he charges me, you must kill him in a hurry.'

"Setting the focus of my stereo-camera for six feet, and placing the bulb in my mouth, I gradually worked my way down the ledge, carrying my camera in one hand and holding to the wall with the other. When I was within about twelve feet of the goat Mack yelled to me: 'Look out, thar! He's a-raisin' his tail, like a buffalo bull! He's goin' to knock you off!'

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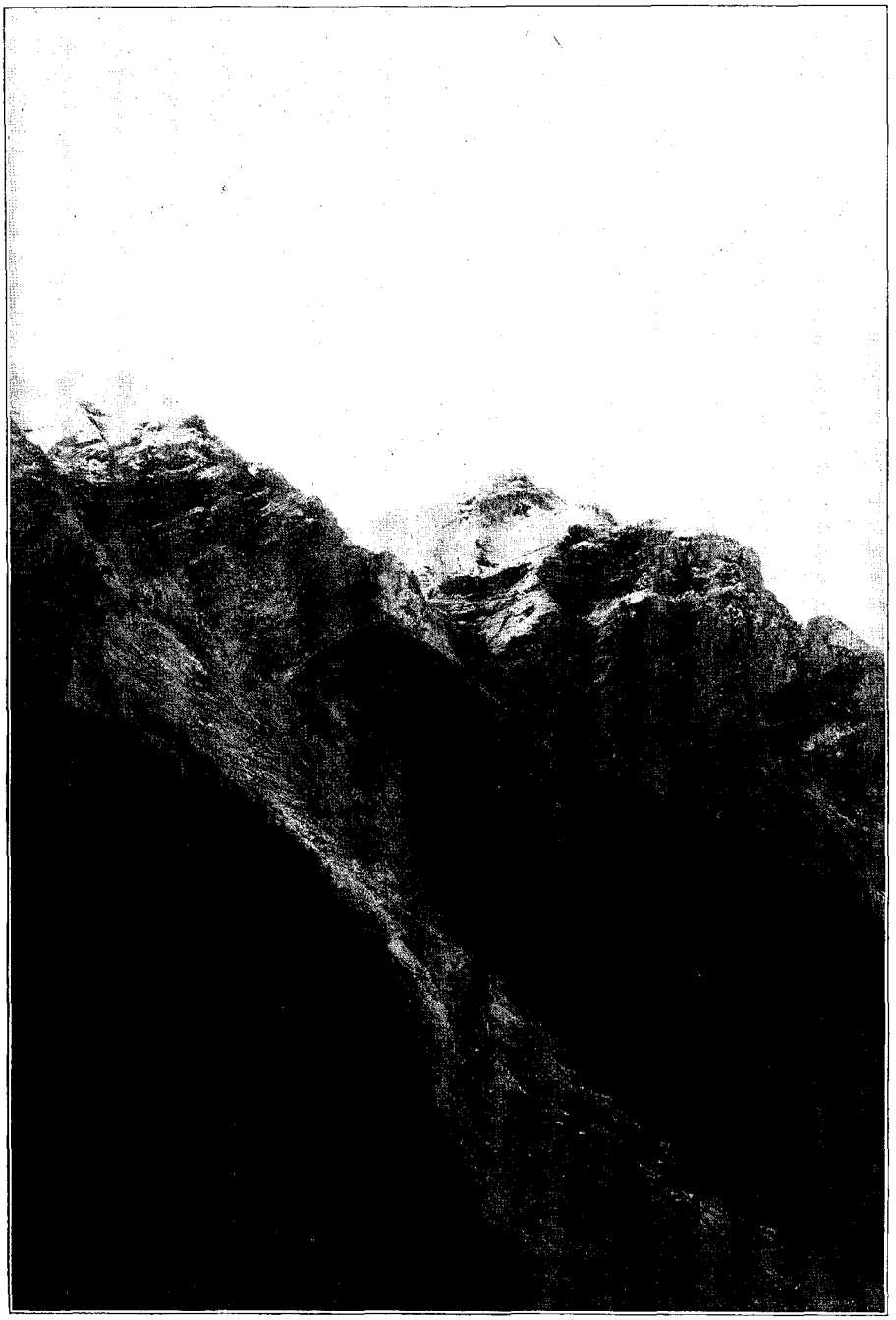

The haunt of the camera goat.

The goat was photographed on the steepest rocks shown on the left near the summit of the peak. Taken at a distance of two miles across Avalanche Valley.

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"Mack was raised in Texas, with the buffalo, and diagnosed the case correctly. The very next instant, so it seemed to me, the goat came at me head and tail up, ears drooped forward, and eyes blazing green. He came with a bouncing rush, hammering the stones with his front feet so that the loose ones flew like broken ice. I was taken completely by surprise, for I did not think that on a ledge so narrow an animal could or would charge me.

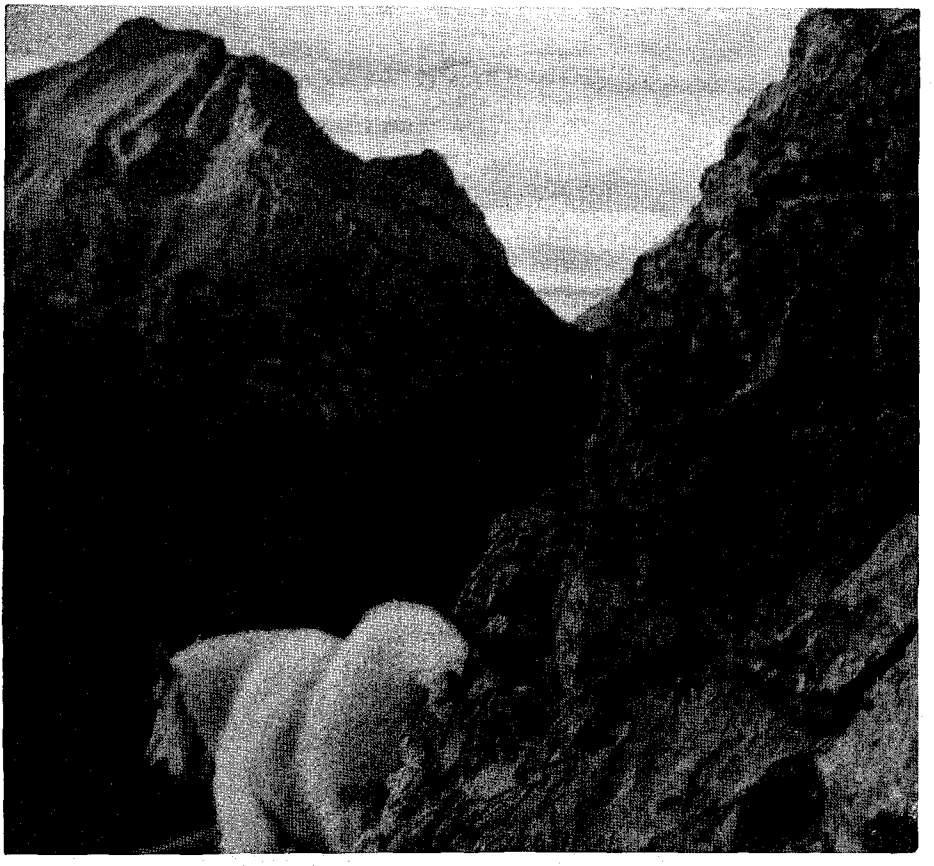
"I was perfectly helpless, for I could not step aside, and it was impossible for me to back quickly up that steep and narrow shelf. The goat was too quick for Mack, for I heard him yell, in great alarm:

"'I can't shoot, or I'll hit ye both!'

"Mack told me afterward that he dared not shoot from where he was, for fear the heavy ball would go through the goat, glance against the rock, and either kill me or throw me off the ledge. I was terribly frightened, but mechanically snapped the camera when the goat was about six feet away. There was really nothing that I could do except to hold the camera at him, and snap it.

"He charged up to within a yard of me, but with his eyes fixed on the two lenses. Then he appeared to conclude that any animal that could stand that much without winking was too much for him, so shaking his head and gritting his teeth, he stopped, and, to my great relief, slowly backed into his niche.

"Believing that he would not charge the camera, I again followed him down, and secured a picture of him at six feet. Then Mack began to see more symptoms of trouble, and since I had exposed my last film, I backed out. Then I remembered the four-by-five camera, and started down with it, but Mack yelled angrily: 'Hold on, thar!



The goat climbing down and away.

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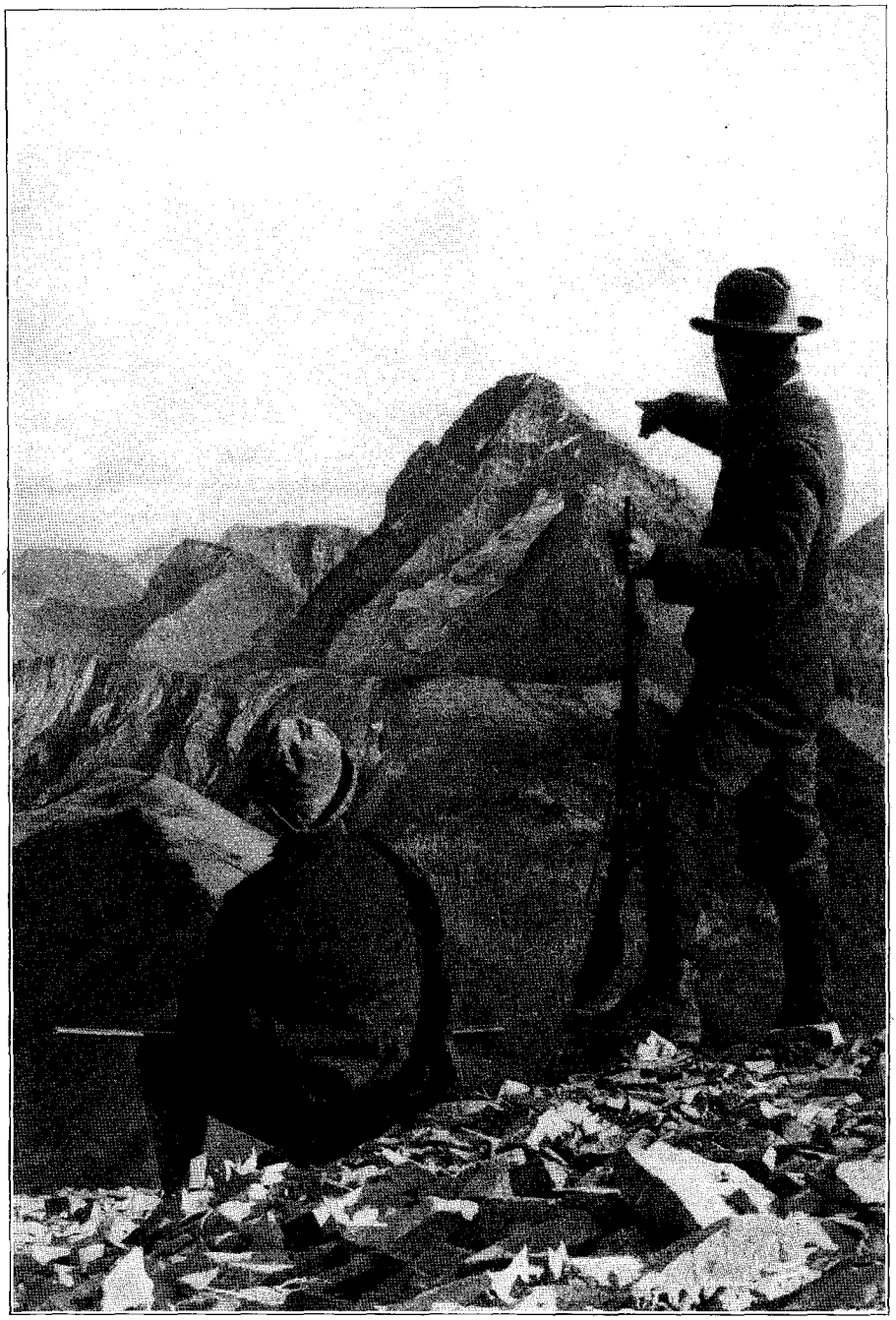

Phillips's Peak from the summit of Bird Mountain.

Elevation about 11,000 feet. Our camp on Goat Pass was under the right shoulder of the sitting figure.

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That goat's plumb dangerous, and if you start down thar again, I'll shorely kill him! What's the use o' bein' locoed an' gittin' killed fer a few picters?'

"Mack was so wrought up that to save the goat I abandoned my intention; and when he finally joined me we slipped another roll of films into the stereo-camera.

So we slid off the crags into the head of the slide, and running across at some risk to our necks, finally turned the goat on to a small pinnacle, about where we first jumped him.

"It was here that I secured some of my best pictures. Mack, perched on the top of the crag, attracted the goat's attention,

Clouds in the valley of Bull River.

"Just as we finished our reloading operation, Kaiser took a look down at the goat at very close range, when all of a sudden, like a Jack-in-the-box, the old billy was up from the ledge and after him. Kaiser ran to us for protection, the goat charging after him most determinedly. Mack and I yelled and waved our arms, and finally turned the goat down over the point, this time with Kaiser chasing him.

"They were soon out of our sight, but we could hear the rocks rolling below, and knew that they were going back across the slide.

and tantalized him by waving his hat while I made pictures as fast as possible. We had to keep Kaiser in the background, for apparently the goat blamed him for all his troubles, and I believe billy was mad enough at that time to have charged the dog through fire.

"My footing was very insecure, and being obliged to hold on with one hand and watch the goat in fear that he would charge me, I could not use the finder of my camera. Once as the goat charged up the rock at Mack I got in close to him, when suddenly

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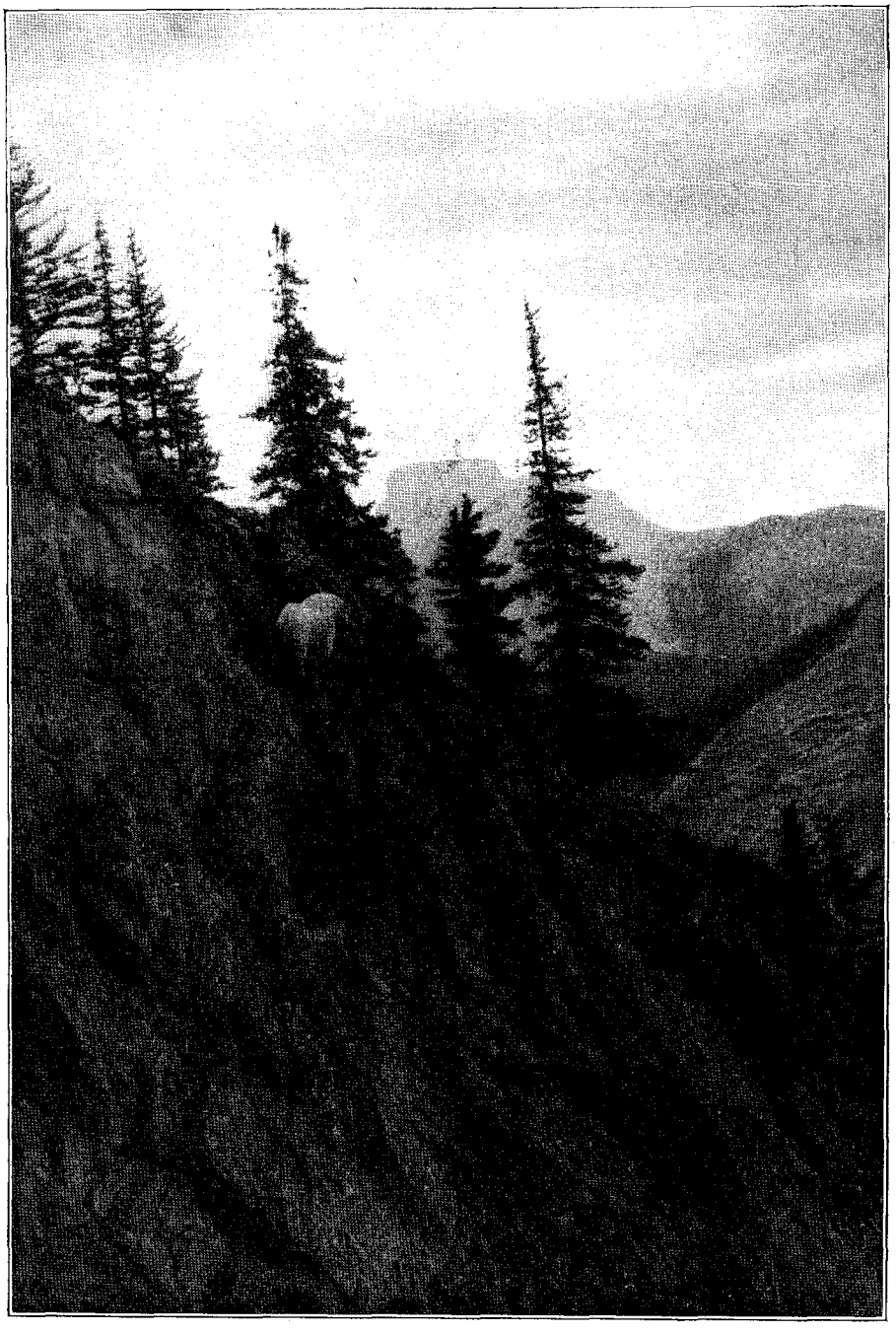

The face of the precipice from below, with goat *in situ*.

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he turned on me, gritting his teeth as he did so. His lip protruded like the lower lip of a charging bear, and with his front feet he stamped on the rocks until the small, loose fragments flew in every direction.

"It was just then that I got my best snapshot [see page 145], although the picture fails to show his ugly temper as I saw it. As I rolled in another film he charged me. Unfortunately, I was so scared that I did not have presence of mind to press the bulb at the right distance. He bounced up to within four feet of me, when again the two big, glaring eyes of the camera fascinated and checked him. Just as he turned his head from the unwinking eyes of my stereo I snapped it, but he was inside the focus.

"At that instant Kaiser, who had escaped from Mack's surveillance, appeared below me, and the goat immediately charged down upon him. Kaiser cleverly eluded him, and then the goat went on down into the slide, running diagonally across it to a rocky point beyond, where we again rounded him up. And then I discovered that my stereo-camera was out of films!

"Regardless of the severity of the climb down to camp and back again, Mack insisted upon making the trip and bringing me more films, and immediately started.

"It was my duty to hold the goat at bay as best I could during the two hours' interval that I knew must elapse. The animal was then standing on the side of what seemed to me a sheer cliff, and when I slowly climbed down to look at him he quite ignored me. Finding a sheltered niche in the cliff a hundred feet above him, I donned my hunting-shirt and sat down to watch and wait.

"It was then about 3 P. M., and there followed a long, cold interval. Once Kaiser created a diversion by zigzagging down and taking another peep at his enemy, who immediately scrambled up the rocks at him as fast as he could come. Kaiser retreated

An esteemed friend: Kaiser Smith looking for goats.

in good order, but soon turned and barked defiantly at the goat. After this futile charge the goat backed away until his hind quarters hung over the cliff; then he charged a second time. Apparently he was determined to kill the dog, and rushed after him again and again. The goat would raise his tail, throw his ears forward, and without lowering his head go bounding stiff-legged after the dog like a bucking bronco. At times it seemed as if his object was to trample the dog rather than horn him, but Kaiser was quick enough, and easily dodged his rushes. Then the old goat would stand and glare at him, gritting his teeth and sometimes sticking his tongue out, the personification of anger. It was a most interesting performance, and in spite of being very cold I was fascinated by it.

"About six o'clock I heard rocks rolling in the slide far below me, and knew that

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Mack was coming. Then I decided to get a better view of the trouble between the goat and the dog, and crawled down to the point on which the fight was taking place. I worked down within twenty feet of the goat, when suddenly he whirled and came at me. I pointed my rifle at him and yelled, hoping to frighten him. He came within six feet of me, and I was about to fire when Kaiser barked close behind him. The goat turned so quickly he almost trampled the dog, who dodged under him and ran to me!

"Fortunately I was above the goat, and finding that the odds were against him, he bounded off the point, and once more fled for the slide. This was the maddest race of all, for it called for quick work to get across the top of the slide in time to head off the goat. On that frightful pitch every jump I made loosened stones which dislodged others, and they went rolling and rumbling down the slide. The dog and goat also started their full quota of rocks, and for a time it seemed as if the whole mountain-side were moving. But I succeeded in heading off the goat, and clambered up on the wall above him.

"A few minutes later Mack joined me, and as he wiped the beads of perspiration from his shiny bald head, I said to him, 'Did you see the beautiful race we had across the slide?' 'Didn't see nothin',' he answered with an air of irritation. 'I thought everything had broken loose up here, and I was too busy dodgin' rocks to care who won any race. You-alls shore tore up the scenery!'

"After placing a new roll in the camera I crawled around on the hanging wall and secured a very good picture of the goat. [See page 148.] As I closed in he started to retreat, but by following him up I secured a picture as he was getting away. Then Mack headed him once more, on the farther side of the cliff, when he took refuge in a niche near the top of the wall.

"As we approached him from above he again got his eyes on Kaiser and charged up through the group which we three made. Fortunately Kaiser engaged his attention, which enabled Mack and me to head him and drive him back. For a time we lost him on the crags below. Presently, however, I found him standing on a wall which jutted out of the cliff on the north side of the great slide. At that point the cliff towered up perpendicularly a hundred feet above the slide, and the goat was about twenty feet from the top, standing on a small projecting edge of rock that looked like a peg driven in the wall.

"At first it seemed utterly impossible to get a picture there, but on studying the rocks a little, I thought I saw a way. Leaving Mack above to watch, I crawled down to a point almost over the goat, where I found that the mountain-side pitched down at an angle of at least thirty degrees, increasing to sixty, and ending in a sheer drop of a hundred feet or more. The rock was stratified, dipping toward the valley like the slates on a roof. The layers varied from the thickness of ordinary roof slates to three or four inches. Much of this was loose, and had to be removed before I could get a footing.

"As I worked down, I started quite an avalanche of stone, and held my breath while I heard it go rumbling into the depths below. Just as I was thinking of going back Mack called out loudly and anxiously: 'Say, Jack, is that you?' 'No,' I said, 'it's only rock.' 'I thought you had shore ruined the mountain that time.' He tried to appear unconcerned, but by his voice I could tell how he felt.

"At last I succeeded in working over to the edge of the cliff, and found myself on a level with the goat, and only eight feet away. It was as if he stood on the window-sill on the gable-end of a house, while I hung upon the corner of the slate roof. By reaching far down with my left foot I succeeded in getting one good foothold, but I had to double my other leg under me and lean forward upon my knee. After considerable work I broke off pieces of rotten rock, and built up a fair sort of camera rest, supporting half of it upon my knee. The top slab of my stone pile projected beyond the face of the cliff, so that between goat and camera there was no obstruction whatever.

"To my amazement and joy, during all this time the goat paid no attention to me, but stood there as calm and cool as an icicle. He really seemed to be enjoying his view of the scenery.

"After I had my camera set, I took a picture of him with his head slightly turned away, then I began to talk to him in a soothing voice, calling to him, 'Hey, billy!' when he deigned to turn his head and look at me.

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Mack heard me talking to him, and called down, as evidence that he was near: 'He don't know his name! You might as well call him Mike!'

"This was the best chance I had with that animal; but by that time it was late and the light was not very favorable. However, I gave him time exposures, and got some very fair results. Every now and then the old fellow would stick out his tongue at me, and once I took a snap-shot expressly to show that, but the result was not very good.

"After using up the six films in the camera, I swung it on my back and attempted to edge back from the face of the precipice. Then to my dismay I discovered that the bent knee on which I had been resting was as dead as if permanently paralyzed. It was stiff, and worse than useless. I had been frightened two or three times during that afternoon, but this was the climax. I called to Mack, and told him of the fix I was in, but owing to his bad shoes he could not come down to help me. Then I was sorry we had not brought a rope.

"Seeing that I must work out my own salvation, I began to punch and beat my leg, and kept it up until at last the circulation started and feeling returned. Finally I managed to crawl back very slowly to where Mack could reach me, and he soon landed me safely upon a level spot.

"While this was going on the goat got tired of inaction, jumped up over the wall, and started for the peak. For some reason, however, he changed his course and climbed down into the slide, with the dog after him. Expecting to see a good race, we stopped to watch it; but poor Kaiser's feet were now very sore and the goat outran him. And now a queer thing happened.

"The goat stopped on the farther edge of the slide, and finding that his human tormentors were nowhere near, he decided to get square with that dog! When Kaiser reached him the goat charged furiously. Seeing his danger, the dog turned and started back the way he came, with the goat in hot pursuit. The goat pursued by a series of short rushes, and not by the steady, straight-away run that a bear makes. He followed the dog almost to the ridge on which we were, but finally desisted, and retreated southward.

"It was then so late that we started at once for camp in order to get off the crags before dark. It grew dark before we reached camp, but at last we guided in by the camp-fire, thoroughly exhausted, and half famished for water. I never knew Kaiser to drink so long as then, and his feet were so raw and sore that he scarcely could bear to have them doctored."

Mr. Phillips's narrative, as he records it, does not half adequately portray the frightful risks that he ran on that memorable afternoon. That night, I think, he was awake all night, save once. Then he thrashed around in his sleeping-bag and clutched wildly at the silk tent-wall over his head.

"Hey, John!" I called out sharply, to waken him. "What's the matter? Are you having a nightmare?"

"Oh!" he groaned. "I thought I was falling off those rocks—clear down to the tents!"

Just before breakfast the next morning Mr. Phillips said to Mack in a quiet aside, "How did you sleep, Mack?"

"I didn't sleep none!" said Mack solemnly. "Whenever I dozed off I dreamt that old Oramus was buttin' us off them rocks. Every time I lit I shore made it lively for Charlie."

They were not the first men whose sleep had been destroyed by the recrudescence of the horrors of the rocks.

The next day men and dog rested quietly in camp, too tired and sore to move out.

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WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

By Arthur Cosslett Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

SINCE a recent unfortunate incident has taken so much space in the newspapers of the city, making our club the subject of heated declamation in the Bowery and of superheated gossip in the Avenue, it has seemed best that the exact truth be told. To grasp the truth, however, one must know something of our club.

Our club is not a large one, and we rather pride ourselves that it is not. Our club is on a side-street, and we rather pride ourselves that we are not upon the Avenue. There is an active but small minority that claims that we hug ourselves because we are not as other men are, that we have not what some other clubs have—a mortgaged house, a stock ticker, a keen man at the door who can get you a box in the horseshoe at the opera, or next the ropes at a prize-fight; a card-room where men may play for stakes they cannot afford to lose, and, which, if they lose, they pay, if they pay at all, when next they win, thus making a clearing-house with no governors.

It will be seen that we are, perhaps, a trifle old-fashioned, but the fact remains that when one of us has a male child born to him the father takes a cab—not an electric, we are still a bit skittish about self-propelled vehicles—and drives to the club. Arrived, he marches to the big book on the table and enters for membership the little, lobster-hued, blinking, whining bit of protoplasm that he calls "my son." Then he looks about him for a seconder. If it is the late afternoon, the bishop may be there. If not, there is the little card-room on the first floor, just off the reading-room, where our prize members play their daily rubber, and where no young member ventures until half-past six, when the game ends. Between the deals the father beckons to the admiral, the general, the banker, or the judge (the quartet of the little room) and says, "Will you second my son?" "God bless me!" says the admiral; "of course I will; much honored, Simpson. We've been waiting for this a long while—had come to the conclusion that Mrs. Simpson was, perhaps, unnecessarily alarmed What is your son, Simpson, a boy or a girl? I'll second anything of yours.—Your deal, judge."

It will be seen that the admiral, although on the retired list, has retained a bit of his sea talk. He went past the forts with Farragut, and caught a bullet in his arm, which he carried for thirty years, tortured beyond reason, but uncomplaining.

Then, one day, something happened. Whether it was his friends at the club, or the surgeons, or his wife, who heard him moaning in the small hours, when he thought her asleep, no one knows, but one day he walked to the hospital, his wife on his good arm, was ushered in, went upstairs to a private room, heard the whispered conversation of the surgeons—only a word or two—bared his arm, kissed his wife and whispered to her, whispered to the surgeon-general of the navy, who happened to be there: "Is it right, old man—must it come off—can I never more sign my name—can I never more place my two arms about my wife's neck?"

"No," whispered the surgeon-general, "you must lose your arm, your right arm."

"Well," said the admiral, "I've lugged it about since Farragut sailed up Mobile Bay. I've suffered with it beyond speech—let it go." Then he turned to his wife. "Lucy," he said, "this is the surgeon-general of the navy. He tells me that it is nothing—the bullet must be extracted. Shall we have it out?"

His wife stood, the fingers of one hand plucking at the fingers of the other. She was as pale as unspoiled paper. A young surgeon said, "She's fainting," and sprang to help her.

"Hush!" said the surgeon-general; "she is the wife of one of our fighting admirals—she's used to trouble, she won't faint," and

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he opened the door for her, and she, with her eyes on her husband, made a half curtsy, being Southern born, and went out, and the surgeons stood and made obeisance to her.

"Now, Bob," said the admiral to the surgeon-general, "what the devil brought *you* here?"

"Your wife's telegram," said the surgeon-general.

"All right," said the admiral. "She's the boss; I'm on the retired list."

Then someone, softly shod, clad in white, came with a great paper cone—there was a sense of vapor in the air, sweet and cloying. "Bob," said the admiral, "you see that butterfly tattooed on my arm? Iayado, of Tokyo, did that when I was a midshipman on the China station, near sixty years ago. I paid him five pounds, and saved it out of my mess. Are you going to throw it away, or can you skin it off and make a 'baccy pouch of it? Bob," he continued, as the cone came over his face, "did my old missus telegraph for you?"

"Yes, old friend," said the surgeon-general, bending low, his fingers on the admiral's pulse—"breathe deep."

"She's a good sort, God bless her!" whispered the admiral; "give—her—my—love——" and he passed.

They took the paper cone away and wheeled the tumbrel into the operating-room.

In five weeks the admiral was back at the whist-table, a club servant behind him to deal, shuffle, and sort the cards, for the admiral's right sleeve was empty.

We are rather proud of the admiral in our club.

The general is a little man with a closely cut white beard. He was just tall enough to enter West Point when he was sixteen, and he never added a cubit to his stature. He is a bachelor.

He was hazed unmercifully because he was a silent boy and a small one. The men who do the hazing at West Point and Annapolis are not the gentlemen; they are the muckers and the cowards, who are appointed by their congressman by the permission of their saloon-keeper.

The general graduated too high in his class to be popular. He knew mathematics, European languages, tactics, and he could draw. These accomplishments excited the envy of many of his classmates, for, mind you, the graduating rank in our national schools determines the rank of the scholars through life, unless favoritism intervenes.

Our general had one accomplishment that went far to condone his scholarship—he was the best rider in his class. Of course, there were some heavy men who said that if they could make his weight, they might ride as well as he; but, on the whole, he was admitted to be the crack rider, with saddle, blanket, or bare-back. It is strange how much scholarship our young gentlemen of to-day are willing to forgive and forget if with it is coupled the ability to run a hundred yards better than ten seconds; to slide a base, and incidentally spike the baseman, or to stand, an immovable mountain of flesh on the football gridiron. The general never forgave Nature for making him so short. He was prone to speak of Alexander, Napoleon, and Nelson, and he never failed to remark that each of these great captains was under five foot five. One day, when he had sat silent through two rubbers, he suddenly asked, apropos of nothing, "Who was the better man, David or Goliath?"

"General," said the judge, with some impatience, "the shortest military man that I can bring to mind is General Tom Thumb. Cut the cards, please."

There was a little laugh at this, and the general's pale cheeks flushed. He half rose, but caught himself and resumed his seat; "Judge," he said "your '*obiter*' remarks always carry more weight than your written opinions. I've cut the cards; deal."

Then there was another little laugh, because all remembered that the judge had written a dissenting opinion in the "greenback legal-tender case," away back in the sixties, and they used to remind him of it.

"Judge," said the banker, "if your opinion in the greenback case had prevailed, none of us would be here; we should be wild things, running about the woods, with the remnants of the clothing we had acquired when judges were rational, and we should be snarling over a chestnut or a berry, and fighting to the death over an edible fungus.

"Sir," said the judge, "the greenback was a war measure. Its legality was brought before the courts in time of stress, sir—great stress, sir. There were men on the bench at that time who had such an overwhelming sense of expediency that they

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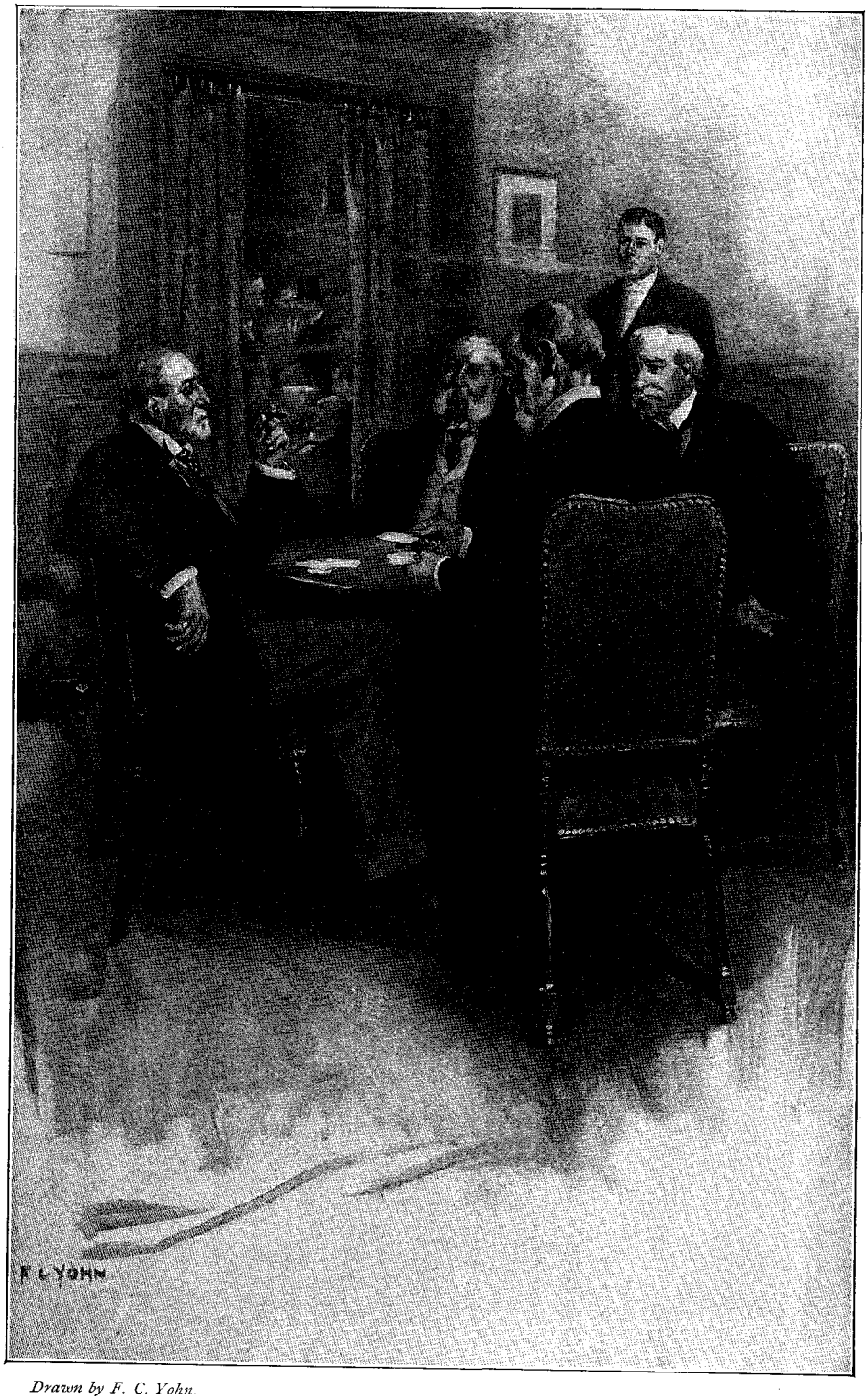

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Where our prize members play their daily rubber.—Page 155.

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forgot their law, sir. I did not forget my law, sir, and you will find it in my opinion, sir, if you choose to examine the reports. May I ask you not to delay the game by unprofitable remarks, sir?"

"That's enough of the greenback case for one day," said the admiral, who was the peace-maker. "The judge brought it on himself by his wipe at the general about Tom Thumb. What's a man's height got to do with it, anyway? Can he, by taking thought add a cubit to his stature?"

"Not his physical stature, I admit," said the judge; "but if he takes sufficient thought he can add immensely to his mental stature, and," he continued, looking about the table, "there are those of my acquaintance who should lose no opportunity for immediate meditation."

"There you go again," said the admiral. "I gave you a scriptural quotation, and back you come with one of your cynical witticisms. Suppose none of us knew you—really knew you; suppose our only line on you was what you said with that bitter tongue of yours, not what you have done impelled by that kind heart of yours? Why, if I caught you aboard my ship, not knowing you, I'd keel-haul you, and go about while you were under. If the general found you in his camp, he'd have a file out and shoot you, on one excuse or another; and if the banker could entice you into his office he'd shear your fleece to the quick and hang it on his sign. But we know you, don't we?" and he looked at the general.

"Yes," said the general, "we know him, or we would have had him out—early some morning—before this."

"Is it as bad as that?" asked the judge.

"Yes," said the admiral, "it's as bad as that—your public conduct is scandalous. What were you doing last Monday?"

The judge flushed and fidgeted.

"I decline to answer," he said at length.

"Because it will tend to degrade you?" asked the admiral. "I've been reading the papers. I know what the corporation officers say when they're pressed."

"No," said the judge, after mature deliberation, "I don't interpose that plea; I simply decline to answer."

"I have no power to commit for contempt," said the admiral, "so I will answer the question myself."

"I object!" exclaimed the judge.

"Objection overruled," said the admiral; "take your appeal, and meanwhile I'll answer that you were up at poor old Tom Mason's flat, arranging for the funeral. The general and I caught you red-handed."

"Is Tom Mason dead?" exclaimed the banker.

"Man, man," said the judge, "don't you read the bulletin board?"

"No," said the banker. "After I have read the tape all day and the morning papers after closing time, my only thought is to get out of the country."

"Why don't you reform and stay at home?" said the judge. "Sell all that thou hast and give it to the poor, and stay with us. This land is still habitable, despite the newspapers and the corporations."

"Hush, hush," said the admiral, "it's too late to start a new question It's cocktail time. Press the button. You may go, William," he said to the club servant who had stood behind him to deal and sort his cards, "you have been as attentive to-day as you have always been. I thank you. Good-night," and William bowed low and started for the door, "Hi, William!" said the admiral, "How's the little girl?"

"Thank you, admiral," said William, "she's all right again, thanks to you, sir, and she's going to school on Monday?"

"That's good, that's good," said the admiral; "give her my love."

And the servant went out.

The banker made up the whist account. It was quarter-day and settling day. The banker had an income of half a million, but he went over his figures three times.

"It balances to a cent," he said finally.

The general is plus $2.48, the admiral is minus $1.02, the judge is minus 97 cents, and I am minus 49 cents."

With some difficulty in making change they paid the general his $2.48. He kept his fortune in his hand, "gloating" over it, the judge said. They went out of the club, turned east to the avenue, and then they separated, the banker and the judge turning north, toward luxury and the palaces, and the admiral and the general turning south, toward economy and the boarding-houses, the abiding places of those who have served the nation rather than themselves. At the first corner was a Salvation Army kettle, and a fanatic, in a spring overcoat, a red hat-band, and an ecstasy of zeal, was

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"We were married in the second cabin."—Page 160.

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stamping on the pavement to warm his ill-shod feet, was blowing on his poor, blue swollen knuckles, was tinkling a little bell, and claiming alms to feed God's poor.

The general paused and dropped his winnings in the kettle. "My friend," he said, "for a quarter of an hour I have been embarrassed because this sum was so great; now I am embarrassed because it is so small."

The man with the red hat-band and the blue knuckles gazed at the general silently. He did not know that God's poor were to be fed by the rakings of the gaming-table, but he did know that two bills and some coins had been dropped into his kettle. He drew himself up, his heels clicked, and he saluted.

"God bless you, comrade," he said.

The general's hand went up to his hat-brim.

"And you, also, comrade," he said; and the two old warriors went on, down the avenue.

II

HERE'S a lot of gossip and nothing said about the scandal. This won't do.

Three weeks ago our hall porter sent one of his under-men to Bob Willing, the chairman of the house committee asking for a few minutes' speech in the directors' room. Bob groaned. "There's the best man," he said, "that we've ever had in the club, and he's going to strike."

"Who is it?" someone asked.

"It's Mortimer, the hall porter," said Bob; and took the elevator for the committee room on the third floor. He was scarcely seated when there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Bob, and the hall porter entered.

"You wished to see me, Mortimer," said Bob. "What is it?"

"Sir," said the hall porter, "I 'ope I've served the gentlemen well, sir."

"No fault to find," said Bob. "What's up?"

"Nothing, sir," said the hall porter; "I wish, sir, that something were up."

"What?" said Bob.

"My 'art—beg pardon, sir, my heart," said the hall porter.

"None of that," said Bob, who, being born rich, did not have to be polite; "that sounds like a missionary. Speak up, Mortimer. What is it—wages?"

"Sir," said Mortimer, "when I came to this club I *was* a missionary. Before me, sir, the hall man used to let the members in grudgin' like, as tho' they were messenger boys with a bouquet for the stage entrance. I've changed all that, sir, and now there's scarce a member comin' in who fails to say, 'Ah, Mortimer.' I brought a letter, sir, from the head hall porter of Lambeth Palace. He's my uncle, sir. I was his second, sir."

"Well," said Bob, "I'm delighted to learn all this, but what's up? Why did you quit the Archbishop of Canterbury?"

"Sir," said Mortimer, "I left his Grace to marry the wife of my deceased sister—beg pardon, sir—to marry my deceased wife's sister."

"Mustn't do that in England, eh?" said Bob.

"Quite so, sir," said Mortimer, "and especially, sir, if you're living in Lambeth Palace, sir."

"Well," said Bob, "this is the land of freedom. Did you marry her?"

"Yes, sir," said Mortimer, "and I 'ope that God will forgive me——" And he caught himself and added: "I 'ope, sir, you'll excuse my mentionin' His name, sir, I forgot myself. I never mention names in the club, sir."

"No harm," said Bob; "go on."

"Sir," said Mortimer, "I brought her over, and we were married in the second cabin of the *Kinetic*, and Captain White gave away the bride, and Bishop Williamson of Porto Rico married us, and the ladies in the first cabin sent flowers, and we had champagne and *omelette soufflé* for dinner, and everything proper, sir. That evening a gentleman in the first cabin came to me to give him a lucky number on the ship's run. He was a great pool buyer, sir, and he was dressed, sir, more like a head keeper than a gentleman. You understand, sir; big checks, knickers, hand-knit stockings from the islands, and three fox teeth on the end of his leather watch-guard. He was the one, sir, that set up the champagne for our dinner. I didn't know what to say, sir, but he kept at me, sir; so I adds my age, which was thirty-three, to Mrs. Mortimer's age, which was nineteen, and that made fifty-two, and I adds a naught for luck and says, 'Try 520, sir.' 'I will,' says he, 'and thank you for the tip.' The next day, sir, just after eight bells, a steward tapped on my door

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"If I throttle you," said the hall porter, "that will ruin you, won't it?"—Page 163.

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and said I was wanted in the second cabin. There he was, sir, and he says: 'Mr. Mortimer, I won the pool, and I wish to make the bride a little gift. She can buy something for her housekeepin',' and, sir, he handed me fifty-two pound."

"Very handsome," said Bob. "But what is it, Mortimer—wages?"

"No, sir," said Mortimer; "it's worse than wages, sir. A year ago, sir, my wife left me. She went away with the man who won the pool, sir. He was in the stock-jobbing line, sir, in Wall Street. When he tired of her, sir, he struck her, and she left him. Last night, sir, when I went home to my lodgings, I stumbled over her, sir, lying before my door. I got her to the 'ospital, sir, and there she lies, crying 'Will ye take me back, John? Will ye take me——" And he choked.

"And will you take her back?" asked Bob.

"Take her back?" said Mortimer. "I never sent her away! I promised her 'for better or worse.' Ask Bishop Williamson, sir; he married us. That means a lot, sir—'for better or worse'—when a man has given his word, sir."

"I suppose it does," said Bob. "I never make any promises, and so I never break any."

"Then, sir," said Mortimer, "you never know the joy of keepin' one. May I go, sir, and stay away—a week, perhaps—the doctors tell me she won't last longer, sir?"

"Call a cab, and charge it to me," said Bob.

"And who will take my place on the door, sir?" asked Mortimer.

"I will, if necessary," said Bob. "If you need any money, let me know. I've got money if I haven't anything else. Change your clothes and call a cab."

Mortimer choked again, and went.

The club saw him no more for a week. Then he came, dressed in mourning, and asked for Mr. Willing. Bob met him in the committee room and noticed the mourning.

"Ah, Mortimer," he said, "I see it is all over."

"Yes, sir," said Mortimer, "she only lived three days. I buried her yesterday, sir. Just before she died she seemed to come back a little nearer life, sir. She put her arms about me, sir, and said, ''Ave you taken me back, John?' 'No, Mary,' said I, 'I 'ad no call to take you back; you've never been away. 'Tis all a bad dream.' She looked at me as no one will ever look at me, sir, unless I make 'eaven and meet her there, and then there was a flutter—her 'and in mine—a sort of grayness crept into her cheeks such as comes, sir, to the silver of a salmon when he dies; she gasped, she whispered, my ear to her lips, 'He's taken me back'—and then, sir, I crossed her poor tired 'ands upon her breast," and he bowed his head, forgot his servitude, and did not end his sentence with a "sir."

III

THE hall porter resumed his livery. A servant *must* wear mourning for his master's wife—he may *not* for his own. During the hall porter's absence from the club three new members had been elected. The hall porter had not heard their names. It was four o'clock and members were arriving rapidly. Presently the judge came in. "Ah, Mortimer," he said, "glad to see you back; been ill?"

"Thank you, sir," said the hall porter; "I've been away on vacation, sir."

The bishop came in. "Ah, Mortimer," he said, "glad to see you back; been ill?"

"Thank you, my lord," said the hall porter; "I've been away on vacation."

"I, also," said the bishop. "I only returned a week ago. I have been resting for eight months. By the bye, Mortimer, in London I dined several times at Lambeth Palace. I sent for your uncle, the hall porter. I found him a most respectable person; and I told him how satisfying your service is here, Mortimer."

"Thank you, my lord."

"I am starting for Palm Beach to-morrow," said the bishop, "to rest after my vacation, then I return to my flock. Hold any mail that comes for me, don't forward it. And, I say, Mortimer, you should not address me as 'my lord,' except, perhaps, once in an evening, when someone of importance is with me—we have no lords in this country, temporal or spiritual; try to remember this, Mortimer;" and the bishop went into the front room, seated himself, took the *Evening Post*, turned first to the editorial page, glanced about, saw that no one was watching, turned quickly to the financial page, glanced down the columns,

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saw that "Amalgamated" had dropped three points, thought a moment, sighed, and went out to the hall.

"Mortimer," he said, "I've changed my mind; I sha'n't go to Palm Beach; I find I can't afford it. I shall finish my rest at Lakewood or Atlantic City; I'll let you know to-morrow."

"Very good, my lord," said the hall porter.

Just then the storm-door whirled and a man came in, paused and began to take off his gloves; they were white buckskin gloves, such as the Austrian officers wear. He wore a long coat, with Russian sable collar and cuffs. His buttoned patent-leather boots had brown cloth tops. He had a cape jessamine in the fur of his lapel, and as he stood the scent of it crept through the warm air of the vestibule.

"I'm a new member," he said to the under porter, who turned the storm-door. "I've just been elected; my name is——"

"Don't speak it here," said the hall porter in a voice that was strangely low and level; "this is a *gentlemen's* club."

The new member turned and saw the hall porter, and his face went white.

"You cur!" said the hall porter in the same level voice. "I'd kill you where you stand if it wouldn't make extra work for the scrubbers in the morning, and wouldn't make talk about the woman I buried yesterday."

"Is she dead?" gasped the new member; "is she dead?"

"Go into the strangers' room," said the hall porter, pointing toward a door. The new member went. "Sit down at that desk and write your resignation," said the hall porter.

"Mr. Mortimer," said the new member, "this will ruin me."

"If I throttle you," said the hall porter in the same level voice, "that will ruin you, won't it? Take your choice."

The new member looked at the hall porter, who was trembling and whose fingers were twitching, and then turned to the desk and wrote.

"Will that do?" he asked when he had signed.

The hall porter took the paper and read it.

"Yes," he said; "put it in an envelope and address it to the governors."

The new member did as he was bid. The hall porter went to the door. "William," he said to his understudy, "put this letter in the governors' box, and you needn't hurry back. Come," he said to the late member. They went into the hall.

"Mr. Mortimer," said the late member, "I fully appreciate your position and my own. I have wronged you deeply, and I regret it deeply. I can make no amends, and I am at your mercy; but would a check for a substantial sum, say ten thousand——"

"My God!" said the hall porter; "you *will* have it!" and he struck the late member fair between the eyes. The late member went down in a heap, his head hit the wainscot, and he lay still, one foot doubled under him, his face covered with blood, and presently a scarlet thread crept from under his shoulders out on to the white marble floor.

The under porter and one or two hall-boys came running, and then the storm-door turned and Bob Willing came in.

He saw the head porter with parted lips, glittering eyes, and clenched fists. He saw in the centre of the floor a tall hat and walking-stick, which lay where they had fallen, and in the corner he saw the late member and the creeping scarlet thread.

"What does this mean?" he asked. No one answered. He went over to the corner and looked at the face of the late member.

"Who is this?" he asked.

"Sir," said Mortimer, "that's the man who won the pool, sir."

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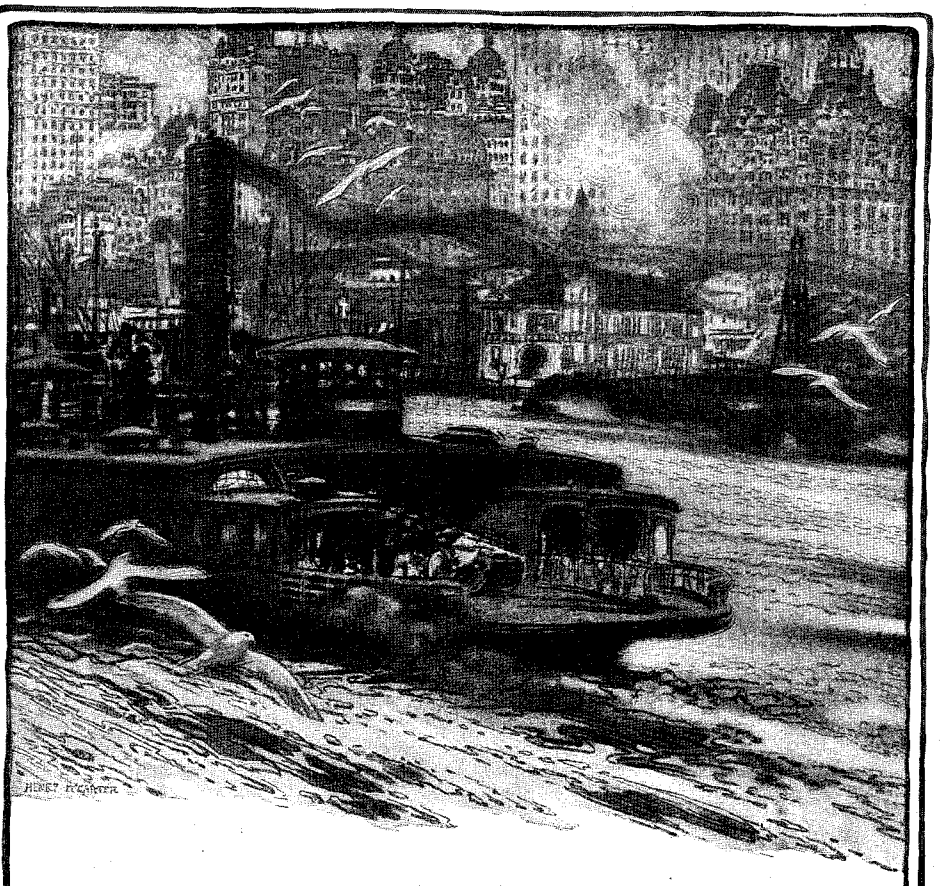

SEA-GULLS OF MANHATTAN

By Henry van Dyke

Illustrations by Henry McCarter

Children of the elemental mother,
  Born upon some lonely island shore
Where the sunlit ripples run and whisper,
  Where the storm-lashed billows plunge and roar;
Long-winged, tireless roamers and adventurers,
  Fearless breasters of the wind and sea,
In the far-off solitary places
  I have seen you floating wild and free!

Here the high-built cities rise around you;
  Here the cliffs that tower east and west,
Honeycombed with human habitations,
  Have no hiding for the sea-bird's nest:
Here the river is begrimed and troubled;
  Here the hurrying, panting vessels fume,
Restless, up and down the watery highway,
  While a thousand chimneys vomit gloom.

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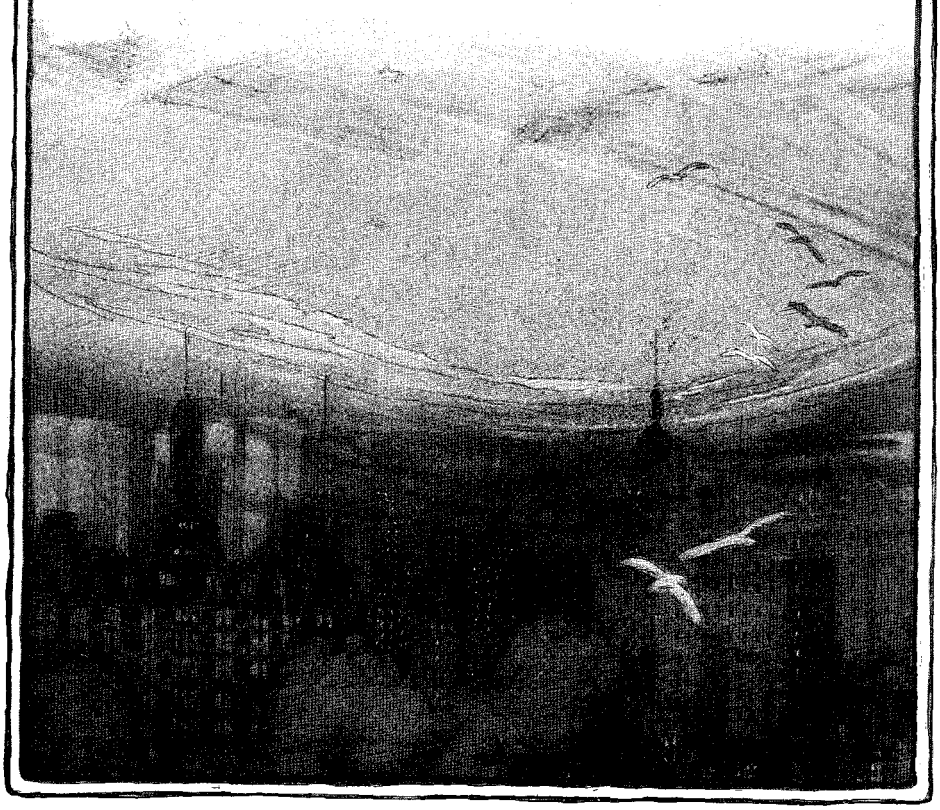
Toil and tumult, conflict and confusion,
  Clank and clamor of the vast machine
Human hands have built for human bondage—
  Yet amid it all you float serene;
Circling, soaring, sailing, swooping lightly
  Down to glean your harvest from the wave,
Drifting at your ease across the harbor,—
  You have kept the freedom Nature gave.

Even so the wild-woods of Manhattan
  Saw your wheeling flocks of white and gray;
Even so you circled, sailed, and floated
  Round the *Half-Moon* creeping up the bay;
Even so your beaded eyes were glistening,
  While you fluttered o'er the tidal rips,
Screaming with your thin and tremulous voices
  Round the sullen British prison-ships.

Children of the elemental mother,
  Fearless floaters 'mid the double blue,
From the crowded boats that cross the ferries
  Many a longing heart goes out to you.
Though the cities climb and close around us,
  Something tells us that our souls are free,
While the sea-gulls fly above the harbor,
  While the river flows to meet the sea!



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Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"You poor, good woman!" he said gravely.—Page 192.

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MADAME DE TREYMES

By Edith Wharton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL

I

JOHN DURHAM, while he waited for Madame de Malrive to draw on her gloves, stood in the hotel doorway looking out across the Rue de Rivoli at the afternoon brightness of the Tuileries gardens.

His European visits were infrequent enough to have kept unimpaired the freshness of his eye, and he was always struck anew by the vast and consummately ordered spectacle of Paris: by its look of having been boldly and deliberately planned as a background for the enjoyment of life, instead of being forced into grudging concessions to the festive instincts, or barricading itself against them in unenlightened ugliness, like his own lamentable New York.

But to-day, if the scene had never presented itself more alluringly, in that moist spring bloom between showers, when the horse-chestnuts dome themselves in unreal green against a gauzy sky, and the very dust of the pavement seems the fragrance of lilac made visible—to-day for the first time the sense of a personal stake in it all, of having to reckon individually with its effects and influences, kept Durham from an unrestrained yielding to the spell. Paris might still be—to the unimplicated it doubtless still was—the most beautiful city in the world; but whether it were the most lovable or the most detestable depended for him, in the last analysis, on the buttoning of the white glove over which Fanny de Malrive still lingered.

The mere fact of her having forgotten to draw on her gloves as they were descending in the hotel lift from his mother's drawing-room was, in this connection, charged with significance to Durham. She was the kind of woman who always presents herself to the mind's eye as completely equipped, as made up of exquisitely cared for and finely-related details; and that the heat of her parting with his family should have left her unconscious that she was emerging gloveless into Paris, seemed, on the whole, to speak hopefully for Durham's future opinion of the city.

Even now, he could detect a certain confusion, a desire to draw breath and catch up with life, in the way she dawdled over the last buttons in the dimness of the porte-cochère, while her footman, outside, hung on her retarded signal.

When at length they emerged, it was to learn from that functionary that Madame la Marquise's carriage had been obliged to yield its place at the door, but was at the moment in the act of regaining it. Madame de Malrive cut the explanation short. "I shall walk home. The carriage this evening at eight."

As the footman turned away, she raised her eyes for the first time to Durham's.

"Will you walk with me? Let us cross the Tuileries. I should like to sit a moment on the terrace."

She spoke quite easily and naturally, as if it were the most commonplace thing in the world for them to be straying afoot together over Paris; but even his vague knowledge of the world she lived in—a knowledge mainly acquired through the perusal of yellow-backed fiction—gave a thrilling significance to her naturalness. Durham, indeed, was beginning to find that one of the charms of a sophisticated society is that it lends point and perspective to the slightest contact between the sexes. If, in the old unrestricted New York days, Fanny Frisbee, from a brown stone door-step, had proposed that they should take a walk in the Park, the idea would have presented itself to her companion as agreeable but unimportant; whereas Fanny de Malrive's suggestion that they should stroll across the Tuileries was obviously fraught with unspecified possibilities.

He was so throbbing with the sense of these possibilities that he walked beside her without speaking down the length of the wide alley which follows the line of the Rue

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de Rivoli, suffering her even, when they reached its farthest end, to direct him in silence up the steps to the terrace of the Feuillants. For, after all, the possibilities were double-faced, and her bold departure from custom might simply mean that what she had to say was so dreadful that it needed all the tenderest mitigation of circumstance.

There was apparently nothing embarrassing to her in his silence: it was a part of her long European discipline that she had learned to manage pauses with ease. In her Frisbee days she might have packed this one with a random fluency; now she was content to let it widen slowly before them like the spacious prospect opening at their feet. The complicated beauty of this prospect, as they moved toward it between the symmetrically clipped limes of the lateral terrace, touched him anew through her nearness, as with the hint of some vast impersonal power, controlling and regulating her life in ways he could not guess, putting between himself and her the whole width of the civilization into which her marriage had absorbed her. And there was such fear in the thought—he read such derision of what he had to offer in the splendour of the great avenues tapering upward to the sunset glories of the Arch—that all he had meant to say when he finally spoke compressed itself at last into an abrupt unmitigated: "Well?"

She answered at once—as though she had only awaited the call of the national interrogation—"I don't know when I have been so happy."

"So happy?" The suddenness of his joy flushed up through his fair skin.

"As I was just now—taking tea with your mother and sisters."

Durham's "Oh!" of surprise betrayed also a note of disillusionment, which she met only by the reconciling murmur: "Shall we sit down?"

He found two of the springy yellow chairs indigenous to the spot, and placed them under the tree near which they had paused, saying reluctantly, as he did so: "Of course it was an immense pleasure to *them* to see you again."

"Oh, not in the same way. I mean—" she paused, sinking into the chair, and betraying, for the first time, a momentary inability to deal becomingly with the situation. "I mean," she resumed smiling, "that it was not an event for them, as it was for me."

"An event?" he caught her up again, eagerly; for what, in the language of any civilization, could that word mean but just the one thing he most wished it to?

"To be with dear, good, sweet, simple, real Americans again!" she burst out, heaping up her epithets with reckless prodigality.

Durham's smile once more faded to impersonality, as he rejoined, just a shade on the defensive: "If it's merely our Americanism you enjoyed—I've no doubt we can give you all you want in that line."

"Yes, it's just that! But if you knew what the word means to me! It means—it means—" she paused as if to assure herself that they were sufficiently isolated from the desultory groups beneath the other trees—"it means that I'm *safe* with them: as safe as in a bank!"

Durham felt a sudden warmth behind his eyes and in his throat. "I think I do know——"

"No, you don't, really; you can't know how dear and strange and familiar it all sounded: the old New York names that kept coming up in your mother's talk, and her charming quaint ideas about Europe—their all regarding it as a great big innocent pleasure ground and shop for Americans; and your mother's missing the home-made bread and preferring the American asparagus—I'm so tired of Americans who despise even their own asparagus! And then your married sister's spending her summers at—where is it?—the Kittawittany House on Lake Pohunk——"

A vision of earnest women in Shetland shawls, with spectacles and thin knobs of hair, eating blueberry pie at unwholesome hours in a shingled dining-room on a bare New England hill-top, rose pallidly between Durham and the verdant brightness of the Champs Elysées, and he protested with a slight smile: "Oh, but my married sister is the black sheep of the family—the rest of us never sank as low as that."

"Low? I think it's beautiful—fresh and innocent and simple. I remember going to such a place once. They have early dinner—rather late—and go off in buckboards over terrible roads, and bring back golden rod and autumn leaves, and read nature books aloud on the piazza; and there is always one shy young man in flannels—only one—who has come to see the prettiest girl (though how he can choose among so

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many!) and who takes her off in a buggy for hours and hours——" She paused and summed up with a long sigh: "It is fifteen years since I was in America."

"And you're still so good an American."

"Oh, a better and better one every day!"

He hesitated. "Then why did you never come back?"

Her face altered instantly, exchanging its retrospective light for the look of slightly shadowed watchfulness which he had known as most habitual to it.

"It was impossible—it has always been so. My husband would not go; and since—since our separation—there have been family reasons."

Durham sighed impatiently. "Why do you talk of reasons? The truth is, you have made your life here. You could never give all this up!" He made a discouraged gesture in the direction of the Place de la Concorde.

"Give it up! I would go to-morrow! But it could never, now, be for more than a visit. I must live in France on account of my boy."

Durham's heart gave a quick beat. At last the talk had neared the point toward which his whole mind was straining, and he began to feel a personal application in her words. But that made him all the more cautious about choosing his own.

"It is an agreement—about the boy?" he ventured.

"I gave my word. They knew that was enough," she said proudly; adding, as if to put him in full possession of her reasons: "It would have been much more difficult for me to obtain complete control of my son if it had not been understood that I was to live in France."

"That seems fair," Durham assented after a moment's reflection: it was his instinct, even in the heat of personal endeavour, to pause a moment on the question of "fairness." The personal claim reasserted itself as he added tentatively: "But when he *is* brought up—when he's grown up: then you would feel freer?"

She received this with a start, as a possibility too remote to have entered into her view of the future. "He is only eight years old!" she objected.

"Ah, of course it would be a long way off?"

"A long way off, thank heaven! French mothers part late with their sons, and in that one respect I mean to be a French mother."

"Of course—naturally—since he has only you," Durham again assented.

He was eager to show how fully he took her point of view, if only to dispose her to the reciprocal fairness of taking his when the time came to present it. And he began to think that the time had now come; that their walk would not have thus resolved itself, without excuse or pretext, into a tranquil session beneath the trees, for any purpose less important than that of giving him his opportunity.

He took it, characteristically, without seeking a transition. "When I spoke to you, the other day, about myself—about what I felt for you—I said nothing of the future, because, for the moment, my mind refused to travel beyond its immediate hope of happiness. But I felt, of course, even then, that the hope involved various difficulties—that we can't, as we might once have done, come together without any thought but for ourselves; and whatever your answer is to be, I want to tell you now that I am ready to accept my share of the difficulties." He paused, and then added explicitly: "If there's the least chance of your listening to me, I'm willing to live over here as long as you can keep your boy with you."

II

WHATEVER Madame de Malrive's answer was to be, there could be no doubt as to her readiness to listen. She received Durham's words without sign of resistance, and took time to ponder them gently before she answered, in a voice touched by emotion: "You are very generous—very unselfish; but when you fix a limit—no matter how remote—to my remaining here, I see how wrong it is to let myself consider for a moment such possibilities as we have been talking of."

"Wrong? Why should it be wrong?"

"Because I shall want to keep my boy always! Not, of course, in the sense of living with him, or even forming an important part of his life; I am not deluded enough to think that possible. But I do believe it possible never to pass wholly out of his life; and while there is a hope of that, how can I leave him?" She paused, and turned on

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him a new face, a face in which the past of which he was still so ignorant showed itself like a shadow suddenly darkening a clear pane. "How can I make you understand?" she went on urgently. "It is not only because of my love for him—not only, I mean, because of my own happiness in being with him; that I can't, in imagination, surrender even the remotest hour of his future; it is because, the moment he passes out of my influence, he passes under that other—the influence I have been fighting against every hour since he was born!—I don't mean, you know," she added, as Durham, with bent head, continued to offer her the silent fixity of his attention, "I don't mean the special personal influence—except inasmuch as it represents something wider, more general, something that encloses and circulates through the whole world in which he belongs. That is what I meant when I said you could never understand! There is nothing in your experience—in any American experience—to correspond with that far-reaching family organization, which is itself a part of the larger system, and which encloses a young man of my son's position in a network of accepted prejudices and opinions. Everything is prepared in advance—his political and religious convictions, his judgments of people, his sense of honour, his ideas of women, his whole view of life. He is taught to see vileness and corruption in every one not of his own way of thinking, and in every idea that does not directly serve the religious and political purposes of his class. The truth isn't a fixed thing: it's not used to test actions by, it's tested by them, and made to fit in with them. And this forming of the mind begins with the child's first consciousness; it's in his nursery stories, his baby prayers, his very games with his playmates! Already he is only half mine, because the Church has the other half, and will be reaching out for my share as soon as his education begins. But that other half is still mine, and I mean to make it the strongest and most living half of the two, so that, when the inevitable conflict begins, the energy and the truth and the endurance shall be on my side and not on theirs!"

She paused, flushing with the repressed fervour of her utterance, though her voice had not been raised beyond its usual discreet modulations; and Durham felt himself tingling with the transmitted force of her resolve. Whatever shock her words brought to his personal hope, he was grateful to her for speaking them so clearly, for having so sure a grasp of her purpose.

Her decision strengthened his own, and after a pause of deliberation he said quietly: "There might be a good deal to urge on the other side—the ineffectualness of your sacrifice, the probability that when your son marries he will inevitably be absorbed back into the life of his class and his people; but I can't look at it in that way, because if I were in your place I believe I should feel just as you do about it. As long as there was a fighting chance I should want to keep hold of my half, no matter how much the struggle cost me. And one reason why I understand your feeling about your boy is that I have the same feeling about *you:* as long as there's a fighting chance of keeping my half of you—the half he is willing to spare me—I don't see how I can ever give it up." He waited again, and then brought out firmly: "If you'll marry me, I'll agree to live out here as long as you want, and we'll be two instead of one to keep hold of your half of him."

He raised his eyes as he ended, and saw that hers met them through a quick clouding of tears.

"Ah, I am glad to have had this said to me! But I could never accept such an offer."

He caught instantly at the distinction. "That doesn't mean that you could never accept *me?*"

"Under such conditions——"

"But if I am satisfied with the conditions? Don't think I am speaking rashly, under the influence of the moment. I have expected something of this sort, and I have thought out my side of the case. As far as material circumstances go, I have worked long enough and successfully enough to take my ease and take it where I choose. I mention that because the life I offer you is offered to your boy as well." He let this sink into her mind before summing up gravely: "The offer I make is made deliberately, and at least I have a right to a direct answer."

She was silent again, and then lifted a cleared gaze to his. "My direct answer then is: if I were still Fanny Frisbee I would marry you."

He bent toward her persuasively. "But you will be—when the divorce is pronounced."

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"Ah, the divorce——" She flushed deeply, with an instinctive shrinking back of her whole person which made him straighten himself in his chair.

"Do you so dislike the idea?"

"The idea of divorce? No—not in my case. I should like anything that would do away with the past—obliterate it all—make everything new in my life!"

"Then what——?" he began again, waiting with the patience of a wooer on the uneasy circling of her tormented mind.

"Oh, don't ask me; I don't know; I am frightened."

Durham gave a deep sigh of discouragement. "I thought your coming here with me today—and above all your going with me just now to see my mother—was a sign that you were *not* frightened!"

"Well, I was not when I was with your mother. She made everything seem easy and natural. She took me back into that clear American air where there are no obscurities, no mysteries——"

"What obscurities, what mysteries, are you afraid of?"

She looked about her with a faint shiver. "I am afraid of everything!" she said.

"That's because you are alone; because you've no one to turn to. I'll clear the air for you fast enough if you'll let me."

He looked forth defiantly, as if flinging his challenge at the great city which had come to typify the powers contending with him for her possession.

"You say that so easily! But you don't know; none of you know."

"Know what?"

"The difficulties——"

"I told you I was ready to take my share of the difficulties—and my share naturally includes yours. You know Americans are great hands at getting over difficulties." He drew himself up confidently. "Just leave that to me—only tell me exactly what you're afraid of."

She paused again, and then said: "The divorce, to begin with—they will never consent to it."

He noticed that she spoke as though the interests of the whole clan, rather than her husband's individual claim, were to be considered; and the use of the plural pronoun shocked his free individualism like a glimpse of some dark feudal survival.

"But you are absolutely certain of your divorce! I've consulted—of course without mentioning names——"

She interrupted him, with a melancholy smile: "Ah, so have I. The divorce would be easy enough to get, if they ever let it come into the courts."

"How on earth can they prevent that?"

"I don't know; my never knowing how they will do things is one of the secrets of their power."

"Their power? What power?" he broke in with irrepressible contempt. "Who are these bogeys whose machinations are going to arrest the course of justice in a—comparatively—civilized country? You've told me yourself that Monsieur de Malrive is the least likely to give you trouble; and the others are his uncle the abbé, his mother and sister. That kind of a syndicate doesn't scare me much. A priest and two women *contra mundum!*"

She shook her head. "Not *contra mundum,* but with it, their whole world is behind them. It's that mysterious solidarity that you can't understand. One doesn't know how far they may reach, or in how many directions. I have never known. They have always cropped up where I least expected them."

Before this persistency of negation Durham's buoyancy began to flag, but his determination grew the more fixed.

"Well, then, supposing them to possess these supernatural powers; do you think it's to people of that kind that I'll ever consent to give you up?"

She raised a half-smiling glance of protest. "Oh, they're not wantonly wicked. They'll leave me alone as long as——"

"As I do?" he interrupted. "Do you want me to leave you alone? Was that what you brought me here to tell me?"

The directness of the challenge seemed to gather up the scattered strands of her hesitation, and lifting her head she turned on him a look in which, but for its underlying shadow, he might have recovered the full free beam of Fanny Frisbee's gaze.

"I don't know why I brought you here," she said gently, "except from the wish to prolong a little the illusion of being once more an American among Americans. Just now, sitting there with your mother and Katy and Nannie, the difficulties seemed to vanish; the problems grew as trivial to me as they are to you. And I wanted them to

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remain so a little longer; I wanted to put off going back to them. But it was of no use—they were waiting for me here. They are over there now in that house across the river. She indicated the grey sky-line of the Faubourg, shining in the splintered radiance of the sunset beyond the long sweep of the quays. "They are a part of me—I belong to them. I must go back to them!" she sighed.

She rose slowly to her feet, as though her metaphor had expressed an actual fact and she felt herself bodily drawn from his side by the influences of which she spoke.

Durham had risen too. "Then I go back with you!" he exclaimed energetically; and as she paused, wavering a little under the shock of his resolve: "I don't mean into your house—but into your life!" he said.

She suffered him, at any rate, to accompany her to the door of the house, and allowed their debate to prolong itself through the almost monastic quiet of the quarter which led thither. On the way, he succeeded in wresting from her the confession that, if it were possible to ascertain in advance that her husband's family would not oppose her action, she might decide to apply for a divorce. Short of a positive assurance on this point, she made it clear that she would never move in the matter; there must be no scandal, no *retentissement*, nothing which her boy, necessarily brought up in the French tradition of scrupulously preserved appearances, could afterward regard as the faintest blur on his much-quartered escutcheon. But even this partial concession again raised fresh obstacles; for there seemed to be no one to whom she could entrust so delicate an investigation, and to apply directly to the Marquis de Malrive or his relatives appeared, in the light of her past experience, the last way of learning their intentions.

"But," Durham objected, beginning to suspect a morbid fixity of idea in her perpetual attitude of distrust—"but surely you have told me that your husband's sister—what is her name? Madame de Treymes?—was the most powerful member of the group, and that she has always been on your side."

She hesitated. "Yes, Christiane has been on my side. She dislikes her brother. But it would not do to ask her."

"But could no one else ask her? Who are her friends?"

"She has a great many; and some, of course, are mine. But in a case like this they would be all hers; they wouldn't hesitate a moment between us."

"Why should it be necessary to hesitate between you? Suppose Madame de Treymes sees the reasonableness of what you ask; suppose, at any rate, she sees the hopelessness of opposing you? Why should she make a mystery of your opinion?"

"It's not that; it is that, if I went to her friends, I should never get her real opinion from them. At least I should never know if it is *was* her real opinion; and therefore I should be no farther advanced. Don't you see?"

Durham struggled between the sentimental impulse to soothe her, and the practical instinct that it was a moment for unmitigated frankness.

"I'm not sure that I do; but if you can't find out what Madame de Treymes thinks, I'll see what I can do myself."

"Oh—*you*!" broke from her in mingled terror and admiration; and pausing on her doorstep to lay her hand in his before she touched the bell, she added with a half-whimsical flash of regret: "Why didn't this happen to Fanny Frisbee?"

III

WHY had it not happened to Fanny Frisbee?

Durham put the question to himself as he walked back along the quays, in a state of inner commotion which left him, for once, insensible to the ordered beauty of his surroundings. Propinquity had not been lacking: he had known Miss Frisbee since his college days. In unsophisticated circles, one family is apt to quote another; and the Durham ladies had always quoted the Frisbees. The Frisbees were bold, experienced, enterprising: they had what the novelists of the day called "dash." The beautiful Fanny was especially dashing; she had the showiest national attributes, tempered only by a native grace of softness, as the beam of her eyes was subdued by the length of their lashes. And yet young Durham, though not unsusceptible to such charms, had remained content to enjoy them from a safe distance of good fellowship. If he had been asked why, he could not have told; but the Durham of forty understood. It was because there were, with minor modifications, many other Fanny Frisbees; whereas never

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before, within his ken, had there been a Fanny de Malrive.

He had felt it in a flash, when, the autumn before, he had run across her one evening in the dining-room of the Beaurivage at Ouchy; when, after a furtive exchange of glances, they had simultaneously arrived at recognition, followed by an eager pressure of hands, and a long evening of reminiscence on the starlit terrace. She was the same, but so mysteriously changed! And it was the mystery, the sense of unprobed depths of initiation, which drew him to her as her freshness had never drawn him. He had not hitherto attempted to define the nature of the change: it remained for his sister Nannie to do that when, on his return to the Rue de Rivoli, where the family were still sitting in conclave upon their recent visitor, Miss Durham summed up their groping comments in the phrase: "I never saw anything so French!"

Durham, understanding what his sister's use of the epithet implied, recognized it instantly as the explanation of his own feelings. Yes, it was the finish, the modelling, which Madame de Malrive's experience had given her that set her apart from the fresh uncomplicated personalities of which she had once been simply the most charming type. The influences that had lowered her voice, regulated her gestures, toned her down to harmony with the warm dim background of a long social past—these influences had lent to her natural fineness of perception a command of expression adapted to complex conditions. She had moved in surroundings through which one could hardly bounce and bang on the genial American plan without knocking the angles off a number of sacred institutions; and her acquired dexterity of movement seemed to Durham a crowning grace. It was a shock, now that he knew at what cost the dexterity had been acquired, to acknowledge this even to himself; he hated to think that she could owe anything to such conditions as she had been placed in. And it gave him a sense of the tremendous strength of the organization into which she had been absorbed, that in spite of her horror, her moral revolt, she had not reacted against its external forms. She might abhor her husband, her marriage, and the world to which it had introduced her, but she had become a product of that world in its outward expression, and no better proof of the fact was needed than her exotic enjoyment of Americanism.

The sense of the distance to which her American past had been removed was never more present to him than when, a day or two later, he went with his mother and sisters to return her visit. The region beyond the river existed, for the Durham ladies, only as the unmapped environment of the Bon Marchè; and Nannie Durham's exclamation on the pokiness of the streets and the dulness of the houses showed Durham, with a start, how far he had already travelled from the family point of view.

"Well, if this is all she got by marrying a Marquis!" the young lady summed up as they paused before the small sober hotel in its high-walled court; and Katy, following her mother through the stone-vaulted and stone-floored vestible, murmured: "It must be simply freezing in winter."

In the softly-faded drawing-room, with its old pastels in old frames, its windows looking on the damp green twilight of a garden sunk deep in blackened walls, the American ladies might have been even more conscious of the insufficiency of their friend's compensations, had not the warmth of her welcome precluded all other reflections. It was not till she had gathered them about her in the corner beside the tea-table, that Durham identified the slender dark lady loitering negligently in the background, and introduced in a comprehensive murmur to the American group, as the redoubtable sister-in-law to whom he had declared himself ready to throw down his challenge.

There was nothing very redoubtable about Madame de Treymes, except perhaps the kindly yet critical observation which she bestowed on her sister-in-law's visitors: the unblinking attention of a civilized spectator observing an encampment of aborigines. He had heard of her as a beauty, and was surprised to find her, as Nannie afterward put it, a mere stick to hang clothes on (but they *did* hang!), with a small brown glancing face, like that of a charming little inquisitive animal. Yet before she had addressed ten words to him—nibbling at the hard English consonants like nuts—he owned the justice of the epithet. She was a beauty, if beauty, instead of being restricted to the cast of the face, is a pervasive attribute informing the hands, the voice, the gestures, the very fall of a flounce and tilt of a feather.

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In this impalpable *aura* of grace Madame de Treymes' dark meagre presence unmistakeably moved, like a thin flame in a wide quiver of light. And as he realized that she looked much handsomer than she was, so, while they talked, he felt that she understood a great deal more than she betrayed. It was not through the groping speech which formed their apparent medium of communication that she imbibed her information: she found it in the air, she extracted it from Durham's look and manner, she caught it in the turn of her sister-in-law's defenseless eyes—for in her presence Madame de Malrive became Fanny Frisbee again!—she put it together, in short, out of just such unconsidered indescribable trifles as differentiated the quiet felicity of her dress from Nannie and Katy's "handsome" haphazard clothes.

Her actual converse with Durham moved, meanwhile, strictly in the conventional ruts: had he been long in Paris, which of the new plays did he like best, was it true that American *jeunes filles* were sometimes taken to the Boulevard theatres? And she threw an interrogative glance at the young ladies beside the tea-table. To Durham's reply that it depended how much French they knew, she shrugged and smiled, replying that his compatriots all spoke French like Parisians, enquiring, after a moment's thought, if they learned it, *la bàs*, *des nègres*, and laughing heartily when Durham's astonishment revealed her blunder.

When at length she had taken leave—enveloping the Durham ladies in a last puzzled penetrating look—Madame de Malrive turned to Mrs. Durham with a faintly embarrassed smile.

"My sister-in-law was much interested; I believe you are the first Americans she has ever known."

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Nannie, as though such social darkness required immediate missionary action on some one's part.

"Well, she knows *us*," said Durham, catching, in Madame de Malrive's rapid glance, a startled assent to his point.

"After all," reflected the accurate Katy, as though seeking an excuse for Madame de Treymes' unenlightenment, "*we* don't know many French people, either."

To which Nannie promptly if obscurely retorted: "Ah but we couldn't and *she* could!"

IV

Madame de Treymes' friendly observation of her sister-in-law's visitors resulted in no expression on her part of a desire to renew her study of them. To all appearances, she passed out of their lives when Madame de Malrive's door closed on her; and Durham felt that the arduous task of making her acquaintance was still to be begun.

He felt also, more than ever, the necessity of attempting it; and in his determination to lose no time, and his perplexity how to set most speedily about the business, he bethought himself of applying to his cousin Mrs. Boykin.

Mrs. Elmer Boykin was a small plump woman, to whose vague prettiness the lines of middle-age had given no meaning: as though whatever had happened to her had merely added to the sum total of her inexperience. After a Parisian residence of twenty-five years, spent in a state of feverish servitude to the great artists of the rue de la Paix, her dress and hair still retained a certain rigidity in keeping with the directness of her gaze and the unmodulated candour of her voice. Her very drawing-room had the hard bright atmosphere of her native skies, and one felt that she was still true at heart to the national ideals in electric lighting and plumbing.

She and her husband had left America owing to the impossibility of living there with the finish and decorum which the Boykin standard demanded; but in the isolation of their exile they had created about them a kind of phantom America, where the national prejudices continued to flourish unchecked by the national progressiveness: a little world sparsely peopled by compatriots in the same attitude of chronic opposition toward a society chronically unaware of them. In this uncontaminated air Mr. and Mrs. Boykin had preserved the purity of simpler conditions, and Elmer Boykin, returning rakishly from a Sunday's racing at Chantilly, betrayed, under his "knowing" coat and the racing-glasses slung ostentatiously across his shoulder, the unmistakeable cut of the American business man coming "up town" after a long day in the office.

It was a part of the Boykins' uncomfortable but determined attitude—and per-

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haps a last expression of their latent patriotism—to live in active disapproval of the world about them, fixing in memory with little stabs of reprobation innumerable instances of what the abominable foreigner was doing; so that they reminded Durham of persons peacefully following the course of a horrible war by pricking red pins in a map. To Mrs. Durham, with her gentle tourist's view of the European continent, as a vast Museum in which the human multitudes simply furnished the element of costume, the Boykins seemed abysmally instructed, and darkly expert in forbidden things; and her son, without sharing her simple faith in their omniscience, credited them with an ample supply of the kind of information of which he was in search.

Mrs. Boykin, from the corner of an intensely modern Gobelin sofa, studied her cousin as he balanced himself insecurely on one of the small gilt chairs which always look surprised at being sat in.

"Fanny de Malrive? Oh, of course: I remember you were all very intimate with the Frisbees when they lived in West Thirty-third Street. But she has dropped all her American friends since her marriage. The excuse was that de Malrive didn't like them; but as she's been separated for five or six years, I can't see—. You say she's been very nice to your mother and the girls? Well, I daresay she is beginning to feel the need of friends she can really trust; for as for her French relations——! That Malrive set is the worst in the Faubourg. Of course you know what *he* is; even the family, for decency's sake, had to back her up, and urge her to get a separation. And Christiane de Treymes——"

Durham seized his opportunity. "Is she so very reprehensible too?"

Mrs. Boykin pursed up her small colourless mouth. "I can't speak from personal experience. I know Madame de Treymes slightly—I have met her at Fanny's—but she never remembers the fact except when she wants me to go to one of her *ventes de charité*. They all remember us then; and some American women are silly enough to ruin themselves at the smart bazaars, and fancy they will get invitations in return. They say Mrs. Addison G. Pack followed Madame d'Alglade around for a whole winter, and spent a hundred thousand francs at her stalls; and at the end of the season Madame d'Alglade asked her to tea, and when she got there she found *that* was for a charity too, and she had to pay a hundred francs to get in."

Mrs. Boykin paused with a smile of compassion. "That is not *my* way," she continued. "Personally I have no desire to thrust myself into French society—I can't see how any American woman can do so without loss of self-respect. But any one can tell you about Madame de Treymes."

"I wish you would, then," Durham suggested.

"Well, I think Elmer had better," said his wife mysteriously, as Mr. Boykin, at this point, advanced across the wide expanse of Aubusson on which his wife and Durham were islanded in a state of propinquity without privacy.

"What's that, Bessy? Hah, Durham, how are you? Didn't see you at Auteuil this afternoon. You don't race? Busy sight-seeing, I suppose? What was that my wife was telling you? Oh, about Madame de Treymes."

He stroked his pepper-and-salt moustache with a gesture intended rather to indicate than to conceal the smile of experience beneath it. "Well, Madame de Treymes has not been like a happy country—she's had a history: several of 'em. Some one said she constituted the *feuilleton* of the Faubourg daily news. *La suite au prochain numéro*—you see the point? Not that I speak from personal knowledge. Bessy and I have never cared to force our way——" He paused, reflecting that his wife had probably anticipated him in the expression of this familiar sentiment, and added with a significant nod: "Of course you know the Prince d'Armillac by sight? No? I'm surprised at that. Well, he's one of the choicest ornaments of the Jockey Club: very fascinating to the ladies, I believe, but the deuce and all at baccara. Ruined his mother and a couple of maiden aunts already—and now Madame de Treymes has put the family pearls up the spout, and is wearing imitation for love of him."

"I had that straight from my maid's cousin, who is employed by Madame d'Armillac's jeweller," said Mrs. Boykin with conscious pride.

"Oh, it's straight enough—more than *she* is!" retorted her husband, who was

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slightly jealous of having his facts reinforced by any information not of his own gleaning.

"Be careful of what you say, Elmer," Mrs. Boykin interposed with archness. "I suspect John of being seriously smitten by the lady."

Durham let this pass unchallenged, submitting with a good grace to his host's low whistle of amusement, and the sardonic enquiry: "Ever do anything with the foils? D'Armillac is what they call over here a *fine lame*."

"Oh, I don't mean to resort to bloodshed unless it's absolutely necessary; but I mean to make the lady's acquaintance," said Durham, falling into his key.

Mrs. Boykin's lips tightened to the vanishing point. "I am afraid you must apply for an introduction to more fashionable people than *we* are. Elmer and I so thoroughly disapprove of French society that we have always declined to take any part in it. But why should not Fanny de Malrive arrange a meeting for you?"

Durham hesitated. "I don't think she is on very intimate terms with her husband's family——"

"You mean that she's not allowed to introduce *her* friends to them," Mrs. Boykin interjected sarcastically; while her husband added, with an air of portentous initiation: "Ah, my dear fellow, the way they treat the Americans over here—that's another chapter, you know."

"How some people can *stand* it!" Mrs. Boykin chimed in; and as the footman, entering at that moment, tendered her a large coronetted envelope, she held it up as if in illustration of the indignities to which her countrymen were subjected.

"Look at that, my dear John," she exclaimed—"another card to one of their everlasting bazaars! Why, it's at Madame d'Armillac's, the Prince's mother. Madame de Treymes must have sent it, of course. The brazen way in which they combine religion and immorality! Fifty francs admission—*rien que cela!*—to see some of the most disreputable people in Europe. And if you're an American, you're expected to leave at least a thousand behind you. Their own people naturally get off cheaper." She tossed over the card to her cousin. "There's your opportunity to see Madame de Treymes."

"Make it two thousand, and she'll ask you to tea," Mr. Boykin scathingly added.

V

In the monumental drawing-room of the Hôtel de Malrive—it had been a surprise to the American to read the name of the house emblazoned on black marble over its still more monumental gateway—Durham found himself surrounded by a buzz of feminine tea-sipping oddly out of keeping with the wigged and cuirassed portraits frowning high on the walls, the majestic attitude of the furniture, the rigidity of great gilt consoles drawn up like lords-in-waiting against the tarnished panels.

It was the old Marquise de Malrive's "day," and Madame de Treymes, who lived with her mother, had admitted Durham to the heart of the enemy's country by inviting him, after his prodigal disbursements at the charity bazaar, to come in to tea on a Thursday. Whether, in thus fulfilling Mr. Boykin's prediction, she had been aware of Durham's purpose, and had her own reasons for falling in with it; or whether she simply wished to reward his lavishness at the fair, and permit herself another glimpse of an American so picturesquely embodying the type familiar to French fiction—on these points Durham was still in doubt.

Meanwhile, Madame de Treymes being engaged with a venerable Duchess in a black shawl—all the older ladies present had the sloping shoulders of a generation of shawl-wearers—her American visitor, left in the isolation of his unimportance, was using it as a shelter for a rapid survey of the scene.

He had begun his study of Fanny de Malrive's situation without any real understanding of her fears. He knew the repugnance to divorce existing in the French Catholic world, but since the French laws sanctioned it, and in a case so flagrant as his injured friend's, would inevitably accord it with the least possible delay and exposure, he could not take seriously any risk of opposition on the part of the husband's family. Madame de Malrive had not become a Catholic, and since her religious scruples could not be played on, the only weapon remaining to the enemy—the threat of fighting the divorce—was one they could not wield without self-injury. Certainly, if the chief object were to avoid scandal, common

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sense must counsel Monsieur de Malrive and his friends not to give the courts an opportunity of exploring his past; and since the echo of such explorations, and their ultimate transmission to her son, were what Madame de Malrive most dreaded, the opposing parties seemed to have a common ground for agreement, and Durham could not but regard his friend's fears as the result of over-taxed sensibilities. All this had seemed evident enough to him as he entered the austere portals of the Hôtel de Malrive and passed, between the faded liveries of old family servants, to the presence of the dreaded dowager above. But he had not been ten minutes in that presence before he had arrived at a faint intuition of what poor Fanny meant. It was not in the exquisite mildness of the old Marquise, a little gray-haired bunch of a woman in dowdy mourning, or in the small neat presence of the priestly uncle, the Abbé who had so obviously just stepped down from one of the picture-frames overhead: it was not in the aspect of these chief protagonists, so outwardly unformidable, that Durham read an occult danger to his friend. It was rather in their setting, their surroundings, the little company of elderly and dowdy persons—so uniformly clad in weeping blacks and purples that they might have been assembled for some mortuary anniversary—it was in the remoteness and the solidarity of this little group that Durham had his first glimpse of the social force of which Fanny de Malrive had spoken. All these amiably chatting visitors, who mostly bore the stamp of personal insignificance on their mildly sloping or aristocratically beaked faces, hung together in a visible closeness of tradition, dress, attitude and manner, as different as possible from the loose aggregation of a roomful of his own countrymen. Durham felt, as he observed them, that he had never before known what "society" meant; nor understood that, in an organized and inherited system, it exists full-fledged where two or three of its members are assembled.

Upon this state of bewilderment, this sense of having entered a room in which the lights had suddenly been turned out, even Madame de Treymes' intensely modern presence threw no illumination. He was conscious, as she smilingly rejoined him, not of her points of difference from the others, but of the myriad invisible threads by which she held to them; he even recognized the audacious slant of her little brown profile in the portrait of a powdered ancestress beneath which she had paused a moment in advancing. She was simply one particular facet of the solid, glittering, impenetrable body which he had thought to turn in his hands and look through like a crystal; and when she said, in her clear staccato English, "Perhaps you will like to see the other rooms," he felt like crying out in his blindness: "If I could only be sure of seeing *anything* here!" Was she conscious of his blindness, and was he as remote and unintelligible to her as she was to him? This possibility, as he followed her through the nobly-unfolding rooms of the great house, gave him his first hope of recoverable advantage. For, after all, he had some vague traditional lights on her world and its antecedents; whereas to her he was a wholly new phenomenon, as unexplained as a fragment of meteorite dropped at her feet on the smooth gravel of the garden-path they were pacing.

She had led him down into the garden, in response to his admiring exclamation, and perhaps also because she was sure that, in the chill spring afternoon, they would have its embowered privacies to themselves. The garden was small, but intensely rich and deep—one of those wells of verdure and fragrance which everywhere sweeten the air of Paris by wafts blown above old walls on quiet streets; and as Madame de Treymes paused against the ivy bank masking its farther boundary, Durham felt more than ever removed from the normal bearings of life.

His sense of strangeness was increased by the suprise of his companion's next speech.

"You wish to marry my sister-in-law?" she asked abruptly; and Durham's start of wonder was followed by an immediate feeling of relief. He had expected the preliminaries of their interview to be as complicated as the bargaining in an Eastern bazaar, and had feared to lose himself at the first turn in a labyrinth of "foreign" intrigue.

"Yes, I do," he said with equal directness; and they smiled together at the sharp report of question and answer.

The smile put Durham more completely at his ease, and after waiting for her to speak, he added with deliberation: "So far, however, the wishing is entirely on my side."

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His scrupulous conscience felt itself justified in this reserve by the conditional nature of Madame de Malrive's consent.

"I understand; but you have been given reason to hope——"

"Every man in my position gives himself his own reasons for hoping," he interposed with a smile.

"I understand that too," Madame de Treymes assented. "But still—you spent a great deal of money the other day at our bazaar."

"Yes: I wanted to have a talk with you, and it was the readiest—if not the most distinguished—means of attracting your attention."

"I understand," she once more reiterated, with a gleam of amusement.

"It is because I suspect you of understanding everything that I have been so anxious for this opportunity."

She bowed her acknowledgement, and said: "Shall we sit a moment?" adding, as he drew their chairs under a tree: "You permit me, then, to say that I believe I understand also a little of our good Fanny's mind?"

"On that point I have no authority to speak. I am here only to listen."

"Listen, then: you have persuaded her that there would be no harm in divorcing my brother—since I believe your religion does not forbid divorce?"

"Madame de Malrive's religion sanctions divorce in such a case as——"

"As my brother has furnished? Yes, I have heard that your race is stricter in judging such *écarts*. But you must not think," she added, "that I defend my brother. Fanny must have told you that we have always given her our sympathy."

"She has let me infer it from her way of speaking of you."

Madame de Treymes arched her dramatic eyebrows. "How cautious you are! I am so straightforward that I shall have no chance with you."

"You will be quite safe, unless you are so straightforward that you put me on my guard."

She met this with a low note of amusement. "At this rate we shall never get any farther; and in two minutes I must go back to my mother's visitors. Why should we go on fencing? The situation is really quite simple. Tell me just what you wish to know. I have always been Fanny's friend, and that disposes me to be yours."

Durham, during this appeal, had had time to steady his thoughts; and the result of his deliberation was that he said, with a return to his former directness: "Well, then, what I wish to know is, what position your family would take if Madame de Malrive should sue for a divorce." He added, without giving her time to reply: "I naturally wish to be clear on this point before urging my cause with your sister-in-law."

Madame de Treymes seemed in no haste to answer; but after a pause of reflection she said, not unkindly: "My poor Fanny might have asked me that herself."

"I beg you to believe that I am not acting as her spokesman," Durham hastily interposed. "I merely wish to clear up the situation before speaking to her in my own behalf."

"You are the most delicate of suitors! But I understand your feeling. Fanny also is extremely delicate: it was a great surprise to us at first. Still, in this case——" Madame de Treymes paused—"since she has no religious scruples, and she had no difficulty in obtaining a separation, why should she fear any in demanding a divorce?"

"I don't know that she does: but the mere fact of possible opposition might be enough to alarm the delicacy you have observed in her."

"Ah—yes: on her boy's account."

"Partly, doubtless, on her boy's account."

"So that, if my brother objects to a divorce, all he has to do is to announce his objection? But, my dear sir, you are giving your case into my hands!" She flashed an amused smile on him.

"Since you say you are Madame de Malrive's friend, could there be a better place for it?"

As she turned her eyes on him he seemed to see, under the flitting lightness of her glance, the sudden concentrated expression of the ancestral will. "I am Fanny's friend, certainly. But with us family considerations are paramount. And our religion forbids divorce."

"So that, inevitably, your brother will oppose it?"

She rose from her seat, and stood fretting with her slender boot-tip the minute red pebbles of the path.

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"I must really go in: my mother will never forgive me for deserting her."

"But surely you owe me an answer?" Durham protested, rising also.

"In return for your purchases at my stall?"

"No: in return for the trust I have placed in you."

She mused on this, moving slowly a step or two toward the house.

"Certainly I wish to see you again; you interest me," she said smiling. "But it is so difficult to arrange. If I were to ask you to come here again, my mother and uncle would be surprised. And at Fanny's——"

"Oh, not there!" he exclaimed.

"Where then? Is there any other house where we are likely to meet?"

Durham hesitated; but he was goaded by the flight of the precious minutes. "Not unless you'll come and dine with me," he said boldly.

"Dine with you? *Au cabaret?* Ah, that would be diverting—but impossible!"

"Well, dine with my cousin, then—I have a cousin, an American lady, who lives here," said Durham, with suddenly-soaring audacity.

She paused with puzzled brows. "An American lady whom I know?"

"By name, at any rate. You send her cards for all your charity bazaars."

She received the thrust with a laugh. "We do exploit your compatriots."

"Oh, I don't think she has ever gone to the bazaars."

"But she might if I dined with her?"

"Still less, I imagine."

She reflected on this, and then said with acuteness: "I like that, and I accept—but what is the lady's name?"

VI

On the way home, in the first drop of his exaltation, Durham had said to himself: "But why on earth should Bessy invite her?"

He had, naturally, no very cogent reasons to give Mrs. Boykin in support of his astonishing request, and could only, marvelling at his own growth in duplicity, suffer her to infer that he was really, shamelessly "smitten" with the lady he thus proposed to thrust upon her hospitality. But, to his surprise, Mrs. Boykin hardly gave herself time to pause upon his reasons. They were swallowed up in the fact that Madame de Treymes wished to dine with her, as the lesser luminaries vanish in the blaze of the sun.

"I am not surprised," she declared, with a faint smile intended to check her husband's unruly wonder. "I wonder *you* are, Elmer. Didn't you tell me that Armillac went out of his way to speak to you the other day at the races? And at Madame d'Alglade's sale—yes, I went there after all, just for a minute, because I found Katy and Nannie were so anxious to be taken—well, that day I noticed that Madame de Treymes was quite *empressée* when we went up to her stall. Oh, I didn't buy anything: I merely waited while the girls chose some lampshades. They thought it would be interesting to take home something painted by a real Marquise, and of course I didn't tell them that those women *never* make the things they sell at their stalls. But I repeat I'm not surprised: I suspected that Madame de Treymes had heard of our little dinners. You know they're really horribly bored in that poky old Faubourg. My poor John, I see now why she's been making up to you! But on one point I am quite determined, Elmer; whatever you say, I shall *not* invite the Prince d'Armillac."

Elmer, as far as Durham could observe, did not say much; but, like his wife, he continued in a state of pleasantly agitated activity till the momentous evening of the dinner.

The festivity in question was restricted in numbers, either owing to the difficulty of securing suitable guests, or from a desire not to have it appear that Madame de Treymes' hosts attached any special importance to her presence; but the smallness of the company was counterbalanced by the multiplicity of the courses.

The national determination not to be "downed" by the despised foreigner, to show a wealth of material resource obscurely felt to compensate for the possible lack of other distinctions—this resolve had taken, in Mrs. Boykin's case, the shape—or rather the multiple shapes—of a series of culinary feats, of gastronomic combinations, which would have commanded her deep respect had she seen them on any other table, and which she naturally relied on to produce the same effect on her guest. Whether or not the desired result was achieved, Madame de Treymes' manner did not specifically

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declare; but it showed a general complaisance, a charming willingness to be amused, which made Mr. Boykin, for months afterward, allude to her among his compatriots as "an old friend of my wife's—takes pot-luck with us, you know. Of course there's not a word of truth in any of those ridiculous stories."

It was only when, to Durham's intense surprise, Mr. Boykin hazarded to his neighbour the regret that they had not been so lucky as to "secure the Prince"—it was then only that the lady showed, not indeed anything so simple and unprepared as embarrassment, but a faint play of wonder, an under-flicker of amusement, as though recognizing that, by some odd law of social compensation, the crudity of the talk might account for the complexity of the dishes.

But Mr. Boykin was tremulously alive to hints, and the conversation at once slid to safer topics, easy generalizations which left Madame de Treymes ample time to explore the table, to use her narrowed gaze like a knife slitting open the unsuspicious personalities about her. Nannie and Katy Durham, who, after much discussion (to which their hostess candidly admitted them), had been included in the feast, were the special objects of Madame de Treymes' observation. During dinner she ignored in their favour the other carefully-selected guests—the fashionable art-critic, the old Legitimist general, the beauty from the English Embassy, the whole impressive marshalling of Mrs. Boykin's social resources—and when the men returned to the drawing-room, Durham found her still fanning in his sisters the flame of an easily kindled enthusiasm. Since she could hardly have been held by the intrinsic interest of their converse, the sight gave him another swift intuition of the working of those hidden forces with which Fanny de Malrive felt herself encompassed. But when Madame de Treymes, at his approach, let him see that it was for him she had been reserving herself, he felt that so graceful an impulse needed no special explanation. She had the art of making it seem quite natural that they should move away together to the remotest of Mrs. Boykin's far-drawn salons, and that there, in a glaring privacy of brocade and ormolu, she should turn to him with a smile which avowed her intentional quest of seclusion.

"Confess that I have done a great deal for you!" she exclaimed, making room for him on a sofa judiciously screened from the observation of the other rooms.

"In coming to dine with my cousin?" he enquired, answering her smile.

"Let us say, in giving you this half hour."

"For that I am duly grateful—and shall be still more so when I know what it contains for me."

"Ah, I am not sure. You will not like what I am going to say."

"Shall I not?" he rejoined, changing colour.

She raised her eyes from the thoughtful contemplation of her painted fan. "You appear to have no idea of the difficulties."

"Should I have asked your help if I had not had an idea of them?"

"But you are still confident that with my help you can surmount them?"

"I can't believe you have come here to take that confidence from me?"

She leaned back, smiling at him through her lashes. "And all this I am to do for your *beaux yeux?*"

"No—for your own: that you may see with them what happiness you are conferring."

"You are extremely clever, and I like you." She paused, and then brought out with lingering emphasis: "But my family will not hear of a divorce."

She threw into her voice such an accent of finality that Durham, for the moment, felt himself brought up against an insurmountable barrier; but, almost at once, his fear was mitigated by the conviction that she would not have put herself out so much to say so little.

"When you speak of your family, do you include yourself?" he suggested.

She threw a surprised glance at him. "I thought you understood that I am simply their mouthpiece."

At this he rose quietly to his feet with a gesture of acceptance. "I have only to thank you, then, for not keeping me longer in suspense."

His air of wishing to put an immediate end to the conversation seemed to surprise her. "Sit down a moment longer," she commanded him kindly; and as he leaned against the back of his chair, without appearing to hear her request, she added in a low voice: "I am very sorry for you and Fanny—but you are not the only persons to be pitied."

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"The only persons?"

"In our unhappy family." She touched her breast with a sudden tragic gesture. "I, for instance, whose help you ask—if you could guess how I need help myself!"

She had dropped her light manner as she might have tossed aside her fan, and he was startled at the intimacy of misery to which her look and movement abruptly admitted him. Perhaps no Anglo-Saxon fully understands the fluency in self-revelation which centuries of the confessional have given to the Latin races, and to Durham, at any rate, Madame de Treymes' sudden avowal gave the shock of a physical abandonment.

"I am so sorry," he stammered—"is there any way in which I can be of use to you?"

She sat before him with her hands clasped, her eyes fixed on his in a terrible intensity of appeal. "If you would—if you would! Oh, there is nothing I would not do for you. I have still a great deal of influence with my mother, and what my mother commands we all do. I could help you—I am sure I could help you; but not if my own situation were known. And if nothing can be done it must be known in a few days."

Durham had reseated himself at her side. "Tell me what I can do," he said in a low tone, forgetting his own preoccupations in his genuine concern for her distress.

She looked up at him through tears. "How dare I? Your race is so cautious, so self-controlled—you have so little indulgence for the extravagances of the heart. And my folly has been incredible—and unrewarded." She paused, and as Durham waited in a silence which she guessed to be compassionate, she brought out below her breath: "I have lent money—my husband's, my brother's—money that was not mine, and now I have nothing to repay it with."

Durham gazed at her in genuine astonishment. The turn the conversation had taken led quite beyond his uncomplicated experiences with the other sex. She saw his surprise, and extended her hands in deprecation and entreaty. "Alas, what must you think of me? How can I explain my humiliating myself before a stranger? Only by telling you the whole truth—the fact that I am not alone in this disaster, that I could not confess my situation to my family without ruining myself, and involving in my ruin some one who, however undeservedly, has been as dear to me as—as you are to——"

Durham pushed his chair back with a sharp exclamation.

"Ah, even that does not move you!" she said.

The cry restored him to his senses by the long shaft of light it sent down the dark windings of the situation. He seemed suddenly to know Madame de Treymes as if he had been brought up with her in the inscrutable shades of the Hôtel de Malrive.

She, on her side, appeared to have a startled but uncomprehending sense of the fact that his silence was no longer completely sympathetic, that her touch called forth no answering vibration; and she made a desperate clutch at the one chord she could be certain of sounding.

"You have asked a great deal of me—much more than you can guess. Do you mean to give me nothing—not even your sympathy—in return? Is it because you have heard horrors of me? When are they not said of a woman who is married unhappily? Perhaps not in your fortunate country, where she may seek liberation without dishonour. But here—! You who have seen the consequences of our disastrous marriages—you who may yet be the victim of our cruel and abominable system; have you no pity for one who has suffered in the same way, and without the possibility of release?" She paused, laying her hand on his arm with a smile of deprecating irony. "It is not because you are not rich. At such times the crudest way is the shortest, and I don't pretend to deny that I know I am asking you a trifle. You Americans, when you want a thing, always pay ten times what it is worth, and I am giving you the wonderful chance to get what you most want at a bargain."

Durham sat silent, her little gloved hand burning his coat-sleeve as if it had been a hot iron. His brain was tingling with the shock of her confession. She wanted money, a great deal of money: that was clear, but it was not the point. She was ready to sell her influence, and he fancied she could be counted on to fulfil her side of the bargain. The fact that he could so trust her seemed only to make her more terrible to him—more supernaturally dauntless and baleful. For what was it that she exacted of him? She had said she must have money to pay her debts; but he knew that was only a pre-

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text which she scarcely expected him to believe. She wanted the money for some one else; that was what her allusion to a fellow-victim meant. She wanted it to pay the Prince's gambling debts—it was at that price that Durham was to buy the right to marry Fanny de Malrive.

Once the situation had worked itself out in his mind, he found himself unexpectedly relieved of the necessity of weighing the arguments for and against it. All the traditional forces of his blood were in revolt, and he could only surrender himself to their pressure, without thought of compromise or parley.

He stood up in silence, and the abruptness of his movement caused Madame de Treymes' hand to slip from his arm.

"You refuse?" she exclaimed; and he answered with a bow: "Only because of the return you propose to make me."

She stood staring at him, in a perplexity so genuine and profound that he could almost have smiled at it through his disgust.

"Ah, you are all incredible," she murmured at last, stooping to repossess herself of her fan; and as she moved past him to rejoin the group in the farther room, she added in an incisive undertone: "You are quite at liberty to repeat our conversation to your friend!"

VII

DURHAM did not take advantage of the permission thus strangely flung at him: of his talk with her sister-in-law he gave to Madame de Malrive only that part which concerned her.

Presenting himself for this purpose, the day after Mrs. Boykin's dinner, he found his friend alone with her son; and the sight of the child had the effect of dispelling whatever illusive hopes had attended him to the threshold. Even after the governess's descent upon the scene had left Madame de Malrive and her visitor alone, the little boy's presence seemed to hover admonishingly between them, reducing to a bare statement of fact Durham's confession of the total failure of his errand.

Madame de Malrive heard the confession calmly; she had been too prepared for it not to have prepared a countenance to receive it. Her first comment was: "I have never known them to declare themselves so plainly——" and Durham's baffled hopes fastened themselves eagerly on the words. Had she not always warned him that there was nothing so misleading as their plainness? And might it not be that, in spite of his advisedness, he had suffered too easy a rebuff? But second thoughts reminded him that the refusal had not been as unconditional as his necessary reservations made it seem in the repetition; and that, furthermore, it was his own act, and not that of his opponents, which had determined it. The impossibility of revealing this to Madame de Malrive only made the difficulty shut in more darkly around him, and in the completeness of his discouragement he scarcely needed her reminder of his promise to regard the subject as closed when once the other side had defined its position.

He was secretly confirmed in this acceptance of his fate by the knowledge that it was really he who had defined the position. Even now that he was alone with Madame de Malrive, and subtly aware of the struggle under her composure, he felt no temptation to abate his stand by a jot. He had not yet formulated a reason for his resistance: he simply went on feeling, more and more strongly with every precious sign of her participation in his unhappiness, that he could neither owe his escape from it to such a transaction, nor suffer her, innocently, to owe hers.

The only mitigating effect of his determination was in an increase of helpless tenderness toward her; so that, when she exclaimed, in answer to his announcement that he meant to leave Paris the next night: "Oh, give me a day or two longer!" he at once resigned himself to saying: "If I can be of the least use, I'll give you a hundred."

She answered sadly that all he could do would be to let her feel that he was there—just for a day or two, till she had readjusted herself to the idea of going on in the old way; and on this note of renunciation they parted.

But Durham, however pledged to the passive part, could not long sustain it without rebellion. To "hang round" the shut door of his hopes seemed, after two long days, more than even his passion required of him; and on the third he despatched a note of goodbye to his friend. He was going off for a few weeks, he explained—his mother and sisters wished to be taken to the Italian lakes: but he would return to

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Paris, and say his real farewell to her, before sailing for America in July.

He had not intended his note to act as an ultimatum: he had no wish to surprise Madame de Malrive into unconsidered surrender. When, almost immediately, his own messenger returned with a reply from her, he even felt a pang of disappointment, a momentary fear lest she should have stooped a little from the high place where his passion had preferred to leave her; but her first words turned his fear into rejoicing.

"Let me see you before you go: something extraordinary has happened," she wrote.

What had happened, as he heard from her a few hours later—finding her in a tremor of frightened gladness, with her door boldly closed to all the world but himself—was nothing less extraordinary than a visit from Madame de Treymes, who had come, officially delegated by the family, to announce that Monsieur de Malrive had decided not to oppose his wife's suit for divorce. Durham, at the news, was almost afraid to show himself too amazed; but his small signs of alarm and wonder were swallowed up in the flush of Madame de Malrive's incredulous joy.

"It's the long habit, you know, of not believing them—of looking for the truth always in what they *don't* say. It took me hours and hours to convince myself that there's no trick under it, that there can't be any," she explained.

"Then you *are* convinced now?" escaped from Durham; but the shadow of his question lingered no more than the flit of a wing across her face.

"I am convinced because the facts are there to reassure me. Christiane tells me that Monsieur de Malrive has consulted his lawyers, and that they have advised him to free me. Maître Enguerrand has been instructed to see my lawyer whenever I wish it. They quite understand that I never should have taken the step in face of any opposition on their part—I am so thankful to you for making that perfectly clear to them!—and I suppose this is the return their pride makes to mine. For they *can* be proud collectively——" She broke off, and added, with happy hands outstretched: "And I owe it all to you—Christiane said it was your talk with her that had convinced them."

Durham, at this statement, had to repress a fresh sound of amazement; but with her hands in his, and, a moment after, her whole self drawn to him in the first yielding of her lips, doubt perforce gave way to the lover's happy conviction that such love was after all too strong for the powers of darkness.

It was only when they sat again in the blissful after-calm of their understanding, that he felt the pricking of an unappeased distrust.

"Did Madame de Treymes give you any reason for this change of front?" he risked asking, when he found the distrust was not otherwise to be quelled.

"Oh, yes: just what I've said. It was really her admiration of *you*—of your attitude—your delicacy. She said that at first she hadn't believed in it: they're always looking for a hidden motive. And when she found that yours was staring at her in the actual words you said: that you really respected my scruples, and would never, never try to coerce or entrap me—something in her—poor Christiane!—answered to it, she told me, and she wanted to prove to us that she was capable of understanding us too. If you knew her history you'd find it wonderful and pathetic that she can!"

Durham thought he knew enough of it to infer that Madame de Treymes had not been the object of many conscientious scruples on the part of the opposite sex; but this increased rather his sense of the strangeness than of the pathos of her action. Yet Madame de Malrive, whom he had once inwardly taxed with the morbid raising of obstacles, seemed to see none now; and he could only infer that her sister-in-law's actual words had carried more conviction than reached him in the repetition of them. The mere fact that he had so much to gain by leaving his friend's faith undisturbed was no doubt stirring his own suspicions to unnatural activity; and this sense gradually reasoned him back into acceptance of her view, as the most normal as well as the pleasantest he could take.

VIII

THE uneasiness thus temporarily repressed slipped into the final disguise of hoping he should not again meet Madame

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de Treymes; and in this wish he was seconded by the decision, in which Madame de Malrive concurred, that it would be well for him to leave Paris while the preliminary negotiations were going on. He committed her interests to the best professional care, and his mother, resigning her dream of the lakes, remained to fortify Madame de Malrive by her mild unimaginative view of the transaction, as an uncomfortable but commonplace necessity, like house-cleaning or dentistry. Mrs. Durham would doubtless have preferred that her only son, even with his hair turning gray, should have chosen a Fanny Frisbee rather than a Fanny de Malrive; but it was a part of her acceptance of life on a general basis of innocence and kindliness, that she entered generously into his dream of rescue and renewal, and devoted herself without after-thought to keeping up Fanny's courage with so little to spare for herself.

The process, the lawyers declared, would not be a long one, since Monsieur de Malrive's acquiescence reduced it to a formality; and when, at the end of June, Durham returned from Italy with Katy and Nannie, there seemed no reason why he should not stop in Paris long enough to learn what progress had been made.

But before he could learn this he was to hear, on entering Madame de Malrive's presence, news more immediate if less personal. He found her, in spite of her gladness in his return, so evidently preoccupied and distressed that his first thought was one of fear for their own future. But she read and dispelled this by saying, before he could put his question: "Poor Christiane is here. She is very unhappy. You have seen in the papers——?"

"I have seen no papers since we left Turin. What has happened?"

"The Prince d'Armillac has come to grief. There has been some terrible scandal about money and he has been obliged to leave France to escape arrest."

"And Madame de Treymes has left her husband?"

"Ah, no, poor creature: they don't leave their husbands—they can't. But de Treymes has gone down to their place in Brittany, and as my mother-in-law is with another daughter in Auvergne, Christiane came here for a few days. With me, you see, she need not pretend—she can cry her eyes out."

"And that is what she is doing?"

It was so unlike his conception of the way in which, under the most adverse circumstances, Madame de Treymes would be likely to occupy her time, that Durham was conscious of a note of scepticism in his query.

"Poor thing—if you saw her you would feel nothing but pity. She is suffering so horribly that I reproach myself for being happy under the same roof."

Durham met this with a tender pressure of her hand; then he said, after a pause of reflection: "I should like to see her."

He hardly knew what prompted him to utter the wish, unless it were a sudden stir of compunction at the memory of his own dealings with Madame de Treymes. Had he not sacrificed the poor creature to a purely fantastic conception of conduct? She had said that she knew she was asking a trifle of him; and the fact that, materially, it would have been a trifle, had seemed at the moment only an added reason for steeling himself in his moral resistance to it. But now that he had gained his point—and through her own generosity, as it still appeared—the largeness of her attitude made his own seem cramped and petty. Since conduct, in the last resort, must be judged by its enlarging or diminishing effect on character, might it not be that the zealous weighing of the moral anise and cummin was less important than the unconsidered lavishing of the precious ointment? At any rate, he could enjoy no peace of mind under the burden of Madame de Treymes' magnanimity, and when he had assured himself that his own affairs were progressing favourably, he once more, at the risk of surprising his betrothed, brought up the possibility of seeing her relative.

Madame de Malrive evinced no surprise. "It is natural, knowing what she has done for us, that you should want to show her your sympathy. The difficulty is that it is just the one thing you *can't* show her. You can thank her, of course, for ourselves, but even that at the moment——"

"Would seem brutal? Yes, I recognize that I should have to choose my words," he admitted, guiltily conscious that his capability of dealing with Madame de Treymes extended far beyond her sister-in-law's conjecture.

Madame de Malrive still hesitated. "I can tell her; and when you come back tomorrow——"

It had been decided that, in the interests

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of discretion—the interests, in other words, of the poor little future Marquis de Malrive—Durham was to remain but two days in Paris, withdrawing then with his family till the conclusion of the divorce proceedings permitted him to return in the acknowledged character of Madame de Malrive's future husband. Even on this occasion, he had not come to her alone; Nannie Durham, in the adjoining room, was chatting conspicuously with the little Marquis, whom she could with difficulty be restrained from teaching to call her "Aunt Nannie." Durham thought her voice had risen unduly once or twice during his visit, and when, on taking leave, he went to summon her from the inner room, he found the higher note of ecstasy had been evoked by the appearance of Madame de Treymes, and that the little boy, himself absorbed in a new toy of Durham's bringing, was being bent over by an actual as well as a potential aunt.

Madame de Treymes raised herself with a slight start at Durham's approach: she had her hat on, and had evidently paused a moment on her way out to speak with Nannie, without expecting to be surprised by her sister-in-law's other visitor. But her surprises never wore the awkward form of embarrassment, and she smiled beautifully on Durham as he took her extended hand.

The smile was made the more appealing by the way in which it lit up the ruin of her small dark face, which looked seared and hollowed as by a flame that might have spread over it from her fevered eyes. Durham, accustomed to the pale inward grief of the inexpressive races, was positively startled by the way in which she seemed to have been openly stretched on the pyre; he almost felt an indelicacy in the ravages so tragically confessed.

The sight caused an involuntary readjustment of his whole view of the situation, and made him, as far as his own share in it went, more than ever inclined to extremities of self-disgust. With him such sensations required, for his own relief, some immediate penitential escape, and as Madame de Treymes turned toward the door he addressed a glance of entreaty to his betrothed.

Madame de Malrive, whose intelligence could be counted on at such moments, responded by laying a detaining hand on her sister-in-law's arm.

"Dear Christiane, may I leave Mr. Durham in your charge for two minutes? I have promised Nannie that she shall see the boy put to bed."

Madame de Treymes made no audible response to this request, but when the door had closed on the other ladies she said, looking quietly at Durham: "I don't think that, in this house, your time will hang so heavy that you need my help in supporting it."

Durham met her glance frankly. "It was not for that reason that Madame de Malrive asked you to remain with me."

"Why, then? Surely not in the interest of preserving appearances, since she is safely upstairs with your sister?"

"No; but simply because I asked her to. I told her I wanted to speak to you."

"How you arrange things! And what reason can you have for wanting to speak to me?"

He paused a moment. "Can't you imagine? The desire to thank you for what you have done."

She stirred restlessly, turning to adjust her hat before the glass above the mantelpiece.

"Oh, as for what I have done——!"

"Don't speak as if you regretted it," he interposed.

She turned back to him with a flash of laughter lighting up the haggardness of her face. "Regret working for the happiness of two such excellent persons? Can't you fancy what a charming change it is for me to do something so innocent and beneficent?"

He moved across the room and went up to her, drawing down the hand which still flitted experimentally about her hat.

"Don't talk in that way, however much one of the persons of whom you speak may have deserved it."

"One of the persons? Do you mean me?"

He released her hand, but continued to face her resolutely. "I mean myself, as you know. You have been generous—extraordinarily generous."

"Ah, but I was doing good in a good cause. You have made me see that there is a distinction."

He flushed to the forehead. "I am here to let you say whatever you choose to me."

"Whatever I choose?" She made a slight gesture of deprecation. "Has it never occurred to you that I may conceivably choose to say nothing?"

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Durham paused, conscious of the increasing difficulty of the advance. She met him, parried him, at every turn: he had to take his baffled purpose back to another point of attack.

"Quite conceivably," he said: "so much so that I am aware I must make the most of this opportunity, because I am not likely to get another."

"But what remains of your opportunity, if it isn't one to me?"

"It still remains, for me, an occasion to abase myself——" He broke off, conscious of a grossness of allusion that seemed, on a closer approach, the real obstacle to full expression. But the moments were flying, and for his self-esteem's sake he must find some way of making her share the burden of his repentance.

"There is only one thinkable pretext for detaining you: it is that I may still show my sense of what you have done for me."

Madame de Treymes, who had moved toward the door, paused at this and faced him, resting her thin brown hands on a slender sofa-back.

"How do you propose to show that sense?" she enquired.

Durham coloured still more deeply: he saw that she was determined to save her pride by making what he had to say of the utmost difficulty. Well! he would let his expiation take that form, then—it was as if her slender hands held out to him the fool's cap he was condemned to press down on his own ears.

"By offering in return—in any form, and to the utmost—any service you are forgiving enough to ask of me."

She received this with a low sound of laughter that scarcely rose to her lips. "You are princely. But, my dear sir, does it not occur to you that I may, meanwhile, have taken my own way of repaying myself for any service I have been fortunate enough to render you?"

Durham, at the question, or still more, perhaps, at the tone in which it was put, felt, through his compunction, a vague faint chill of apprehension. Was she threatening him or only mocking him? Or was this barbed swiftness of retort only the wounded creature's way of defending the privacy of her own pain? He looked at her again, and read his answer in the last conjecture.

"I don't know how you can have repaid yourself for anything so disinterested—but I am sure, at least, that you have given me no chance of recognizing, ever so slightly, what you have done."

She shook her head, with the flicker of a smile on her melancholy lips. "Don't be too sure! You have given me a chance and I have taken it—taken it to the full. So fully," she continued, keeping her eyes fixed on his, "that if I were to accept any farther service you might choose to offer, I should simply be robbing you—robbing you shamelessly." She paused, and added in an undefinable voice: "I was entitled, wasn't I, to take something in return for the service I had the happiness of doing you?"

Durham could not tell whether the irony of her tone was self-directed or addressed to himself — perhaps it comprehended them both. At any rate, he chose to overlook his own share in it in replying earnestly: "So much so, that I can't see how you can have left me nothing to add to what you say you have taken."

"Ah, but you don't know what that is!" She continued to smile, elusively, ambiguously. "And what's more, you wouldn't believe me if I told you."

"How do you know?" he rejoined.

"You didn't believe me once before; and this is so much more incredible."

He took the taunt full in the face. "I shall go away unhappy unless you tell me—but then perhaps I have deserved to," he confessed.

She shook her head again, advancing toward the door with the evident intention of bringing their conference to a close; but on the threshold she paused to launch her reply.

"I can't send you away unhappy, since it is in the contemplation of your happiness that I have found my reward."

IX

THE next day Durham left with his family for England, with the intention of not returning till after the divorce should have been pronounced in September.

To say that he left with a quiet heart would be to overstate the case: the fact that he could not communicate to Madame de Malrive the substance of his talk with her sister-in-law still hung upon him uneasily. But of definite apprehensions the lapse of time gradually freed him, and Madame de Malrive's letters, addressed more frequently

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to his mothers and sisters than to himself, reflected, in their reassuring serenity, the undisturbed course of events.

There was to Durham something peculiarly touching—as of an involuntary confession of almost unbearable loneliness—in the way she had regained, with her re-entry into the clear air of American associations, her own fresh trustfulness of view. Once she had accustomed herself to the surprise of finding her divorce unopposed, she had been, as it now seemed to Durham, in almost too great haste to renounce the habit of weighing motives and calculating chances. It was as though her coming liberation had already freed her from the garb of a mental slavery, as though she could not too soon or too conspicuously cast off the ugly badge of suspicion. The fact that Durham's cleverness had achieved so easy a victory over forces apparently impregnable, merely raised her estimate of that cleverness to the point of letting her feel that she could rest in it without farther demur. He had even noticed in her, during his few hours in Paris, a tendency to reproach herself for her lack of charity, and a desire, almost as fervent as his own, to expiate it by exaggerated recognition of the disinterestedness of her opponents—if opponents they could still be called. This sudden change in her attitude was peculiarly moving to Durham. He knew she would hazard herself lightly enough wherever her heart called her; but that, with the precious freight of her child's future weighing her down, she should commit herself so blindly to his hand stirred in him the depths of tenderness. Indeed, had the actual course of events been less auspiciously regular, Madame de Malrive's confidence would have gone far toward unsettling his own; but with the process of law going on unimpeded, and the other side making no sign of open or covert resistance, the fresh air of good faith gradually swept through the inmost recesses of his distrust.

It was expectedthat the decision in the suit would be reached by mid-September; and it was arranged that Durham and his family should remain in England till a decent interval after the conclusion of the proceedings. Early in the month, however, it became necessary for Durham to go to France to confer with a business associate who was in Paris for a few days, and on the point of sailing for Cherbourg. The most zealous observance of appearances could hardly forbid Durham's return for such a purpose; but it had been agreed between himself and Madame de Malrive—who had once more been left alone by Madame de Treymes' return to her family—that, so close to the fruition of their wishes, they would propitiate fate by a scrupulous adherence to usage, and communicate only, during his hasty visit, by a daily interchange of notes.

The ingenuity of Madame de Malrive's tenderness found, however, the day after his arrival, a means of tempering their privation. "Christiane," she wrote, "is passing through Paris on her way from Trouville, and has promised to see you for me if you will call on her today. She thinks there is no reason why you should not go to the Hôtel de Malrive, as you will find her there alone, the family having gone to Auvergne. She is really our friend and understands us."

In obedience to this request—though perhaps inwardly regretting that it should have been made—Durham that afternoon presented himself at the proud old house beyond the Seine. More than ever, in the semi-abandonment of the *morte saison*, with reduced service, and shutters closed to the silence of the high-walled court, did it strike the American as the incorruptible custodian of old prejudices and strange social survivals. The thought of what he must represent to the almost human consciousness which such old houses seem to possess, made him feel like a barbarian desecrating the silence of a temple of the earlier faith. Not that there was anything venerable in the attestations of the Hôtel de Malrive, except in so far as, to a sensitive imagination, every concrete embodiment of a past order of things tesifies to real convictions once suffered for. Durham, at any rate, always alive in practical issues to the view of the other side, had enough sympathy left over to spend it sometimes, whimsically, on such perceptions of difference. Today, especially, the assurance of success—the sense of entering like a victorious beleaguerer receiving the keys of the stronghold—disposed him to a sentimental perception of what the other side might have to say for itself, in the language of old portraits, old relics, old usages dumbly outraged by his mere presence.

On the appearance of Madame de Treymes, however, such considerations

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gave way to the immediate act of wondering how she meant to carry off her share of the adventure. Durham had not forgotten the note on which their last conversation had closed: the lapse of time serving only to give more precision and perspective to the impression he had then received.

Madame de Treymes' first words implied a recognition of what was in his thoughts.

"It is extraordinary, my receiving you here; but *que voulez vous?* There was no other place, and I would do more than this for our dear Fanny."

Durham bowed. "It seems to me that you are also doing a great deal for me."

"Perhaps you will see later that I have my reasons," she returned smiling. "But before speaking for myself I must speak for Fanny."

She signed to him to take a chair near the sofa-corner in which she had installed herself, and he listened in silence while she delivered Madame de Malrive's message, and her own report of the progress of affairs.

"You have put me still more deeply in your debt," he said as she concluded; "I wish you would make the expression of this feeling a large part of the message I send back to Madame de Malrive."

She brushed this aside with one of her light gestures of deprecation. "Oh, I told you I had my reasons. And since you are here—and the mere sight of you assures me that you are as well as Fanny charged me to find you—with all these preliminaries disposed of, I am going to relieve you, in a small measure, of the weight of your obligation."

Durham raised his head quickly. "By letting me do something in return?"

She made an assenting motion. "By asking you to answer a question."

"That seems very little to do."

"Don't be so sure! It is never very little to your race." She leaned back, studying him through half-dropped lids.

"Well, try me," he protested.

She did not immediately respond; and when she spoke, her first words were explanatory rather than interrogative.

"I want to begin by saying that I believe I once did you an injustice, to the extent of misunderstanding your motive for a certain action."

Durham's uneasy flush confessed his recognition of her meaning. "Ah, if we must go back to *that*——"

"You withdraw your assent to my request?"

"By no means; but nothing consolatory you can find to say on that point can really make any difference."

"Will not the difference in my view of you perhaps make a difference in your own?"

She looked at him earnestly, without a trace of irony in her eyes or on her lips. "It is really I who have an *amende* to make, as I now understand the situation. I once turned to you for help in a painful extremity, and I have only now learned to understand your reasons for refusing to help me."

"Oh, my reasons——" groaned Durham.

"I have learned to understand them," she persisted, "by being so much, lately, with Fanny."

"But I never told her!" he broke in.

"Exactly. That was what told *me*. I understood you through her, and through your dealings with her. There she was—the woman you adored and longed to save; and you would not lift a finger to make her yours by means which would have seemed—I see it now—a desecration of your feeling for each other." She paused, as if to find the exact words for meanings she had never before had occasion to formulate. "It came to me first—a light on your attitude—when I found you had never breathed to her a word of our talk together. She had confidently commissioned you to find a way for her, as the mediæval lady sent a prayer to her knight to deliver her from captivity, and you came back, confessing you had failed, but never justifying yourself by so much as a hint of the reason why. And when I had lived a little in Fanny's intimacy—at a moment when circumstances helped to bring us extraordinarily close—I understood why you had done this; why you had let her take what view she pleased of your failure, your passive acceptance of defeat, rather than let her suspect the alternative offered you. You couldn't, even with my permission, betray to any one a hint of my miserable secret, and you couldn't, for your life's happiness, pay the particular price that I asked." She leaned toward him in the intense, almost childlike, effort at full expression. "Oh, we are of different races, with a different point of honour; but I understand, I see, that you are good people—just simply, courageously *good!*"

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She paused, and then said slowly: "Have I understood you? Have I put my hand on your motive?"

Durham sat speechless, subdued by the rush of emotion which her words set free.

"That, you understand, is my question," she concluded with a faint smile; and he answered hesitatingly: "What can it matter, when the upshot is something I infinitely regret?"

"Having refused me? Don't!" She spoke with deep seriousness, bending her eyes full on his: "Ah, I have suffered—suffered! But I have learned also—my life has been enlarged. You see how I have understood you both. And that is something I should have been incapable of a few months ago."

Durham returned her look. "I can't think that you can ever have been incapable of any generous interpretation."

She uttered a slight exclamation, which resolved itself into a laugh of self-directed irony.

"If you knew into what language I have always translated life! But that," she broke off, "is not what you are here to learn."

"I think," he returned gravely, "that I am here to learn the measure of Christian charity."

She threw him a new, odd look. "Ah, no—but to show it!" she exclaimed.

"To show it? And to whom?"

She paused for a moment, and then rejoined, instead of answering: "Do you remember that day I talked with you at Fanny's? The day after you came back from Italy?"

He made a motion of assent, and she went on: "You asked me then what return I expected for my service to you, as you called it; and I answered, the contemplation of your happiness. Well, do you know what that meant in my old language—the language I was still speaking then? It meant that I knew there was horrible misery in store for you, and that I was waiting to feast my eyes on it: that's all!"

She had flung out the words with one of her quick bursts of self-abandonment, like a fevered sufferer stripping the bandage from a wound. Durham received them with a face blanching to the pallour of her own.

"What misery do you mean?" he exclaimed.

She leaned forward, laying her hand on his with just such a gesture as she had used to enforce her appeal in Mrs. Boykin's boudoir. The remembrance made him shrink slightly from her touch, and she drew back with a smile.

"Have you never asked yourself," she enquired, "why our family consented so readily to a divorce?"

"Yes, often," he replied, all his unformed fears gathering in a dark throng about him. "But Fanny was so reassured, so convinced that we owed it to your good offices——"

She broke into a laugh. "My good offices! Will you never, you Americans, learn that we do not act individually in such cases? That we are all obedient to a common principle of authority?"

"Then it was not you——?"

She made an impatient shrugging motion. "Oh, you are too confiding—it is the other side of your beautiful good faith!"

"The side you have taken advantage of, it appears?"

"I—we—all of us. I especially!" she confessed.

X

THERE was another pause, during which Durham tried to steady himself against the shock of the impending revelation. It was an odd circumstance of the case that, though Madame de Treymes' avowal of duplicity was fresh in his ears, he did not for a moment believe that she would deceive him again. Whatever passed between them now would go to the root of the matter.

The first thing that passed was the long look they exchanged: searching on his part, tender, sad, undefinable on hers. As the result of it he said: "Why, then, did you consent to the divorce?"

"To get the boy back," she answered instantly; and while he sat stunned by the unexpectedness of the retort, she went on: "Is it possible you never suspected? It has been our whole thought from the first. Everything was planned with that object."

He drew a sharp breath of alarm. "But the divorce—how could that give him back to you?"

"It was the only thing that could. We trembled lest the idea should occur to you. But we were reasonably safe, for there has only been one other case of the same kind before the courts." She leaned back, the

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sight of his perplexity checking her quick rush of words. "You didn't know," she began again, "that in that case, on the remarriage of the mother, the courts instantly restored the child to the father, though he had—well, given as much cause for divorce as my unfortunate brother?"

Durham gave an ironic laugh. "Your French justice takes a grammar and dictionary to understand."

She smiled. "*We* understand it—and it isn't necessary that you should."

"So it would appear!" he exclaimed bitterly.

"Don't judge us too harshly—or not, at least, till you have taken the trouble to learn our point of view. You consider the individual—we think only of the family."

"Why don't you take care to preserve it, then?"

"Ah, that's what we do; in spite of every aberration of the individual. And so, when we saw it was impossible that my brother and his wife should live together, we simply transferred our allegiance to the child—we constituted *him* the family."

"A precious kindness you did him! If the result is to give him back to his father."

"That, I admit, is to be deplored; but his father is only a fraction of the whole. What we really do is to give him back to his race, his religion, his true place in the order of things."

"His mother never tried to deprive him of any of those inestimable advantages!"

Madame de Treymes unclasped her hands with a slight gesture of deprecation.

"Not consciously, perhaps; but silences and reserves can teach so much. His mother has another point of view——"

"Thank heaven!" Durham interjected.

"Thank heaven for *her*—yes—perhaps; but it would not have done for the boy."

Durham squared his shoulders with the sudden resolve of a man breaking through a throng of ugly phantoms.

"You haven't yet convinced me that it won't have to do for him. At the time of Madame de Malrive's separation, the court made no difficulty about giving her the custody of her son; and you must pardon me for reminding you that the father's unfitness was the reason alleged."

Madame de Treymes shrugged her shoulders. "And my poor brother, you would add, has not changed; but the circumstances have, and that proves precisely what I have been trying to show you: that, in such cases, the general course of events is considered, rather than the action of any one person."

"Then why is Madame de Malrive's action to be considered?"

"Because it breaks up the unity of the family."

"*Unity*——!" broke from Durham; and Madame de Treymes gently suffered his smile.

"Of the family tradition, I mean: it introduces new elements. You are a new element."

"Thank heaven!" said Durham again.

She looked at him singularly. "Yes—you may thank heaven. Why isn't it enough to satisfy Fanny?"

"Why isn't what enough?"

"Your being, as I say, a new element; taking her so completely into a better air. Why shouldn't she be content to begin a new life with you, without wanting to keep the boy too?"

Durham stared at her dumbly. "I don't know what you mean," he said at length.

"I mean that in her place——" she broke off, dropping her eyes. "She may have another son—the son of the man she adores."

Durham rose from his seat and took a quick turn through the room. She sat motionless, following his steps through her lowered lashes, which she raised again slowly as he stood before her.

"Your idea, then, is that I should tell her nothing?" he said.

"Tell her *now?* But, my poor friend, you would be ruined!"

"Exactly." He paused. "Then why have you told *me?*"

Under her dark skin he saw the faint colour stealing. "We see things so differently—but can't you conceive that, after all that has passed, I felt it a kind of loyalty not to leave you in ignorance?"

"And you feel no such loyalty to her?"

"Ah, I leave her to you," she murmured, looking down again.

Durham continued to stand before her, grappling slowly with his perplexity, which loomed larger and darker as it closed in on him.

"You don't leave her to me; you take her from me at a stroke! I suppose," he added painfully, "I ought to thank you for doing it before it's too late."

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She stared. "I take her from you? I simply prevent your going to her unprepared. Knowing Fanny as I do, it seemed to me necessary that you should find a way in advance—a way of tiding over the first moment. That, of course, is what we had planned that you shouldn't have. We meant to let you marry, and then—. Oh, there is no question about the result: we are certain of our case—our measures have been taken *de loin*." She broke off, as if oppressed by his stricken silence. "You will think me stupid, but my warning you of this is the only return I know how to make for your generosity. I could not bear to have you say afterward that I had deceived you twice."

"Twice?" He looked at her perplexedly, and her colour rose.

"I deceived you once—that night at your cousin's, when I tried to get you to bribe me. Even then we meant to consent to the divorce—it was decided the first day that I saw you." He was silent, and she added, with one of her mocking gestures: "You see from what a *milieu* you are taking her!"

Durham groaned. "She will never give up her son!"

"How can she help it? After you are married there will be no choice."

"No—but there is one now."

"*Now?*" She sprang to her feet, clasping her hands in dismay. "Haven't I made it clear to you? Haven't I shown you your course?" She paused, and then brought out with emphasis: "I love Fanny, and I am ready to trust her happiness to you."

"I shall have nothing to do with her happiness," he repeated doggedly.

She stood close to him, with a look intently fixed on his face. "Are you afraid?" she asked with one of her mocking flashes.

"Afraid?"

"Of not being able to make it up to her ——?"

Their eyes met, and he returned her look steadily.

"No; if I had the chance, I believe I could."

"I know you could!" she exclaimed.

"That's the worst of it," he said with a cheerless laugh.

"The worst——?"

"Don't you see that I can't deceive her? Can't trick her into marrying me now?"

Madame de Treymes continued to hold his eyes for a puzzled moment after he had spoken; then she broke out despairingly: "Is happiness never more to you, then, than this abstract standard of truth?"

Durham reflected. "I don't know—it's an instinct. There doesn't seem to be any choice."

"Then I am a miserable wretch for not holding my tongue!"

He shook his head sadly. "That would not have helped me; and it would have been a thousand times worse for her."

"Nothing can be as bad for her as losing you! Aren't you moved by seeing her need?"

"Horribly—are not *you?*" he said, lifting his eyes to hers suddenly.

She started under his look. "You mean, why don't I help you? Why don't I use my influence? Ah, if you knew how I have tried!"

"And you are sure that nothing can be done?"

"Nothing, nothing: what arguments can I use? We abhor divorce—we go against our religion in consenting to it—and nothing short of recovering the boy could possibly justify us."

Durham turned slowly away. "Then there is nothing to be done," he said, speaking more to himself than to her.

He felt her light touch on his arm. "Wait! There is one thing more——" She stood close to him, with entreaty written on her small passionate face. "There is one thing more," she repeated. "And that is, to believe that I am deceiving you again."

He stopped short with a bewildered stare. "That you are deceiving me—about the boy?"

"Yes—yes; why shouldn't I? You're so credulous—the temptation is irresistible."

"Ah, it would be too easy to find out——"

"Don't try, then! Go on as if nothing had happened. I have been lying to you," she declared with vehemence.

"Do you give me your word of honour?" he rejoined.

"A liar's? I haven't any! Take the logic of the facts instead. What reason have you to believe any good of me? And what reason have I to do any to you? Why on earth should I betray my family for your benefit? Ah, don't let yourself be deceived to the end!" She sparkled up at him, her eyes

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suffused with mockery; but on the lashes he saw a tear.

He shook his head sadly. "I should first have to find a reason for your deceiving me."

"Why, I gave it to you long ago. I wanted to punish you—and now I've punished you enough."

"Yes, you've punished me enough," he conceded.

The tear gathered and fell down her thin cheek. "It's you who are punishing me now. I tell you I'm false to the core. Look back and see what I've done to you!"

He stood silent, with his eyes fixed on the ground. Then he took one of her hands and raised it to his lips.

"You poor, good woman!" he said gravely.

Her hand trembled as she drew it away. "You're going to her—straight from here?"

"Yes—straight from here."

"To tell her everything—to renounce your hope?"

"That is what it amounts to, I suppose."

She watched him cross the room and lay his hand on the door.

"Ah, you poor, good man!" she said with a sob.

IN THE DUSK

By Meredith Nicholson

ALONE she sits, merged in the gathering dusk,
As slow the unlit, loveless casement blurs;
Her listless hands clasp bits of her life's husk,
And oh, that brave, heart-broken smile of hers!

A cry inaudible lurks in her eyes,
That question now, where once was sweet belief;
Youth like a trampled vesture round her lies;
Hers are the gray robes of the nuns of grief.

Yet Death, who may bestow where Love refuse,
Passes her door; and sometimes flickering gleams
Tempt toward the faith that she again must lose
Among the bubbles of her girlhood dreams.

In hours when her grave children offer dole
Of love, awed by the need that she must hide,
The smothered flame requickens in her soul
Beneath the iron armor of her pride.

But her days pass with tramp of heavy years
Long worn with wars, home-seeking wanderers;
And oh, her eyes unvisited of tears!
And oh, that brave heart-broken smile of hers!

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IN FOREIGN STREETS

By Royal Cortissoz

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE PAGES OF GEORGE WRIGHT'S SKETCH-BOOK

STREETS are commonly supposed to be made of bricks and mortar, but as a matter of fact these materials only go to supply the background. Streets are really made of human beings, and light and air—especially human beings. I remember prowling once at midnight in a Moorish town, and getting well lost for my pains. The deserted streets, which seemed to hate following a straight line for more than a couple of hundred feet, were picturesque enough with the moonlight breaking their darkness here and there; but they were really expressionless until, turning the corner, I nearly stumbled against a stalwart Moor who stood leaning motionless upon his musket. There was something about his dress and his attitude that seemed almost too good to be true; for a moment he wore the air of a theatrical episode, as though he had been deliberately "staged" there to give my Western eyes a new sensation. But how the pure human nature of

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him transformed the dreary street! To a lost traveller he changed the whole face of things in an instant. A picture of that street without him would have been nothing more than a conventional picture of light and shade. My turbaned sentinel filled it with vitality and interest. The point needs no emphasis, yet it is interesting to consider how one is perpetually coming back to it, disregardful of that background of which we are all inclined, and not unreasonably inclined, to make so much.

I suppose no one was ever more disposed than was Balzac to get all that could be got out of the background. His novels are rich in passages—some of them so long that they fill a good part of the chapter—in which the characters of streets are established with a profound feeling for the individuality of inanimate things. He loved to ramble about the city, and wherever he went he made the very stones tell him tales of human life, and this not through what we might call their specific historical associations, but through the peculiar signs of wear and tear they showed, with such differences, in each locality. Balzac is unique in finding in a building, in some single edifice or in a group of houses, the personal atmosphere, the human atmosphere, that hangs, let us say, about an old garment. But he was the first to turn from the background to the figures. Listen to one of his confessions:

If I met a working man and his wife in the streets between eleven o'clock and midnight on their way home from the Ambigu Comique, I

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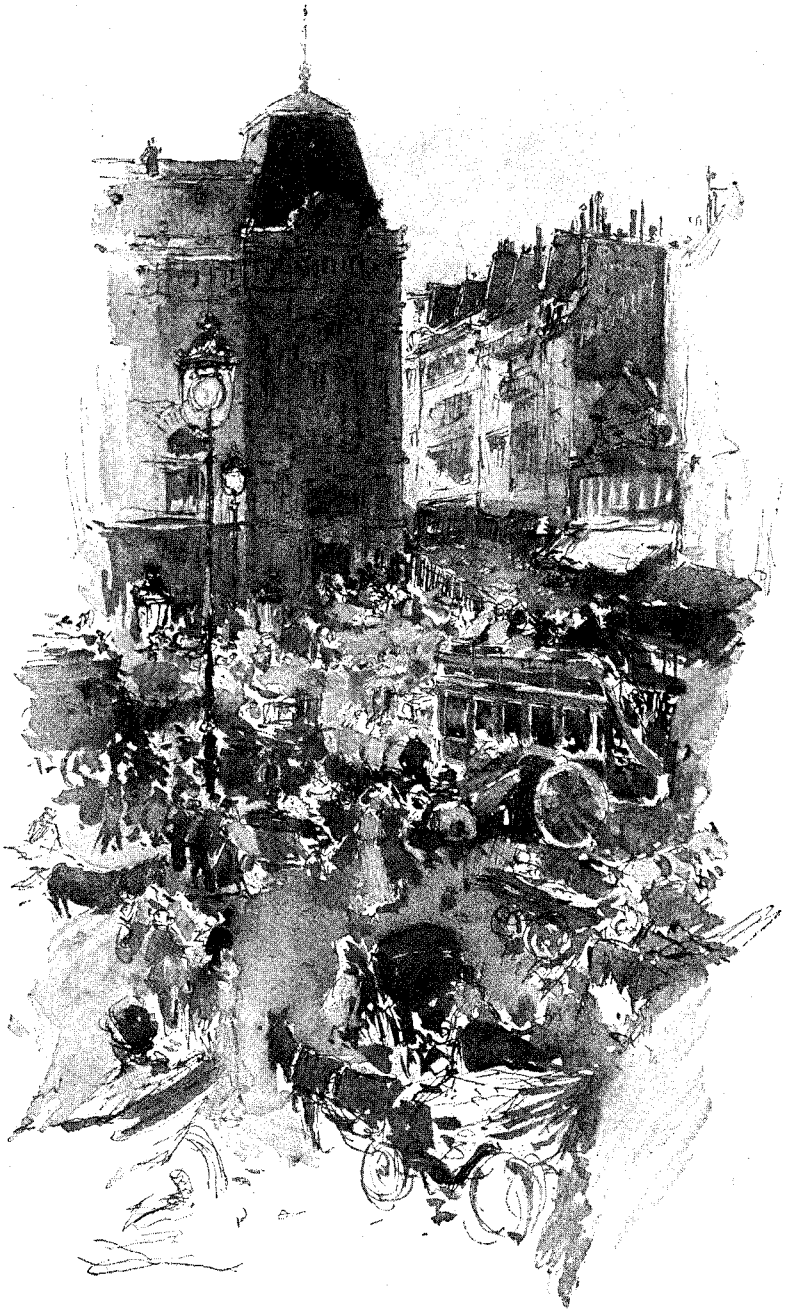

Gare St. Lazare. Paris July 1. 1915

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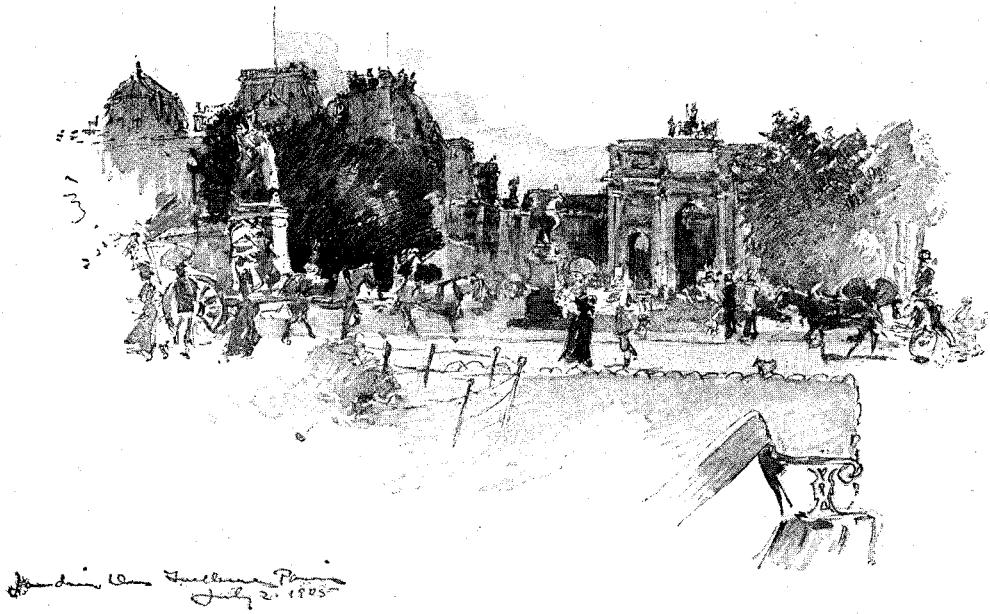
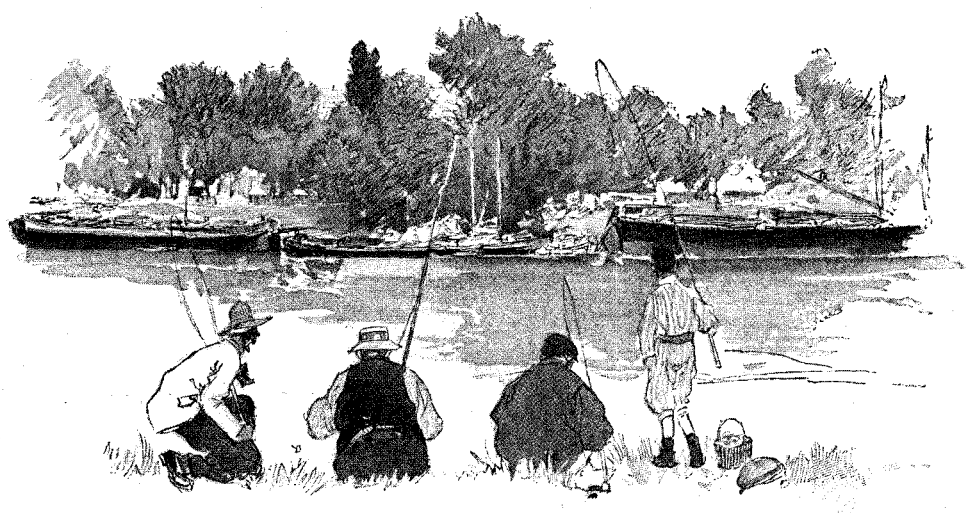


used to amuse myself by following them from the Boulevard du Pont aux Choux to the Boulevard Beaumarchais. The good folk would begin by talking about the play; then from one thing to another they would come to their own affairs, and the mother would walk on and on, heedless of the complaints or question of the little one that dragged at her hand, while she and her husband reckoned up the wages to be paid on the morrow, and spent the money in a score of different ways. Then came domestic details, lamentations over the excessive dearness of potatoes, or the length of the winter and the high price of block fuel, together with forcible representations of amounts owing to the baker, ending in an acrimonious dispute, in the course of which such couples reveal their characters in picturesque language. As I listened, I could make their lives mine, I felt their rags on my back, I walked with their gaping shoes on my feet; their cravings, their needs, had all passed into my soul, or my soul had passed into theirs. It was the dream of a waking man. I waxed hot with them over the foreman's tyranny, or the bad customers that made them call again and again for payment.

Obviously, for this passionate collector of sensations, the charm of the street resided in none of the superficial things which attract the ordinary observer. For him the most brilliant pageant, passing in the sunshine



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Paris July 11-1905.

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through rows of noble time-worn buildings, had far less to say than had some self-absorbed wayfarers in whose appearance and gait he could read fragments of social history.

We are done to death with pictures of travel. Every writing man who discovers Europe for himself is keen on telling the world how its "sights" struck him. We owe many good pages to this impulse. It is worth while to have a man like Gautier, for example, try to sketch merely the superficial aspects of the cities he has visited. But, for my own part, I believe that the most thrilling and most eloquent souvenirs of European travel are those in which real men and women occupy the centre of the stage. The odd thing is that this mode of treatment always ends by giving you the best possible sense of the character of the environment that is nominally left to take care of itself. I must quote another Parisian scene,

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this time drawn by "Omar" Fitzgerald in one of his letters to Mrs. Kemble:

Now once more for French Songs. When I was in Paris in 1830, just before that Revolution, I stopped one Evening on the Boulevards by the Madeleine to listen to a Man who was singing to his Barrel-organ. Several passing "Blouses" had stopped also; not only to listen, but to join in the Songs, having bought little "Libretti" of the words from the Musician. I bought one too, for, I suppose, the smallest French Coin; and assisted in the Song which the Man called out beforehand (as they do Hymns at Church), and of which I enclose you the poor little Copy. "*Le Bon Pasteur*, s'il vous plait"—I suppose the Circumstances: the "beau temps," the pleasant Boulevards, the then so amiable People, all contributed to the effect this Song had upon me; anyhow, it has constantly revisited my memory, for these forty-three years; and I was thinking, the other day, touched me more than any of Béranger's most beautiful Things. This, however, may be only one of "Old Fitz's" Crotchets, as Tennyson and others would call them.

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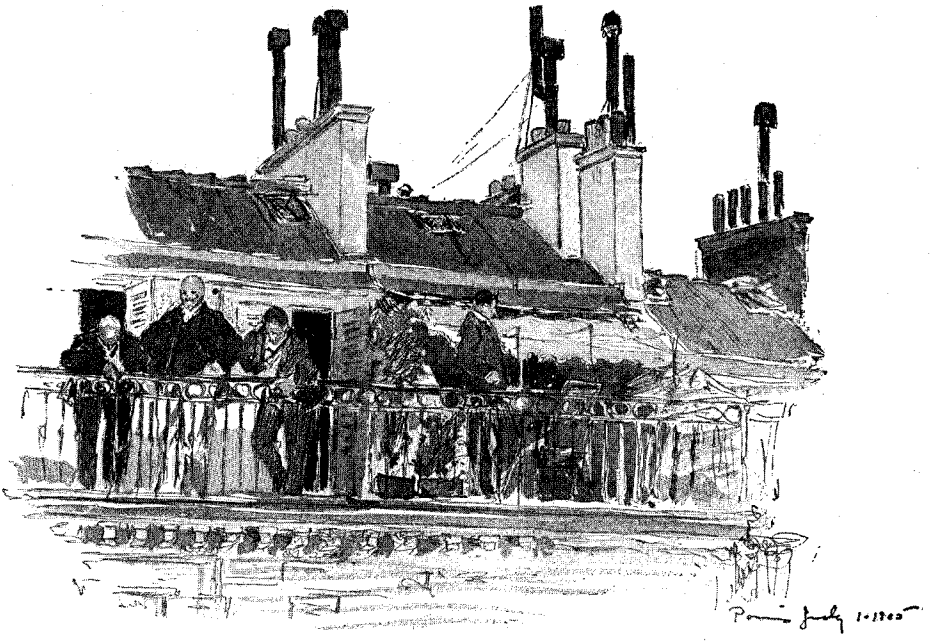

There is a testimony to the fascination of street life! For more than forty years the mark it has once casually left endures upon the imagination of a sensitive man, and all because that man was sympathetic to every-day human things.

In the sketch-books which have suggested these remarks I find something of the same sympathy. The chief merit of Mr. Wright's little drawings is, to my mind, their close representation of types which the illustrator too often puts before us as wearers of costumes which he has studied for their picturesque effect rather than for their truth as social documents. We exclaim over the charm of a humble Frenchman's blouse, we talk about the "note of color" that it introduces into the panorama of daily existence. But the interesting thing about that blue blouse, or about the

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long streamers of the *bonne* who makes so engaging a figure in the sunny gardens of the Tuileries, or about the ill-fitting garb of the *gendarme*, is that they all mark so much more than the mere difference in dress between the French and ourselves. In one of his grim romances embodying speculations on the future state of society, Mr. Wells pictures a whole world of human creatures distinguished as to their relations to the dominating government by simple uniforms. The vision as he presents it is appalling, but with what an artless grace do the French, and, for that matter, the peoples of all Europe, wear their various uniforms! They wear them as they wear their hair, with no thought of artifice or of invidious class distinction. The blouse of the peasant, like the robe of the lawyer, is so part of his natural life that he cannot imagine himself without it; what is picturesque to us is an honorable commonplace to him. So Mr. Wright's drawings are not studies of costume; they are portraits of people.

They deserve to be described as such because, spontaneous and slight as they are, they nevertheless render a great deal, especially in carriage, in movement, that belong to the very essence of his subject. His soldiers sketched at Fontainebleau are French soldiers in every detail of their demeanor. When he sketches the German officer he shows the same aptitude in catching just the right gesture, just the right expression. So it is with his drawings of the idlers in the Boulevard café, of fishermen lounging on the banks of the Seine, of nuns and priests, of the shabby book-lover turning over the contents of the stall on the Quai, and so on through the long list of types he has observed. This sort of thing has been done over and over again by artists. Scores of them have delighted to sketch the crowded top of a Paris bus, the sleepy occupants of a Continental train, or the stolid travellers in a German tavern. Seldom, however, have they done the trick as Mr. Wright has done it, so tersely, so vivaciously, and with so much truth. His sketch-books are full of "local color," but that much abused quality is never overdone, and while he has rightly laid so much stress upon the human interest in his subject, he has not neglected the background. He has at once kept it in its place and used it legitimately to increase the French or the German atmosphere of his tiny pictures. Also he has remembered the light and air upon which, as I said at the outset, more even depends than depends upon the most picturesque buildings.

It is always nature that, after mankind, illuminates and vivifies the scene. The climax in the romantically conceived chateaux of Europe comes in the broken sky-line where roofs and turrets are lifted against the blue. Light is the great solvent, and it is curious to think of the different effects it produces in different parts of Europe. The light in Paris, where so many of Mr. Wright's sketches have been made, is a precious part of one's memories of that city. There is a beautiful touch of it in the opening lines of the late John Hay's "Sunrise in the Place de la Concorde":

> I stand at the break of day
> In the Champs Elysées.
> The tremulous shafts of dawning
> As they shoot o'er the Tuileries early,
> Strike Luxor's cold gray spire,
> And wild in the light of the morning
> With their marble manes on fire,
> Ramp the white Horses of Marly.

This has the true poetic quality, and so it is impossible to put a finger on just the element in it that makes it so clairvoyant a bit of impressionism. It has for me a suggestion of the Place de la Concorde which no amount of labored description could give. Perhaps it is because it makes one feel the light that is there, bringing back in a kind of vision the glory of that majestic space as it is filled and transfigured by the sun. I do not think it is mere whim that finds a city more distinctly individualized in certain moments than in others. Claude Monet's notion of painting one subject over and over again at different times of day yields brilliant schemes of color, but it has one drawback—it obscures the salient moment in which a given scene seems most itself, discloses the last depths of its essential character. Paris, for example, is no doubt very much herself amid the violent lights and shadows of Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame," and in the sombre tones of Méryon's extraordinary etchings, but she is in such works the Paris of a tragic past. The Paris that we know to-day and which seems somehow to express the very soul of the modern French people is the Paris of just such a vignette as Hay drew in the passage I have quoted. A vast gleaming place, mundane

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to the core, lucid, alert, brimming over with the joy of life—and somehow a little cold. There are a thousand nooks and corners in the great metropolis, a thousand vistas, which come back into the mind at the mere mention of its name, but I wonder if any of them mean quite what is meant by the recollection of the Place de la Concorde, flaunting the pomp and pride of France with shimmering fountains, white statues, and all the brave masses of foliage, whelmed in dazzling light.

There is one mood, there is one picture, in which, as it seems to me, better than in all the rest is the physiognomy of Rome to be ideally contemplated. That is when twilight falls, and, from beneath the trees on the terrace of the Villa Medici, one looks across the sea of palace roofs, and the ancient militant grandeur of the city is softened by an indescribable peace. We hear much of "sunny" Spain. Grenada on a day in June explains and justifies the phrase, but the streets of Madrid are never more characteristic, even in the summertime, than when the cutting wind comes down from the mountains and makes the sunny day seem bleak. Holland is radiant when the tulips are in bloom, but to feel in your blood the influence of all that Holland signifies you must explore its cities, and especially its smaller towns, under leaden skies, or stand on one of its beaches with the rain and wind whipping across your face, and watch the fishermen shouldering their boats through the angry surf. One might go on indefinitely, recalling cycles of atmospheric effects in this or that country, successions of episodes, all beautiful, but one of them invariably possessing the subtle spiritual quality in which the genius of place is summed up.

The genius of place, we are assured, is threatened by the encroachments of modern progress. I wonder why it should be so. Old dwellers in Italy bemoan the losses that follow change, and in a measure they are right. The Piazza di San Marco can never be the same without its old Campanile. The architects may be never so faithful to the lines of the original tower in the construction of the new one, and still there will be a melancholy difference, which every traveller who has long known and loved his Venice will be bound to feel. The puffing steamboats on the Grand Canal scarcely atone by their usefulness for the incongruity of their presence in waters in which the gondola, or the sailing boat with its stained canvas, is as indispensable to the picture conceived by the poetical imagination as are the marble palace walls. The elevator which saves the tired, or the Philistine, from walking up the Scala di Spagna, is undoubtedly a trial to a certain order of temperament. Tramways everywhere in old Europe have a terribly disillusionizing effect. But let the rational being ask himself, with all honesty, how long that effect virtually lasts. It is gone almost as soon as it comes, and this, I believe, for the reason that, after all, it is humanity that counts. Not all the inventions in the world, not all the "modern improvements" that have proceeded from man's utilitarian ingenuity, can keep man from being to-day very like what he has always been. That is why the experienced traveller, fearful that if he does not make haste he will find picturesque Europe wiped out of existence, need not be in the least alarmed. You cannot change the social instincts that have had centuries in which to mature. You cannot change human nature and the light and air that have fixed, and will always fix, the character of the streets of the world.

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ROMANCE

By Oliver Herford

THE Red Rose mocked the Ivy Tree
  That wound about the western tower:
"Look you," she cried, "and learn of me
  To live and love and flower!"

"O Rose! O Red Rose, mock me not!"
  The Ivy answered. "Changeless Fate
Shapeth for everyone his lot,
  To love or toil or hate."

* * * * *

The Red Rose bloomed again, again,
  And year by year with secret power
The Ivy wrought its fateful chain
  About the western tower.

And now the crumbling battlement
  Is crowned with green, the casement pane
Is hidden, and its bars are bent
  Beneath the Ivy chain.

* * * * *

All night the Lady Hildegarde,
  Fair prisoner of her kinsman's hate,
At the west casement, iron-barr'd,
  Bemoans her evil fate.

When lo! from out the scented dark
  A lute's faint voice comes up to her;
She strains against the bars to hark—
  She feels the iron stir.

In her white hands, she knows not how
  (Again the lute! this time more plain),
The bars are loosed—oh, Ivy, now
  Your toil was not in vain!

The way is clear, the world is free,
  Love lights the twisted ivy stair
For Hildegarde. O Red Rose, see
  This Ivy blossom rare!

* * * * *

The Red Rose mocked the Ivy Tree;
  And now upon her withered stem
The dull red ashes smoulder—see
  How the wind scatters them.

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THAT RUSSIAN

By Louise Betts Edwards

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"TWO vacancies, Maria?" Mrs. Wilks, matron of the Girls' Home, nodded, bobbing her slim silver curls, whose supersentimental effect was corrected by the exceeding fierceness of her octagonal gold-rimmed spectacles. "Annie Nickleson left to be married," she said.

The lady president, Mrs. Etheridge, slowly shook her head. "Without a word to *me*," she said, sadly. "When she knows I am so interested in all the girls' marriages. How often have I told them, 'I love each of you working-girls as I love my own sweet Elaine.' And Gertrude Carter——?"

"Said something I could not understand, about going where her hair would be her own."

"And I sat by Gertrude Carter when she was ill and talked to her for *two hours!* and even read her letters to her, though she said it wasn't necessary. And what I said about her hair was almost playful. 'Gertrude,' I said, 'just think, my son Ralph—partner of Mr. Winship, the great lawyer, you know—tells me that they have so much trouble in getting a good stenographer, because Mr. Winship positively refuses to engage a girl who wears one of those tremendous pompadours; and he tells me that so many business men feel just the same way.' I noticed she didn't take it nicely.—Well, it only remains to fill their places."

"Easy enough, with our waiting list," consoled Mrs. Wilks, rising in obedience to some domestic call, and so missing the president's reply, deep-toned, rebuking:

"Not easy to *me*, Maria! We cannot be too careful whom we admit to a place like this."

It was Mrs. Etheridge's weekly day of duty at the home. Her predecessor as president had only come there once a month, but Mrs. Etheridge had said firmly that that was not the way *she* looked after the souls and bodies of ninety working-girls, each one of whom was to her as a daughter. If into each Saturday's programme of answering correspondence, hearing complaints, and considering admissions and dismissals, some discussion with Mrs. Wilks crept in as to not merely the souls and bodies of the ninety, but their minutest personal affairs, it merely proves that Mrs. Wilks was human.

At this hour—eleven A. M.—the absolute in silence reigned in the deserted dovecote. The polished floors of the long, waxy-neat halls announced no footstep save of that of an occasional creeping, whispering servant. They crept and whispered a little more furtively on the lady president's day. Mrs. Etheridge had a way of catching them outside the door and taking an interest in them, her sense of responsibility for souls and bodies, and her capacity for loving others equally with her own sweet Elaine, being practically boundless. The only puncture in the stillness was the fierce and frequent buzz of the door-bell. At the third such intrusion Mrs. Etheridge rose and swept—she never walked—through the archway into the semi-darkened parlor to close the door leading into the hall. As she did so, a visitor walked very nearly into her.

"Parrdon," said a soft, foreign voice. "I sseek Mrs. Etterich."

Mrs. Etheridge liked foreigners—they were usually so respectful. "I am Mrs. Etheridge," she said, graciously, raising the incredibly dustless Venetian blind for the illumination of her caller. Ekaterina, small, square-built, arrayed in ankle-length gray skirt, clean but home-made-looking white shirt-waist, and a simple, almost ascetic sailor-hat of white straw jammed down on a brow both wide and high, had the eagerest eyes Mrs. Etheridge had ever seen. "I haf to you a letterr," she began, breathlessly. "From Mr. Horace Hoxton."

To Mrs. Etheridge her distinguished fellow-townsman, Horace Hoxton, was well known. As even a lady president has her unfulfilled social aspirations, to know him better would have been exceedingly to her taste. His note briefly introduced "My young

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Russian friend, Miss Ekaterina Domboievsky," to whom the extension of any courtesies in Mrs. Etheridge's power would oblige the writer.

While she read it, Ekaterina in turn scrutinized her curiously. She saw a massive personage, handsomely upholstered in black, with eyes like polished anthracite, a towering gray pompadour, and an all but irremovable smile. Of such women it is a perpetual wonder that they can ever have been wistful little girls.

"So you know dear Mr. Hoxton?" she cooed. "*Of* course. How *ve*-ry nice!" In Mrs. Etheridge's bright lexicon these two phrases merely meant, "My dear man, woman, or child, I am simply spilling over with philanthropic and protective sentiments toward you." Ekaterina's voice, quaintly revelling in doubled consonants, added eager explanations:

"Yess, I met him in Peterssburg where I wass student. He gafe me many letterss before continuing his trafels to Egypt. You see, I have trafelled much in Europe, I spik many languages, but I desire ger-reatly to see Amerrica. I wish to see what iss ferree. In Rrussia," turning her intense, honest eyes on the other woman, "it iss not so ferree. So I come to Amerrica, lland in New Yorrk, and tere I study stenography and take a position, for I cannot afford to be idle. Ten I come here, for I wish to see ole cities. I haf been liffing at a hotel, but it iss too expensif——"

"Of *course!* My dear girl, we have just the thing for you here. This is a beautiful home for working-girls——"

"It iss ferree?" interrupted Ekaterina, blandly.

Mrs. Etheridge's eyes opened. "No, my child!"

"Oh, I can pay," reassured Ekaterina. "I only tought if it was ferree it would be very intersting."

While Mrs. Etheridge opened the big roll-book of inmates to enter her name, her frank, inquiring gaze swept the parlor: a fine, spacious, but glacial apartment, sparsely furnished with heavy antique pieces, everything not swathable in gray linen being shrouded in gray mosquito-netting. Forlornly clean, pitilessly neat, it glittered like a hospital, like a quarter-deck, like anything but a home with a small "h." The philosophic mind, recalling that ninety girls there assembled nightly for their decorous spinster recreations, and nightly dispersed, without leaving a trace of individuality, might be tempted to quote, "Ten thousand fleet sweep over thee in vain"; but to Mrs. Etheridge and her confrères it all appeared simply beautiful.

"What is your most *singular* name in English, Ekaterina?" queried Mrs. Etheridge, as she blotted it.

"What you call Kitty—Caterine. She was a famous empress of my country."

"Ah, yes—of course! How *ve*-ry—how very dreadful she was, wasn't she?"

"But so ger-reat!" cried Ekaterina with animation.

Mrs. Etheridge felt slightly jolted. She veered hastily. "Now, when you come——"

With her gentlest, least American of voices, Ekaterina broke in, "I a room to self should wish."

Mrs. Etheridge looked dubious. "The girls usually room two together. However," suddenly moved by the appeal, the humble softness of the Russian's face and manner, "I will try to arrange it. Now, as I said, when you come——"

Once more a quiet remark from Ekaterina again checked her course: "I must first see my room."

Mrs. Etheridge gasped. Never before had a Dove thus presumed. But this one in her innocence was firm. "It iss not my custom," she serenely said, "in any country, howefer ferree, to engache boartt without seeing my rroom." The upshot of it all was a scandalized Mrs. Wilks panting up three flights of stairs with Ekaterina, that the Russian might inspect her nun-like apartment, graciously announce herself satisfied, and then ask gently to see the dining-room.

"Altogether unprece——" began Mrs. Wilks in a strangled voice, but, in obedience to a gesture from Mrs. Etheridge, perforce yielded.

"And now, Ekaterina," bubbled her sponsor, "I can find you work at once. My son——"

"Oh, I haf alretty work. I wrote from New Yorrk to an agency here. It iss all arranched."

Mrs. Etheridge's face fell. Her desire to serve Carol Winship, the eminent lawyer, by furnishing him intelligent assistance in his office (not that she had any proof posi-

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tive that Ekaterina was intelligent assistance) was very intense and very human, which is another way of saying that it was not purely altruistic. He—a distant relative of her dead husband—had unconsciously furthered one darling plan of her heart when, yielding to skilful pressure, he had consented to take her son Ralph into his firm as junior partner. Another even dearer project was—Elaine. Younger men had been heard to complain that socially and conversationally they found Elaine rather "soggy." All the more desirable, then, that this serious-minded, rather eccentric, but extremely well-to-do man in the late thirties should take to the dear child. To have the cup of his presumable gratitude thus rudely dashed from her lips was a blow.

"Oh, very well," she said reluctantly. "But I wish you had first asked my advice, dear child. My son's office is so *safe!*"

That evening the word was passed around the big, bare, immaculate dining-room, noisy with the clatter of ninety knives and forks, that Mrs. Etheridge had remained to supper.

"Who's that with her?" whispered a Dove.—"Her sweet Elaine?" For some occult reason, there was not a girl in the Home who did not consumedly hate Mrs. Etheridge's Elaine, which was highly unjust to that entirely harmless young person.

"Girls," issued forth the lady president's rich, self-caressing voice, "I wish to introduce to you a newcomer, Ekaterina Domboievsky, whose name will probably be too difficult for you. Love her, my dear girls, as I love you. Do not laugh at her mistakes in English. Remember, you yourselves make many; indeed, my son has often told me how difficult it is to get a stenographic——"

What arrested her was the transfixed faces of the row of girls ranged just opposite the seat into which she had affectionately pressed down the stranger. The convulsed countenance of Mrs. Wilks was thrust almost into Mrs. Etheridge's own, with the stifled whisper:

"Is she to do *that?* in a house *I* keep?"

Glancing down at Ekaterina's sleek head, she observed that young lady tranquilly wiping on the table-cloth, first her knife and fork, then her saucer-rim.

"My dear! what are you thinking of? Our dishes are all clean."

"Parrdon," said Ekaterina, cheerfully. "One habit it iss. Where I boartet in New Yorrk——" she shivered expressively.

"I *know* it's your kind *heart*, Mrs. Etheridge," sibilated Mrs. Wilks in her most corrosive accents; "but you'll see girls leaving this Home yet, on account of that Rooshan!"

But Mrs. Etheridge felt justified, especially when, within a few days, Ekaterina came to her and in her soft voice asked for assistance in obtaining another position. Mrs. Etheridge's spirit leaped; nevertheless, she conscientiously asked Ekaterina why she had been discharged.

"I wass not discharched," said Ekaterina in her gentle, placid manner. "I leaft. I haf seen ole I want of tat business."

"But you mustn't run away from Mr. Winship like that!" cried Mrs. Etheridge, aghast.

Ekaterina made no promise, but demurely submitted to be installed as an appanage of the firm of Winship, Henderson and Etheridge. Shortly after, its junior member propounded a question:

"Mother, did you say your Russian protégée was *shy?*"

"Why, yes," in some alarm. "You don't mean she is—*forward?*"—with that face? and, oh, with those clothes?

"Bosh, no! She doesn't know a man exists, except the office-boy. Him she talks to by the hour, whether there are clients around or not. She says she wants to know how the po-err of Amerrica lif." His imitation of Ekaterina's trill was excellent. His mother smiled at him as though he were ten thousand times ten thousand working-girls, and her sweet Elaine into the bargain. "Is her work satisfactory?" she demanded.

"Fine! and Winship says he just sits and gloats over her flat-topped head, after so many roll-top ones. But she is independence itself. Did you know she takes off two afternoons a week to visit local institutions?"

"I never heard of such a state of things," said Mrs. Etheridge. A month ago she would have added, "I will talk to her about it." But her keenness for what she called "motherly talks" with her Doves had actually become blunted upon Ekaterina, who, according to excited telephonic bulletins received almost daily from Mrs. Wilks, had already, in her naïve, tranquil, ignorant

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way, broken nearly every rule in the Girls' Home, if not in the decalogue itself.

"Do you know what she's got in her room *now*, and all the girls talking about it, and saying they thought we only took Protestants?" shrilled the agitated matron one day. "An idol! Yes, Mrs. Etheridge, no more nor less than a red-and-blue picture in a frame, and her bowing down to it morn and eve, I presume, like the heathen in his blindness!"

"It's her religion, Maria," explained Mrs. Etheridge.

"So I supposed," dryly.

"But she's an Orthodox Greek, Maria, and they worship icons, and our bishops recognize it as a sister church. I will come over and make it clear to you." A world of benevolence toward Mrs. Wilks, Ekaterina, the Orthodox Greek Church, nay, the offending icon itself, beamed in Mrs. Etheridge's tones. That evening she walked, without the formality of knocking, into Ekaterina's little room and opened fire. "Ekaterina——"

"Ah, be seated," interrupted Ekaterina, amiably. "I dit not hear you knock. My hearing cannot be goot."

Mrs. Etheridge pointed majestically to the icon—a rather rude blue-and-red St. Vassili—which hung on the wall in a little shrine. "My sweetest child," she began with infinite tenderness, "that has startled some of our precious girls; and our dearest Mrs. Wilks——"

"Oh, iss tat ole?" interrupted Ekaterina, debonairly. She crossed the room and took down the criticised icon at once. "I can poot it away. I promised to my sister to poot it up on my walls. She iss very devout."

"My dear, don't apologize! I am very liberal in my religious views, and expressly for your sake I have discovered the location of the Orthodox Greek Church——"

The interruption this time was of an absolutely breath-taking order. It consisted of a hand—moist, white, but honestly large and bony—placed peremptorily over her lips.

"Do not tell me, said its owner, crisply. "If I know not where it iss, I cannot go. Me, I am liberal, too! I very nearly am what you cole acrostic, iss it nott?"

In the hall the dazed president was pounced on by Mrs. Wilks. "Did you tell her those Tolstoi classes must stop?" she demanded, her sixteen spectacle-corners scintillating. "Why, haven't I mentioned them? She's been gathering the girls for what she called studying the works of Tolstoi, and at first I was pleased, for it kept them at home evenings. But after I'd listened to her I was *horrified!* That Tolstoi must be an *appalling* man! I told her I considered his teachings atheistic and immoral, and, Mrs. Etheridge, she turned on me like a little spitfire. She began to talk about how Tolstoi was a great, persecuted genius and prophet, and how he represented the spirit of Russia (and I shouldn't be surprised), and ended by crying, and with nothing but rage. She said she wanted the girls to improve themselves; called them a set of tame cats, without a thought in their heads beyond purring when they were patronized and getting married. 'And never will they do that here,' she said. 'Besides, they are all too pale and old!' Oh, she talked *shockingly!*"

Under these continual assaults on her nerves and on the principles of "the institution," as Ekaterina insisted upon calling it, Mrs. Etheridge had two sources of support, not visible to the matron. One was the cordial note she had received from Horace Hoxton, thanking her for her kindness to Ekaterina. The other was the gratitude of Ekaterina's highly satisfied employer. The call he had made, for the especial purpose of expressing his thanks, had broken the ice for a pleasant acquaintance in which Mrs. Etheridge placed all the hopes of a pious and slightly desperate mother. He had commenced to call Miss Etheridge "Cousin Elaine," and to occasionally walk home with Ralph and drop in to dinner.

At ten o'clock each night the doors of the Home were locked. Tales of the theatre opening its doors late, or of a suburban street-car missed were received by the matron with ill-concealed suspicion. For the second late arrival, one "went before the managers." Anyone, that was, but Ekaterina. Upon the occasion of the first offence on her part, when the judicial question was asked, "Where were you, Ekaterina?" the Russian placidly replied, without a dream of impertinence, "Oh, you woultt not know te pipple!" The second time she calmly volunteered the information herself.

"I haf been to a socialist mitting," she said,

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showing her fine teeth. "Very intersting. A Russian spoke until half-past ten."

It was upon the following day that Ekaterina entirely disappeared. After sedately walking out of the door of the Home as usual, she did not return overnight; neither had the office of Winship, Henderson and Etheridge beheld her. Mrs. Wilks, over the telephone, alternately moaned and gloated. The next day also produced no Ekaterina. Late in the evening, however, Mrs. Etheridge, sitting reading alone in her boudoir —Elaine, under the escort of Ralph, having gone to a box party at which Winship also was a guest—was informed that, at that unseasonable hour, a "young person" had called. It was, of course, the prodigal Russian, unruffled as ever, but with something bafflingly unfamiliar in her aspect.

"Ekaterina! here alone at twelve o'clock!"

"No, someone came with me."

"A man?" apprehensively.

"No, a girl. We missed te sooner train. Mrs. Wilks sent me to see you before she would take me back. I am sorry you worriett. I chust tripped to Washington."

The character of the elusive alteration in the girl's appearance had now dawned on Mrs. Etheridge. It was Clothes—new ones, entirely simple ones; but in a trig tailor-made suit of dark blue, with a large dark-blue beaver hat topping the smooth, still unpompadoured, flaxen head, Ekaterina unexpectedly struck one as an extremely fresh, pleasant-looking specimen of young girlhood. "What did you do in Washington?" her patroness demanded.

"Enjoyed myself," simply. "I want to see ole Amerrican institutions. I went to cole on te Russian ambassador."

"Now, if you only had *told* me!" Mrs. Etheridge's tone was rich in impressive reproach. "My cousin's husband has a brother who is a secretary in the State Department, and I would have been glad to arrange it for you." She followed the girl, who had risen to go, to the landing of the stairs, whence she did not see, in the dimly lighted hall below, a motionless figure on a carven seat.

A click sounded in the lock of the front door, and Mrs. Etheridge's Elaine, with her brother and Carol Winship following, fluttered in, a vision—not of beauty, perhaps, but, like the other, of wholesome, well-groomed femininity. Her gown of white net spangled with silver sequins caught the light prettily. Then, suddenly, as Ekaterina descended the stairway, the figure in the hall seat—at which the two men had been silently staring—rose.

A mere slip of a girl, in an inconspicuous gray rain-coat and the plainest of gray toques . . . but the poise of those shoulders, and of that gray-turbaned head . . . and when, directly beneath the light of the chandelier, the face of an houri, rich-colored, creamy-chinned, dimpled-cheeked, sloe-eyed, was turned backward, with a shy, foreign, charming, courteous salutation of farewell to the lady of the house, Elaine's sequins became poor dull things.

Ralph Etheridge stood transfixed at the door he had sprung to open for Ekaterina. But Carol Winship had been before him.

"Are you going out alone at this hour, Ekaterina Domboievsky?" he demanded. "No, I insist——" and the door closed upon the three of them.

"Who *is* she?" asked Elaine with, some sharpness.

It was Mrs. Wilks who, by telephone, awakened Mrs. Etheridge to the fact that Miss Domboievsky's all unknown and unvouched-for friend must have accompanied her back to the Home. The lady president at once demanded connection with Miss Domboievsky at her son's office. As usual, Ekaterina was full of surprise: "But I pay for her boartt!"—"Eh? why, she is ole Russian friend, I met unexpecting in Washington. You woultt not know her pipple."

"Do you know they don't come down to meals now?" next reported Mrs. Wilks.

"Who?" weakly temporizing.

"Those two. The Syllables, the girls call 'em. *I* couldn't pronounce those outlandish names of theirs if I didn't look over their mail pretty closely. The other one calls herself Tatiana Thingamavitch Something."

"But what do they do, if they don't come down to meals?"

"Go out and get 'em at restaurants, cool as you please! or cook 'em in their rooms. No, it *isn't* impossible; *I* know the smell of oysters frizzling in a chafing-dish!"

"It must be stopped, of course. N—no, Maria, do it yourself!"

That evening, peremptorily bidden to the repast by Mrs. Wilks, the two Russians

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obediently took their seats at the table, the objects of all eyes. By this time all sorts of fantastic stories were afloat concerning Ekaterina: she was an authoress, a revolutionist, even a countess; while Tatiana's beauty would have attracted attention anywhere.

But to-night it was not her *beaux-yeux* which held the Doves fascinated. It was no more nor less than the spectacle of Ekaterina absently picking up her heavy plated knife and wiping it, as she had done on that first night, once, twice, thrice, on the table-cloth, leaving—oh, ye gods of housekeeping!—three black, greasy, damning marks, to cover the unfortunate Mrs. Wilks with the profoundest mortification of her matronly career.

"*Tere!*" she pleasantly remarked. "It iss not one bad habit, after all!"

"I chust tripped to Washington."—Page 208.

Monday morning's mail brought Mrs. Etheridge a letter:

"DEAR KIND-MEANING FRIEND:

"Mrs. Wilks will have told you that we that Institution have left. It was best for all. I have now seen all that was intersting there, and want to be free. I do not cross the ocean to be listened at doors.

"Tatiana and I have found a plain little place where we will be well. Do not anxious yourself about us.

"Devotedly your Russian friend,

"EKATERINA DOMBOIEVSKY."

"Without consulting *me!*" mourned Mrs. Etheridge.

Her son laughed. "No matter. She'd be all right anywhere. Did you know she is now teaching Winship the Russian language?"

"No!"

"Yes. I suppose he must want it to swear in. They stay at the office after hours and work at it"

"They should be chaperoned," said Mrs. Etheridge, frowning.

"They are. Miss Tatiana is present."

"What!" in swift maternal panic. "Ralph Etheridge, you don't *often* have such a—a striking-looking girl at your office!"

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"Not often indeed," with deep feeling. He stared in uncomprehending surprise as the anguished mother of Elaine rapidly and feverishly represented to him that if matters ran their present scandalous course, the "Tatiana person" would be marrying the senior partner of the firm of Winship, Henderson and Etheridge before the potent but mysterious name of Jack Robinson could be invoked.

"The last thing in the world likely to happen, mother," he said, emphatically.

"Do you think so?" tremulously.

"Think? I know it. Why, he's half bald!" involuntarily raising a hand to his own crisp, waving curls. "I might," musingly, "join the class and keep an eye on matters. He also takes them around to visit representative institutions, I believe." Ralph avoided his mother's eye.

"*Them?*"

"Miss Tatiana goes too."

Then, his mother grimly told him, he went also, whenever possible, as a shield and buckler for Carol Winship against the seductions of the "Tatiana person." "He is your father's blood relation," she finished, "and an orphan; and although, I

The interruption was of an absolutely breath-taking order.—Page 207.

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"Do not come near me," she sobbed. "I hate you."—Page 213.

know, not—er—young, or dependent, I yet feel responsible for his welfare."

Her indignant resolution to visit Ekaterina and remonstrate she was unable, through stress of social and other duties, to consummate until the following Saturday afternoon, nearly a week later. Ekaterina's new dwelling-place was located in the ancient and picturesquely decayed district of the city. The block itself was a fairly shabby-genteel one, the house, with its unhinged blinds and blistering paint, a little isle of respectability, faintly rising above the encroaching flood of slumdom. Yes, the slatternly janitress told her, Miss Domboievsky was at home, second-floor front; the door to which, in response to her imperious knock, was opened by a young man.

"Ralph!" she exclaimed, and dropped into the first chair, overcome at what seemed to her a scene out of the Latin Quarter.

Yet all that the setting lacked to make it as innocent as curious—the presence of a chaperon—her own advent supplied. The indescribable atmosphere of the student pervaded the room: books scattered everywhere; an evidently rented piano, covered with an Eastern scarf; an exquisitely appointed little tea-table, with steaming brass kettle, hobnobbing with plain, new, wooden chairs. A tall Russian girl, so beautiful that, like Desdemona, the sense ached at her, presided at the table. Another girl, short, flax-haired, childlike, not pretty, but piquant, stood near her; and, cup in hand, a tall, slight, blond, partially bald man, with kind yet keen brown eyes and an extreme spick-and-spanness of appearance, stood talking to them with an expression of evident enjoyment.

Ekaterina had fallen on her with eager hospitality. "You are wellcome! But how

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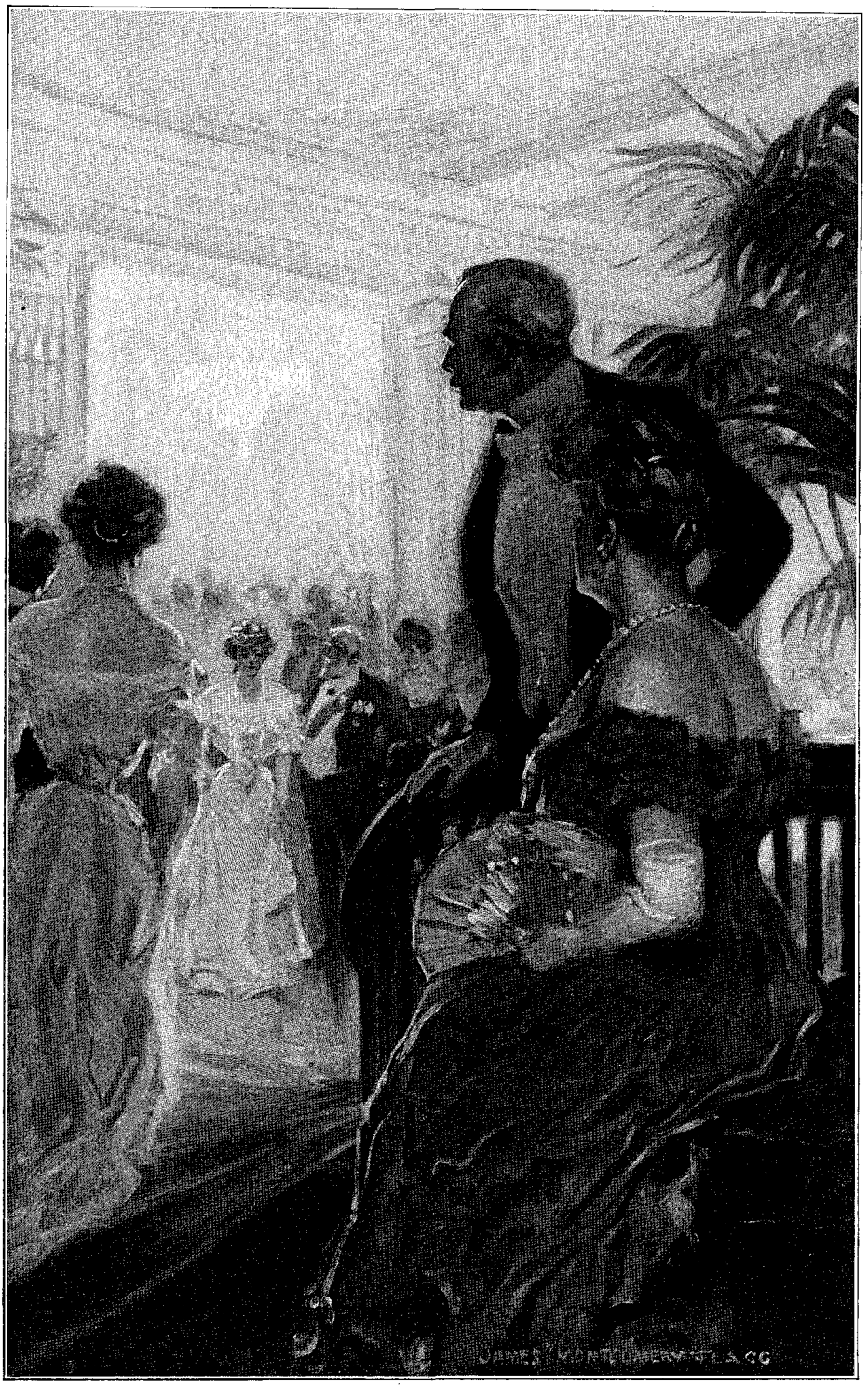

Drawn by J. M. Flagg.

"These Russian girls are so interesting, are they not?"—Page 214.

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surprising! Tatiana, Mrs. Etterich some tea will have. Do you our new quarterrs like? We sleep in a funny little garrett, up so high! We wanted to see how the po-err lif. How do you like it?"

"I think it a miserable and dirty tenement," said Mrs. Etheridge, vehemently.

"But so ferree!" cried Ekaterina, blithely.

The door suddenly swung open, and a tiny, of course dirty, boy, appeared. "Wan' d' lady doctor," he piped. Tatiana sprang up, and the two men after her, protesting that she must not go anywhere alone in that neighborhood.

Catching Winship's arm, "Is she a doctor?" the bewildered Mrs. Etheridge demanded.

"A one-time medical student," curtly. "She does little services for her poorer neighbors." As he vanished, Mrs. Etheridge turned to Ekaterina. It might more accurately be said that she turned on Ekaterina. "Now," she said, cuttingly, "*explain!* Explain *everything*—who you are and what you are! If you are a princess, as the girls at the Home said, or an authoress, or a revolutionist"—Ekaterina, round-eyed, thrice shook her head disclaimingly—"say so. *If*"—with an emphasis which brought a slight pink to Ekaterina's face—"you are a respectable working-girl, you have no right to live in a hole like this. Least of all," her voice beginning to shake, "have you a right to invite *my* son—when I have been so kind to you!—and Mr. Winship, your employer, to visit you in this free-and-easy way, and expose them to the designs of that most unbecomingly beautiful adventuress——"

"Now you may stop," said Ekaterina. She spoke with composure, yet somehow Mrs. Etheridge did stop, and no sooner had she done so than the composure dissolved in a flood of furious words:

"What is there to explain? What foolish women you and your Mrs. Wilks are! Because we are working-girlss . . . At Institution iss as bad as Rrussia. Did you know Mrs. Wilks went trough my trunks and tried to read my diary? I had a right to leaf tat institution. I haf te right to gif afternoon tea to men, like your taughter. I haf te right to haf beautiful friends. Tatiana iss goot and beautiful beyont you nor me. She wished to see the city, and learn something of working life and te po-err. She will soon go back to her home. What does she or I, that you shoult in this way insultt us?" Ekaterina was crying!

"No, do not come near me," she sobbed. "I hate you. Ole your ole pale girlss in tat Home, whom you so lof as your sweet Elaine, hate you. You can go, Mrs. Etterich. You neet not any more be kind!"

Had Mrs. Etheridge's sensations, when she found power to analyze them, partaken of anything other than a consciousness of overwhelming outrage, she would have been unworthy of Ekaterina's steel. And at the very *moment*, as she afterward pathetically observed to Elaine, she was planning for that ingrate's pleasure. The Russian ambassador came to the city next week for a reception given in his honor by the Melvales; and Mrs. Etheridge, who was trying to get cards, had mentioned that she had a Russian friend——

"It might make it easier to get invitations," agreed the practical Elaine.

Mrs. Etheridge was to find, however, that nothing could make this easy. The invitation list was hopelessly filled. Vainly she plied her cousin's husband in the State Department at Washington. Then, suddenly, three life-giving cards of invitation fluttered down on her from the last imaginable source: an unexpected caller, in the trig blue suit and picture hat of before, but also in a mood of melting penitence.

"You forgif?" she cried breathlessly. "When I tought how you so much older were, and meant so goodly, I wass so ashamed! To show you how I am sorry, I bring you tree tickets for my ambassador's reception."

"Oh, thank you," faintly. "How did you——"

"Trough Mrs. Hoxton. Tey haf returnt, you know, and I am staying tere. Such lofely pipple! Goot-by, I am so glad you forgif,—and I am so in a hurry!"

Her face was the first which Mrs. Etheridge, awaiting on the upper landing a chance to descend the crowded stairway, recognized at the reception. In a gala gown of an acute and unusual shade of pink, her demure flaxen head still guiltless of a pompadour, the Russian stood in the hall below, talking and laughing with Mrs. Horace Hoxton and some strangers. An expression of unwonted and dazzling joyousness had witched her fresh face into positive beauty.

"Do you happen to have heard," inquired Ralph, with that dreadful lightness which be-

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trays men to their women-folk, "whether that friend of hers, Miss—er—Tatiana——" He suddenly stopped, and with a swift, unchivalrous charge upon the crowded staircase, tore his way over trains and tunneled it around massive shoulders and sharp elbows. Little need to ask whom he had seen.

Mrs. Etheridge, looking after him, dropped giddily on a divan and forgot her sweet Elaine's existence. Her boy, her one boy—to save Winship, she herself had deliberately pushed him into the arms of the siren! Anyone but a mother would have known . . . Her punishment was greater than she could bear. Horace Hoxton, passing by, stopped at her side to warmly thank her for her kindness to his young guest. She merely smiled wanly. Her thoughts were upon her only son.

"Such a fascinating little creature, do you not think?" the genial Hoxton continued. "Her people were hospitality itself to me in St. Petersburg. She is the daughter of Domboievsky, the famous astronomer; and, simply as they lived, one really met at their house all Russians worth meeting. And do you know her delightful friend, Princess Velaselsky?"

"Princess ——" pathetically quavered Mrs. Etheridge, following his glance—and her son's impetuous progress—to the doorway of the gold-and-white salon below, through which, by a shifting of the crowd, she saw, stationed beside her host and hostess, the Ambassador, stately, silver-bearded, bestarred and bejewelled; and beside *him*, a dreamily lovely girl in pale-gold satin, pearls on her creamy neck, priceless diamonds on her ripply hair.

"The Ambassador's young sister, you know," went on Hoxton, mercilessly. "She and Ekaterina were fellow-students for a while, and when they met unexpectedly in Washington, where Princess Tatiana was making her brother a little visit, they returned together for what she designated as 'one lark.' These Russian girls are so interesting, are they not?"

It was Elaine who firmly piloted her mother downstairs and into the drawing-room to greet the hostess and the lion—but not the princess, who had suddenly disappeared; nor could she find her son Ralph anywhere. "Princess—*Princess*—Velaselsky!" was running through her stunned brain. Suddenly she came across Ralph, isolated among a group of strangers, at whom he unseeingly glowered with the fierce brow of disappointed masculinity. "Ready to go, are you?" he said, shortly. She had not said so. "That's good."

Before such a crowd of witnesses she did not dare to question him. New impressions in too rapid succession had left her mind in a well-nigh gelatinous state. But in the carriage, while the tedious wheels were bringing them home, she found voice—and a very deep, indignant voice it was—for the half-incredulous question:

"Oh, my boy, she hasn't *refused* you?"

"Oh, no, she hasn't refused me." Ralph's voice broke forlornly. He was still very young. "She's only married already, that's all. Husband in Russia—a councillor or something. I might have known that such a superb creature . . . Elaine, *don't* pat my hand like that!"

"It was all my fault, dear," said his mother, in an unwontedly low voice. The void in the place where she had used to keep her complacency hurt her. "I was so afraid she would attract Mr. Winship——"

"Winship!" contemptuously. "Winship, who from the very start of things has been head over ears in love with Ekaterina!"

"With—Ekaterina!" It was Elaine who echoed him. Her mother was beyond speech.

"Why, yes, head over ears! He says she is the one woman in the world who completely suits him. He's an oddity himself, you know. If you had spoken with him to-night he would surely have told you that they are to be married as soon as they can get the paternal blessing cabled over from Russia, for he's fairly effervescing with the news."

Still his stricken mother sat silent. David, suddenly confronted with a spectacle of the seed of the righteous begging his bread, might have worn some such expression. But as there passed before her burning vision a picture of Ekaterina, with her sleek head, her mild blue eyes, her square-shod feet, her wide, confident smile, and her absolute and tranquil invincibility, a brief and bitter defence escaped her:

"I have always *tried* to do right, I am sure! both as a lady manager and a—mother, and—a friend to Mr. Winship. It's none of my doing; and yet, Ralph"—with a sudden descent to a slight sob—"oh, yet, Elaine, it is!"

Every word of which was perfectly true.

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THE FARMER'S SEASONS

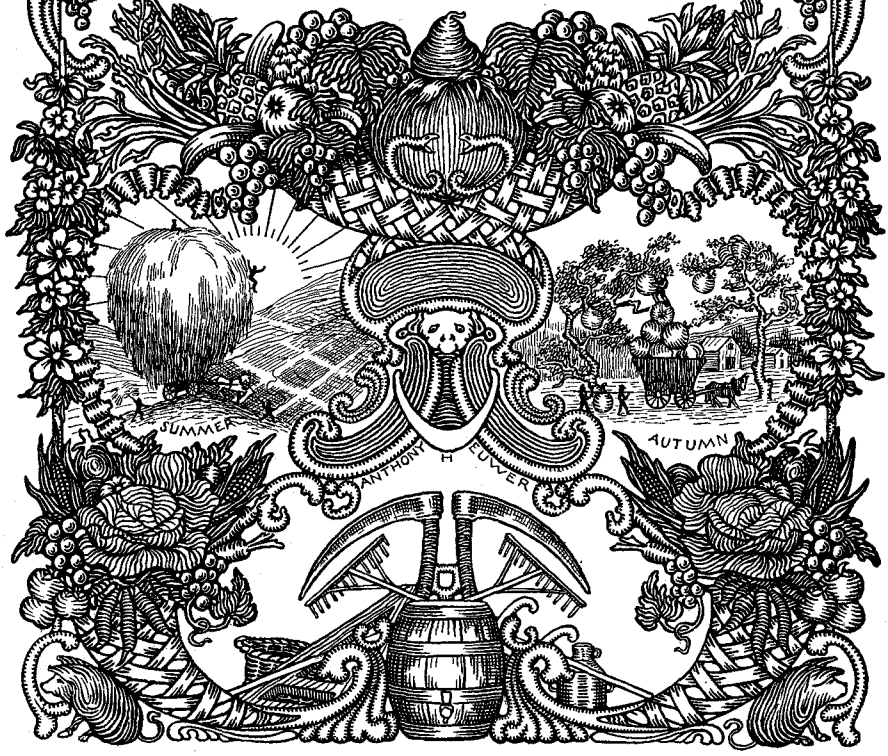
FOUR PICTURES IN COLORS

BY A.B.FROST

THE ACCOMPANYING CALENDAR

BY E.S.MARTIN

WITH APOLOGIES TO THE OLD NEW ENGLAND ALMANACKS



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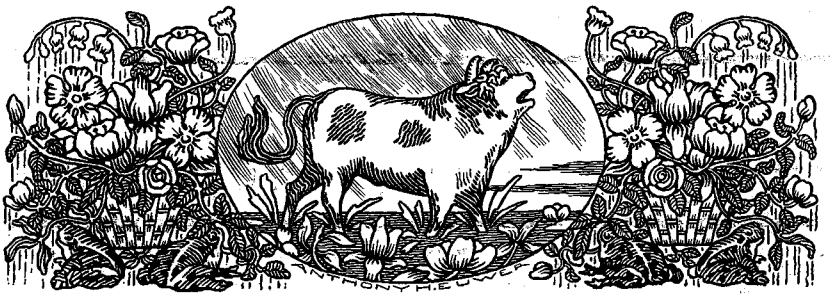

Snow all gone now: ice is out of streams;
Up start the green things. Welcome, even weeds!
Fishing time is come again. My! how good it seems
To shift one's mind from ice and snow to dwell on bait and seeds.

Day of Month	Day of Week	Anniversaries, Aspects, Weather, Holidays, Etc.	
1	S	**5th Sunday in Lent.** ☌ ☿ ☾.	*Expect*
2	M.	1st. ☾ runs high. Low tides.	*eggs to*
3	Tu.	Rhodes' scholarships founded, 1902.	
4	W.	○ ☿ ○ inferior.	*cheapen now.*
5	Th.	A. Carnegie endowed hero	
6	Fr.	fund, April 15, 1904.	
7	Sa.		*Baseball*
8	S	**Palm Sunday.**	*breaks out.*
9	M.	9th. A war ended at Appomattox, 1865.	
10	Tu.	☾ in Perigee. High tides.	
11	W.	Vesuvius erupted, 1906.	
12	Th.	♅ stationary.	*Now*
13	Fr.	Good Friday. ☾ runs low	*use*
14	Sa.	☌ ♅	*worms*
15	S	**Easter Sunday.**	*for bait.*
16	M.	San Francisco shaken and burned,	
17	Tu.	☿ stationary. [April 18, 1906.	
18	W.	Low tides.	
19	Th.	PATRIOT'S DAY. ♄ ☾.	
20	Fr.	War with Spain touched off, April 21, 1898.	
21	Sa.	☌ ☾. 29th. Coxey's army invaded Washington, 1894.	
22	S	**Low Sunday.**	*Fine*
23	M.	St. George. 24th. Medium tides.	
24	Tu.	♀ in ☊. ☌ ☾. ☾ ☿ in Aph.	
25	W.	St. Mark. ☾ in Apogee.	*and warmer.*
26	Th.	☌ ☾.	*Change*
27	Fr.	Crapsey heresy trial in Batavia, N.Y., 1906.	
28	Sa.	☌ ♆ ☾ runs high.	*flannels*
29	S	**2d Sunday after Easter.**	
30	M.	30th. Strawberries grow plentiful in Florida and New York.	*perhaps.*

Of Interest to Farmers.

So and so, you say, is worth five millions!

Is he? Or do you only mean he has got five millions? If so, *is* he worth it? Is he worth what five millions will do—the leisure it will give, the consideration it will procure, the service it will command? If he is, he must be a worthy man, valiant in battles worth fighting, faithful in true service.

But if it is only that he has got five millions—that is not very significant.

He may have robbed somebody. He may have bet on the right horse, or card, or turn of the market. He may have rack-rented poor tenants, have sweated sewing women, have over-reached the simple—and the cunning, too, for that matter. And he may have got his money honestly and handsomely and still not be worth it, for that often happens.

And sometimes it happens that men are worth five millions and never get the money. That kind usually don't get it. Eli Whitney was worth it, but never got it. Various inventors have been worth it and have got it and more. Divers American generals and statesmen have been worth it, none of them got it, nor did ever a poet get it.

No better crop can be raised on a farm than a boy or a girl that is worth five millions and upwards. Whether they get the money is not so important. If they are worth it they will usually get as much of it as they need. Many such have been raised on farms in time past, and there is still abundant virtue left in the soil.

For this crop the strongest soil is not too strong, but good results have been had on land not fit for much else. More depends on the quality of the plant than on cultivation. Raise according to judgment and market early.

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Drawn by A. B. Frost.

Spring.

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Concerts by the blessed birds at rising of the sun;
Gardens full of fragrant bloom, riotous to see;
Hot! hot! Every pore takes its turn to run;
If only for its splendid thirst the summer's worth its fee.

Day of Month	Day of Week	Anniversaries, Aspects, Weather, Holidays, Etc.	
1	S	**3d Sunday after Trinity.**	*Summer*
2	M.	♁ ☉ ♆. {3d. Cervera's fleet destroyed, 1898.	*boarders arrive*
3	Tu.	♂ in Aphelion. 3 h. A. M.	*in force.*
4	W.	INDEPENDENCE DAY	
5	Th.	♅ ♂ ☾. ☾ runs low.	*Thunder-storms*
6	Fr.	High tides. {6th. E. Root appointed Secretary of State, 1905.	*in some*
7	Sa.	{8th. Ancient and Hon. Artillery Company of Boston arrived in England, 1896.	*places.*
8	S	**4th Sunday after Trinity.**	
9	M.	{9th. Bryan's "Cross of Gold" speech, July, 1896.	
10	Tu.	☾ ♄ ♂. {11th. Andree started in balloon for North Pole, 1897.	
11	W.	Medium tides.	*Take a*
12	Th.	♉ in ☿.	*swim now.*
13	Fr.	12th. Orangemen's Day.	
14	Sa.	15th. ☿ gr. elong. E. ☉ ☌ ♂.	
15	S	**5th Sunday after Trinity.** St. Swithin.	
16	M.	☾ in Apogee. {16th. Santiago surrendered, 1898.	
17	Tu.	Low tides.	
18	W.	☾ ☌ ♂. ☾ runs high.	
19	Th.	☾ ☍ ♂.	*Signs of circuses.*
20	Fr.	St. Margaret.	
21	Sa.	☾ ☌ ♂. ☉ partly eclipsed. invisible.	
22	S	**6th Sun. aft. Trin.** St. Mary Magdalene.	
23	M.	☾ ☿ ♂. 22d. ☿ in Aphelion.	
24	Tu.	♀ ♂ ☾.	
25	W.	St. James. Dog Days begin.	
26	Th.	St. Anne. Medium tides.	*Crop scares*
27	Fr.	{27th. War declared between Japan and China, 1894.	*due in*
28	Sa.	☿ stationary.	*Wall Street.*
29	S	**7th Sun. after Trinity.**	
30	M.	{29th. Carnegie Institution at Washington ($10,000,000) founded, 1902.	
31	Tu.		

Of Interest to Farmers.

Don't leave stones in the road. If your horse doesn't stumble over them somebody else's horse may. When you see in the beaten track a loose stone fit to give a wheel a hard jolt or bring down a stumbling horse, stop and throw it to one side. It will pay you to take that trouble even on a strange road that you expect never to travel again. It is good for your character. It helps to justify your claim to be a civilized man, living in a civilized community. Every truly civilized community rests upon the theory that the care of all is the duty of each, and its civilization is high or low, according to the prevalence or scarcity of individual responsibility for the general welfare.

There are two large classes of folks in the world, those who go through life leaving messes behind them to be cleared up, and those who clear up the messes. If you clear up faithfully after yourself, that is much, but it is not quite enough. You must expect also to contribute part of your time and strength to clearing up after the weak and the shiftless. If everybody did his duty there would be little need of government. The purpose of government is to defend the weak, to constrain the lazy, to restrain the greedy, and to make the best sense of the wisest people available for the benefit of the general community. If we were all responsible and dutiful and picked out of the road the stones that we saw there, the work of government would be light.

Hard bargains, hard words, neglected chances to give help where help was needed, slanders, ill-natured gossip, misrepresentation—all such things are stones in the road. Don't leave them behind you, to plague you when you come that way again, or else to plague some other traveller. Clear up as you go along.

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Drawn by A. B. Frost.

Summer.

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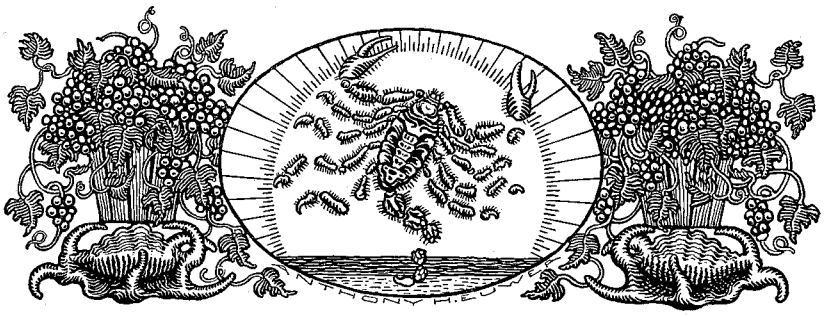

Color, color everywhere: tonics in the air;
Magic in the atmosphere, magic in the light!
Gladden now the spirit with the horse-trot and the fair;
Good to be alive now! The world's all right!

Day of Month	Day of Week	Anniversaries, Aspects, Weather, Holidays, Etc.	
1	M.	McKinley Tariff bill signed, October 1, 1890.	*Taxes*
2	Tu.	Medium tides.	*due*
3	W.	□ ♃ ☉.	*now.*
4	Th.	8th. $46000 ransom paid for Miss	
5	Fr.	Ellen Stone, 1901.	*Considerable*
6	Sa.	⊓ ♆ ☉.	*sunshine.*
7	S	**17th Sunday after Trinity.**	☾ in Apogee
8	M.	♂ in ♑	
9	Tu.	St. Denis. ♃ ☾. ☾ runs high.	
10	W.	♂ ♆ ☿ gr. hel. Low tides.	
11	Th.	12th. Transvaal war began, 1899.	
12	Fr.	13th. Union Pacific receiver-	*Shadows*
13	Sa.	ship began, 1893.	*lengthen.*
14	S	**18th Sunday after Trinity.**	*Favorable*
15	M.	☉ ☉ ☾. 18th. ♂ ☾.	*for golf in the*
16	Tu.	♆ stationary. 16th. Dowie invaded New York, 1903.	*morning.*
17	W.	☉ in Aphelion. Pres't Roosevelt appointed Coal Strike Commission, 1902.	
18	Th.	St. Luke, Evangelist. ☿ in Aphelion.	
19	Fr.	☾ in Perigee High tides.	*Leaves*
20	Sa.	♂ ☿	*fall*
21	S	**19th Sunday after Trinity.**	*some.*
22	M.	♂ H ☾. ☾ runs low.	*Get out*
23	Tu.	25th. Woodrow Wilson inaugurated President of Princeton University, 1902.	*furs*
24	W.		*for the automobile.*
25	Th.	St. Crispin. ☉ greatest brilliancy.	
26	Fr.	Low tides.	
27	Sa.	♂ ☾. 27th. Theodore Roosevelt born, 1858. New York Subway opened, 1904.	
28	S	**20th S. af. Trinity.** St. Simon & St. Jude.	
29	M.	♃ stationary.	*Signs of*
30	Tu.	29th. German Emperor visited Jerusalem, 1898.	*Indian*
31	W.	All Hallows Eve.	*summer.*

Of Interest to Farmers.

Keep a few unsatisfied wants.

We are apt to be not quite sensible about wants, and to regard them too much like coughs or stomach-aches, as uncomfortable ailments to be cured as promptly as possible. That attitude towards them is largely mistaken. There are wants and wants and some wants are pressing. When it is ploughing time and there can be no more postponement on account of the weather, and the old plough is hopelessly *hors de* furrow, the want of a new plough may fairly be considered pressing. Wants of tools to work with, of garments essential to propriety, comfort or health, of school privileges for children, of due shelter, food and fuel—all of those and their like are primitive wants the satisfaction of which a good counsellor would not advise his client to postpone any longer than he has to. But it is different with the great company of wants that are not indispensable to health and useful activity, which need not be satisfied as soon as they transpire, but can be held off without hurt till a convenient season. Wants of that sort are not ailments at all, but assets. It is more necessary to happiness and contentment that we should have them than that we should satisfy them. As soon as we do satisfy them we are constrained to lay in new wants to take their places. The essence of true thrift lies not in going without what we ought to have at the time we want it, but in deferring the gratification of the wants we can safely defer until we can afford to appease them. We must have a plough in time for the spring ploughing; we must educate the children while they are still of school age; but we needn't build a new house, or a new barn or buy an automobile till we get ready. Meanwhile we have the fun of wanting the house, the barn, the automobile, and escape the need of wanting something else, as we surely will when the wants we have in stock have been attained.

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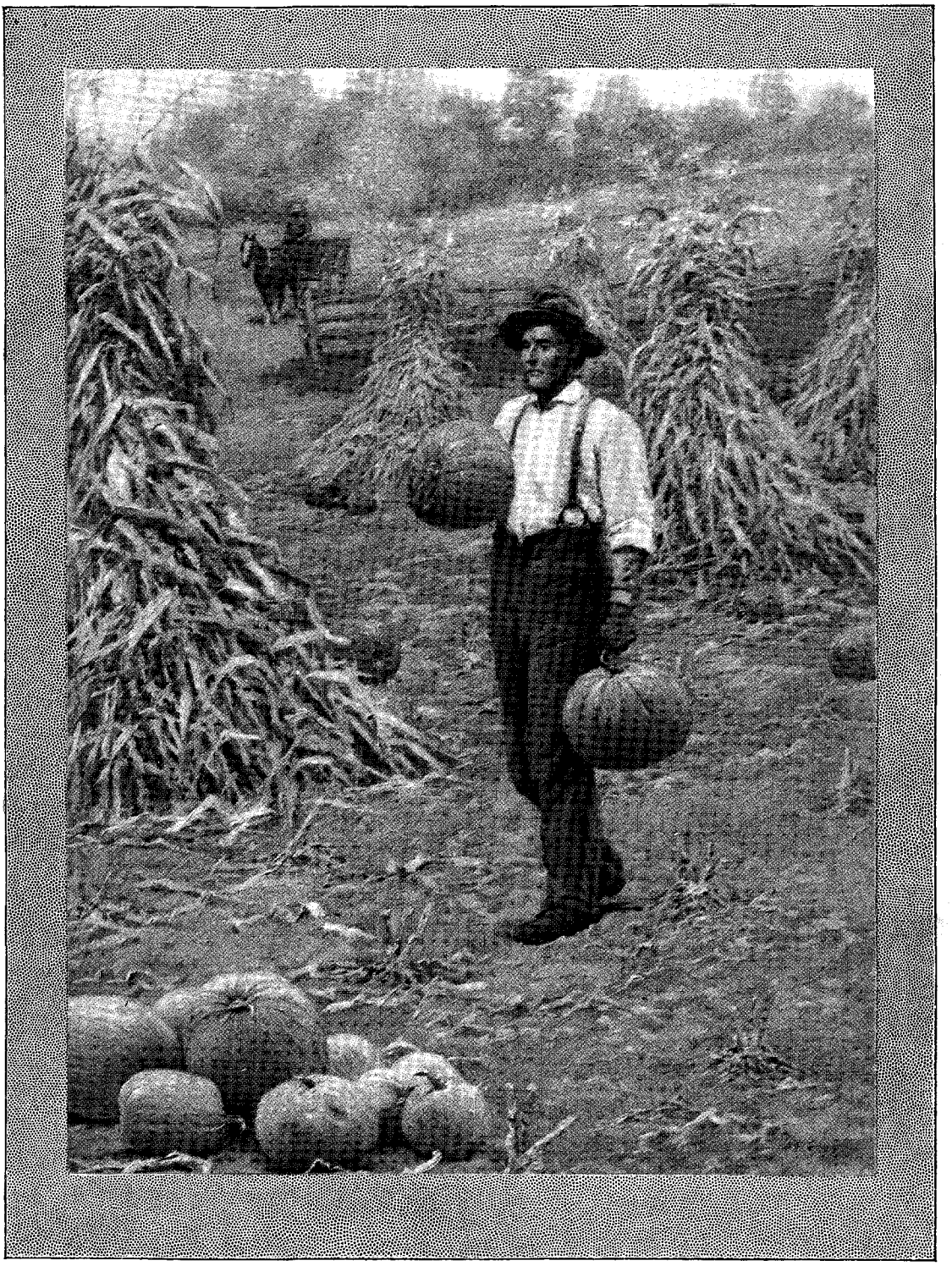

Drawn by A. B. Frost.

Autumn.

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Tingling airs, glare ice, glitter of the snow;
Sparkle of the sunshine; wood and ice to haul;
Cornstalks in the barnyard and pleasant smell of cow;
Ring of skate and runners' creak, and Merry Christmas all!

Day of Month	Day of Week	Anniversaries, Aspects, Weather, Holidays, Etc.
1	M.	New Year's Day. *Weather continues*
2	Tu.	☋ in ♀. 1st. Dr. Jameson defeated, 1896. *unhealthy*
3	W.	☾ in Perihelion. *for*
4	Th.	⊕ in Apogee. ☿ gr. elong. W. *turkeys*
5	Fr.	♅ ♀ ☌. 4th. Low tides. *and*
6	Sa.	Epiphany. ♃ ☌ ☾. *young pigs.*
7	S	**1st Sunday after Epiphany.**
8	M.	2d. Port Arthur capitulated, Jan. 2, 1905.
9	Tu.	☾ ♆ ☌. ☾ runs high.
10	W.	11th. Arbitration treaty between United
11	Th.	States and Great Britain signed, 1897.
12	Fr.	High tides. *Some mixed weather*
13	Sa.	14th. Campanile fell in Venice, 1902.
14	S	**2d Sunday after Epiphany.**
15	M.	16th. Queen Liliuokalani dethroned, 1893. *followed*
16	Tu.	☋ ☿ ☿. Contract for New York *by*
17	W.	♅ in ☌. Subway awarded, 1900. *cold.*
18	Th.	17th. Weyler succeeds Campos in command in Cuba, 1896. Medium tides.
19	Fr.	
20	Sa.	☾ in Perigee.
21	S	**3d Sunday after Epiphany.** ♃ stat.
22	M.	☾ ♅ ☌. 21st. ☾ runs low
23	Tu.	☌ ☿ ☾. 22d. Panama Canal treaty signed, 1903.
24	W.	☾ ♀ ☌. 25th. Mrs. Maybrick released, 1904.
25	Th.	**Conversion of St. Paul.** High tides.
26	Fr.	☾ ♄ ☌. 25th. Battleship Maine arrived in Havana Harbor, 1898. *Snow*
27	Sa.	☿ in Aphelion. *with*
28	S	**4th Sunday after Epiphany.** ☾ ☍ ☌.
29	M.	27th. Rockefeller gives $7,000,000 to promote search for Tuberculosis Serum, 1903. *high*
30	Tu.	*winds*
31	W.	31st. Wilson Tariff Bill passed House, 1894. *and drifts.*

Of Interest to Farmers.

Winter is a good time to think, a good time to read, a good time to play a little. Get the most out of it. There are winter jobs—wood-cutting, ice-cutting, teaming—plenty of them, and there are the eternal chores indoors and out, tiresome sometimes but useful for the regulation of life. But the days are shorter in winter and farmwork does ease up while the frost is in the ground. Get the most, then, out of the winter vacation, such as it is. Cultivate the ground in spring and summer; gather the crops in the fall. In winter cultivate the man who cultivates the ground.

The most important thing that goes to the making of crops is the farmer's brains. Give them as much attention in the winter as their importance deserves. See that they get reading that is of some value, both agricultural and any other kind that can be had. The young brains in the family will be more or less occupied with school, but not so engrossed but that outside reading will get attention if it is accessible. And for the girls and women of the family there should be provided the best reading that will suit them.

And cultivate the heart, too. Have some fun even if you have to work for it. Time is the most valuable thing in the world, and one advantage the farmer has over most of the other workers, is that he has more time at his own disposal, especially in winter, than they do. It will do him no good if he wastes it, but it is no waste of time to get in friendly touch with one's neighbors, to take in new thoughts by eye or ear; to play a bit when the chance offers.

Due share of entertainment, especially social entertainment, is so good for most of us that it may fairly be considered essential to wholesome living. A farmer's life ought not to be dull. If it is, it deserves to be unpopular. Have all the fun you can then, in winter, and have the kind of fun that all the family can share.

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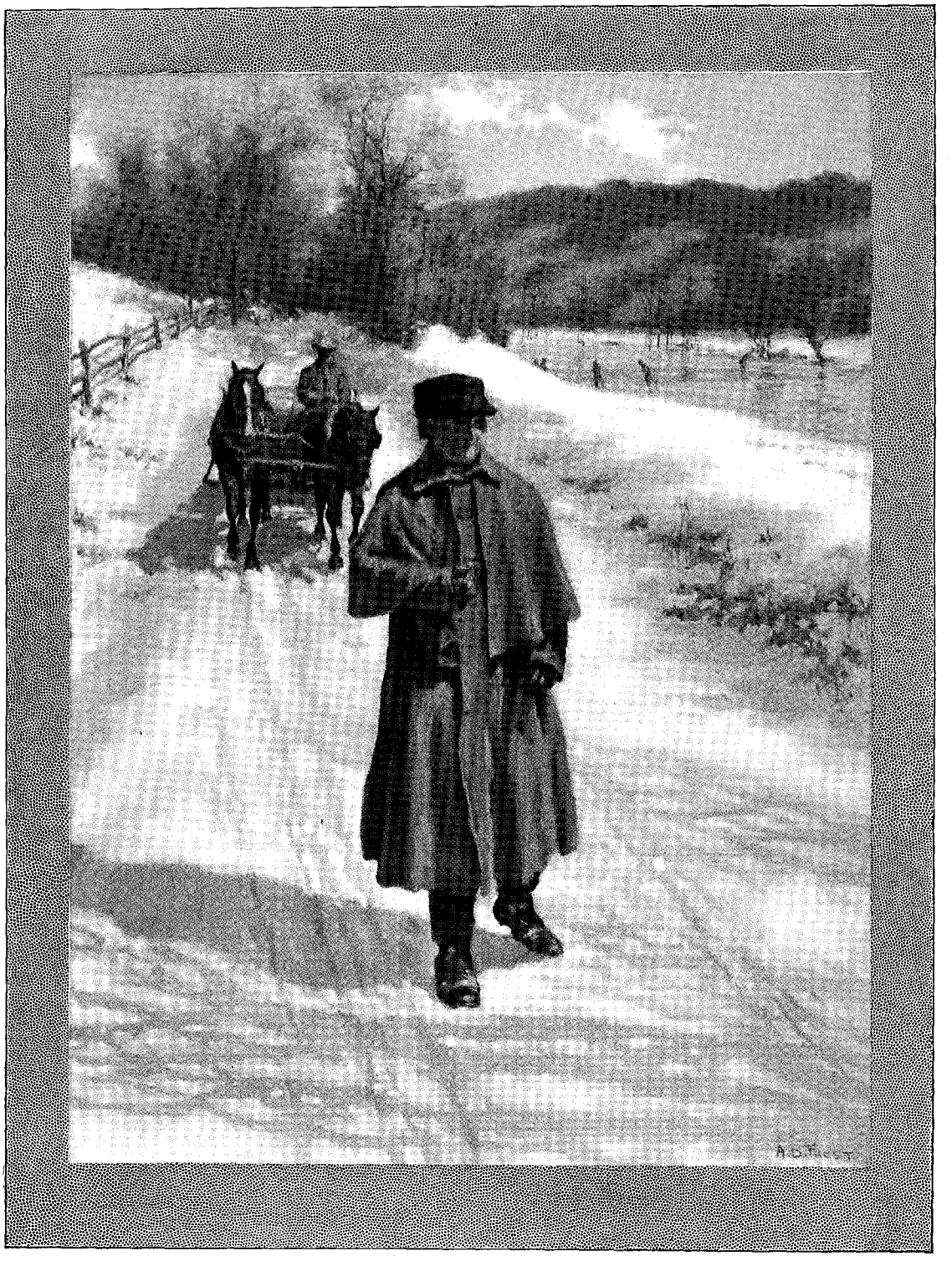

Drawn by A. B. Frost.

Winter.

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HER STORY

By Churchill Williams

ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM BALFOUR KER

PETTIT knit his brows over the card upon his desk. "Miss Elizabeth Beasley," he read, and shook his head.

The boy explained, "She came to see about publishing a book."

Pettit laid down his pen with a mental imprecation. Then, "All right; ask her to come in," he said.

The lady who took the chair by his desk looked somewhat disappointed as her nervous glance comprehended his youthful face. "I thought—that is, I hoped I would find the gentleman who talked with me when I was here before," she said apologetically.

"Yes," responded Pettit. "Perhaps you saw Mr. Cartwright?"

"That was not the name, I am sure," she answered. "It was some time ago, and——"

"Yes?"

"It was just twelve years ago last spring." Pettit started and involuntarily repeated,

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"*Twelve* years!" But she went on with a faint smile, "And I suppose you have seen a good many people about books since then."

"Quite a number," he assented slowly. "In fact, I was not here myself at the time you mention. The firm has changed owners since then. The founder of the house, Mr. Crosby——"

"That was the name of the gentleman I saw," she interposed eagerly. "A tall man with glasses and a large beard." She laughed softly. "He frightened me so, I remember, when I came in answer to his letter. But he was kind, very kind. He was the first person to tell me that my story was good. Could I—might I see him?"

"Mr. Crosby has been dead for five years now," said Pettit. He laid down the letter which, with the suggestiveness of a stop-watch, was invariably held in his right hand during such interviews. A blankness had fallen upon his visitor's face, her figure seemed to shrink. All at once he was looking at a woman whose youthfulness, he understood, had vanished years before in a commonplace struggle for a living.

"Oh!" she said with softly indrawn breath. "Five years ago! I thought——"

"But you must tell me about your new book. You see I have great respect for Mr. Crosby's judgment," Pettit suggested. "If he liked your work I—that is, we may be able to do something."

Her fingers rubbed the handle of a small bag in her lap. "Yes, he liked it. It was not—I think he said—quite popular enough for him to publish the way some books are. But if I would pay for it—just the cost of printing and binding it, you know—he would publish it. He told me to bring it back."

Pettit's heart sank. "I do not think I understand," he said. "This book you brought to Mr. Crosby?"

She touched the bag in her lap. "I have it here." She extracted a roll of paper tied with a tape. Her head was bent. But as she laid the manuscript upon the desk she raised her face. There was a touch of pink in her cheeks. "Mr. Crosby told me it would cost five hundred dollars," she said in a low voice. "So I could not bring the story back until—now."

"You mean——" Pettit began.

She said "Yes" gently, and the flush deepened.

"Pardon me," said Pettit. "I mean, have you been waiting twelve years to have that book published?"

She nodded. "Waiting and—saving," she said cheerfully. Then, in a little burst of confidence, "Some people would think it very foolish to be as fond of a book as I am of this; but *you* know all about books, and you understand, don't you?"

"I think I do," said Pettit; but he knew that he did not. "And now you are going to leave it with me?" he added.

"Yes." She put her hand into the bag again and drew out a fat and very much worn wallet clasped in rubber bands. "You don't know how nervous it has made me to carry all this down here," she explained. "The Savings Fund wanted me to have a check, but I was afraid. I don't know much about checks, you see."

Her meaning slowly grew on Pettit. "But you don't quite comprehend," he began. "That is, *are* you speaking of the money to pay for the book?"

"Yes, the five hundred dollars." She had drawn out a roll of crisp bank-notes. "Will you count them for me? I counted them twice; the first time I was twelve dollars short. I will be very much obliged." Her fingers were shaking.

He did not reply at once. He was trying harder than he had ever tried before to frame an answer which should tell her all that was to be told and leave her with her faith unshaken. "Let me explain to you something about publishing books," he began. "To some people it seems a good deal like having made to order a chair or a table, or anything of that sort. These people bring in a drawing to the cabinet-maker and say, 'How much will it cost me to make a chair like that?' And the cabinet-maker looks at the drawing, and does some figuring, and estimates the cost. Then, if they agree, he makes the chair, delivers it to them, is paid, and the whole thing is done. But it's really very different with a book. Making a manuscript into a book is the easiest part. The real skill and the hard work come before a page of the manuscript is put into type, and all over again when the book is finally made—if it is. Do I make myself plain?"

"Yes—that is, I think so," she murmured. The fine lines on her forehead had deepened, a little bewilderment clouded her eyes.

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He felt he was doing it rather badly, but he went on, picking his words: "Well, by all that I mean that the selection of a book—that is, choosing the manuscript which seems to be what people are most likely to want, and therefore buy, requires a great deal of care and thought. We make mistakes—many of them—but we do all we can not to make them, and so—so, of course, a great, great many manuscripts—some of them by writers who have written several books before—are—well, we cannot publish them."

She had been leaning forward, watching his face closely, but, as he neared the end her fingers were picking nervously at a fold of her gown; she had slipped back in the chair when he finished. The manuscript and money lay unheeded on the desk; her eyes, faded and wistful, had fallen upon the bag in her lap.

Pettit waited. There was no mercy in encouragement which should blind her to the facts. But if she would only help him a little. He shifted his position, and her glance was lifted with a start. "I am very ignorant, I suppose," she said. "But," with a wan smile, "it is my first time. Mr. Crosby——"

"Of course. I know," he put in quickly. "And it is not at all easy to understand. As for Mr. Crosby—when he was alive people read many books which they cannot appreciate to-day. Perhaps they have gone backward. But we can't help that, can we? We must give them what they want. But your book—I tell you what we will do. You give back your money to the Savings Fund people to keep—for the present—and leave your manuscript with me. I will read it soon. I will begin on it to-morrow, and we'll hope—we'll hope that it is just the sort of book that we can publish and sell a great many copies of."

All at once her lips quivered, a tear stole from her winking lashes and was brushed away by a cotton glove. "If that is the best way," she faltered. "And I *hope* you will like the story."

"I will try to very hard," he answered. He rose hastily. "I will have a receipt made out for your manuscript," he said, and went into the adjoining room.

When he returned she was replacing the wallet in her bag and a tight little ball of handkerchief showed between the fingers of a clenched hand. She smiled at him bravely. "My," she said, "but the Savings Fund will be surprised! I will have to get a new pass-book—that is, I will have to start my account all over again." Then quickly, "Oh—I forgot. You have to give them two weeks notice when you want to draw it *all* out. Do you think——?"

"No, I am sure we will not need the money before two weeks, in any event," he interposed instantly. "Put it back into the Savings Fund, by all means. I have your address, and I will write to you."

"When you have read the story? And then I can come to talk to you about it, can't I? I could change it, you know, if you thought it would help any."

He could not discourage her then. "Wait, anyhow, until I have had time to think it all over," he said. "And here is your receipt."

She tucked it into the bag and held out her hand. "You will try to like the story?" she said. "It means—so much." There her voice broke, and abruptly her hand slipped out of his and she was gone.

He read the manuscript that night and, when he had turned the last page, laid it down with a sigh and got into bed. It was no better, no worse than he had anticipated—without proportion, without literary grace, a sentimental outpouring in which the fancies of a commonplace existence found expression in words and deeds romantic almost to absurdity. It was not possible to put this into print. But how to tell her so? Cartwright would have returned the manuscript with one of those stereotyped notes, or, if an interview was unavoidable, have remarked "The story is very grammatical, but quite outside the line of the company's publications."

Pettit knew that he could do neither of these things, and so he lay on his back and stared at the blackness and anathematized the weakness which had persuaded him to see Miss Beasley and doubly damned himself for allowing pity to sway him now. Reading manuscripts was a cold business proposition, the encouragement of those who could not write and thought they could a crime against the confidence of the reading public. Moreover, it was a positive act of cruelty to the deluded scribbler, who should be forced to see the truth, and so helped to do something for which he or she was fitted. Here was this woman for twelve years bending every energy to hoard enough

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money to put into print a scrawl upon which she labored for probably a year or two—the manuscript bore marks of it. And, with what result? During all that time she had been living—how? At this point in his disgusted reflections he paused and repeated to himself, "What *was* the manner of her life?" And with that question asking itself, he lay quite still, and to him a plain little woman told her own story. Not quite from the beginning, but from where, in person quite unlike her own, Pettit had first come upon her in the manuscript on his table. And so through those extraordinary episodes and declamations by which she had conceived that life must unfold itself in books. Reft of these trappings it was a simple enough story, yet lacking what made Pettit review it again and again. What she had left untold was what was needed to tie it all together, to give it reason for being told, and reason for coming to an end. What was her great hope? her great wish? Why, in the name of her perverted vision, had she left unwritten the chapter which was essential to the story?

It was then that, out of the darkness, her figure grew, and he saw her again as she had sat by his desk the day before, a hand in a cotton glove nervously clasping the manuscript, her head craned forward, bewilderment in her eyes. And he believed that now he understood. She had never known how completely she was writing herself into the book, and so she had set down the truth. The truth of her experience, the truth in motley, but still the truth. What for her was in the land of wishes and that only she kept as her own secret. And so she had lost her way, and of end there was none which had a beginning.

For four days thereafter Pettit read manuscripts mechanically, and tried to persuade himself that he was doing his whole duty by them. But always he was thinking of one manuscript and of its writer. This state of things, he told himself again and again, was improper, and, what was worse in a seasoned reader for a publishing house, it savored of personal bias. Once he went so far as to order the mailing clerk to wrap up Miss Beasley's story and return it to her, and as promptly called in a stenographer to write the note to her which was to be polite and friendly, but definite in its declination. Then his determination weakened, and he recalled his order to the mailing desk and tore the note into pieces. After all, the thing was not to be reduced to writing. He knew that he would not forget, even if he never saw again either Miss Beasley or what she had left with him. So, as the short cut to the relief which his work demanded, he decided to call upon her that evening. He would tell her just why it was that, in her own interests, she should put the manuscript away. This was how he expressed it to himself when, in evening clothes—for he was going to a smoker of the Pegasus Club afterward—he repaired by electric car to within a block of Miss Beasley's residence.

It was a small house at the door of which he presently found himself standing. Through a window he saw Miss Beasley herself, seated in a rocking-chair. She was smiling, and Pettit guessed that someone was speaking to her. A man's voice, ponderous and monotonous, came dully to him. A caller, especially if a man, was more than Pettit had bargained for. With his hand outstretched he paused irresolutely. Then he rang the bell. There was an instant's silence, a little scurrying within, and Miss Beasley disappeared from his field of vision. The next instant she stood in the doorway.

She recognized him immediately, and the sheer delight in her face swept from him every trace of resentment. But as he stepped across the sill she laid a hand upon his arm. "Would you mind not saying anything about *it?*" she whispered. "You see my sister is in there, and it is a secret just yet."

"About the book, you mean? Of course I shall say nothing. But what shall be my errand? I have it. I will be looking for a room. Will that do?"

With a guilty little smile she nodded, and he followed her into the parlor.

On a sofa in one corner sat Miss Beasley's counterfeit in all but dress, and Pettit knew that this was her sister before he had taken her outstretched fingers. But he was given no chance to do more. Behind him a heavy, lazy tread and Miss Beasley's voice announcing, "Our friend, Mr. Steiner, Mr. Pettit," made him turn to face a tall man of florid countenance and thick, curling mustaches. A big, soft hand enveloped Pettit's and immediately withdrew to play with a seal dangling from the watch-chain looped across a generous expanse of waistcoat. Pettit's evening clothes came in for

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an inclusive glance from blue eyes which would have been handsome if they had been a little more definite in expression. Then Mr. Steiner pushed forward a chair, and Pettit with the two ladies on the sofa before him, their hands crossed in their laps, and Mr. Steiner filling the arms of a big rocker between him and the door, for ten minutes did his best to carry off those polite preliminaries which the circumstances of his arrival thrust upon him. It was no easy task, and he became conscious that conversation revolving in a narrowing circle must inevitably result in a mental giddiness which would render him speechless. But it was the poorly concealed curiosity of Mr. Steiner quite as much as alarm at his own position which finally drove him to the point of saying: "And now, Miss Beasley, if I may be pardoned, I should like to look at that room."

She flushed and arose with a flutter of skirts and an involuntary side-look at Mr. Steiner. That gentleman raised his eyebrows, but made no remark. After a trip to the second story back for the sake of appearances, Pettit presently found himself introduced into the tiny dining-room, where he was seated facing Miss Beasley, across the table. It was even more difficult then than he had imagined to make the start which should be at once frank and friendly. But when he had told her the worst and was well into the explanation of why the manuscript would never do as it was written, the way was easier. She sat with folded hands, looking down at the table, her brows a little drawn. He perceived that she was trying to understand, but that withal it was not clear to her. A curious feeling came over him—a feeling not of compassion, but of sympathy, and of sympathy not so much for her as for what she had written. So from criticism he passed to defence. If the story was not what it should be in certain aspects, it was not in those aspects that it should be considered. They must be regarded as eliminated from the start. There was so much which was good in the manuscript—so much which must not be missed—that it were a pity to give anyone the chance to find what was not so good. Did she not see this? He was sure she must. Then she would help him. They would work together. It would not be hard.

There he paused. She had raised her eyes and was looking into his gently and steadily. The fine little lines in her face were smoothed out. About her lips was a faint smile. "I understand now," she said. "You have been very kind. But the story—I could not change that. Once I thought that I could. Now I know better. I have written it out—all that is in me is in it, and, perhaps, some things are there that were—outside. But to go on—to change it—I would not know how to do that."

His impulse—the impulse of pity—was to deny this, to assure her that she had only to try in order to learn she was wrong. But he checked himself with the first word, for he knew she had told the simple truth. For a moment he was silent. Then he said slowly: "There is another way. If you are willing, I want to try it. I like the story; I have told you why. I think a great deal might be done with it—if—if those changes were made. You believe me, don't you?"

"I believe you want to help me," she said.

"Then let me," he went on. "Let me see what I can do with the story—by myself."

"Oh!" she breathed, and her eyes were shining. "If you would!" Abruptly she paused, then cried, "No, no! I couldn't do that. It is my story now. If you should write it over again, it wouldn't be mine any longer. You won't think me ungrateful, will you? You are kind—very kind to me—but I wouldn't like to have you do that."

"Why not?" he argued. "Let me explain. Many stories when printed are not as they were when first written. Many of them are changed very much, written over and over again, and often the author does not do all the writing. There are men and women who make a profession of doing that sort of thing. There is nothing dishonest about it, nothing wrong. They, the men and women who do it, are trained to the work. They cannot originate stories themselves; they can help the author very much in putting stories into shape. Let me try to do as much for you. It is your story—it will still be yours when I have done my part. And I believe you will not be ashamed of it. May I try?"

As he saw in her face the struggle which went on he felt a little ashamed that he should have told her what he had told her, and not have told her more. For he feared that when he finished his work upon the manuscript she would not know it for her

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own, and then he would have to persuade her all over again against what her candid mind would reveal to her. But that was in the future. He put the thought aside. He would persuade her when the time came. She should be made to believe that the story and its triumph—for the conclusion was strong within him that it would be a triumph—were her own. And the greatest part of his reward would be to witness her joy. Twelve years of waiting! Surely something was due her for those years!

In the end she yielded. But as he rose to go she came to his side. "Please remember to say nothing to them—to anyone."

"I promise you," he answered, and they passed into the hall. While he was putting on his coat and thinking that a quick retreat would extricate him from the awkwardness of questions in the parlor, Mr. Steiner came out into the hall. "Going down town?" he asked.

"Only to the corner. I will take a car there," Pettit replied.

"Then I will walk with you that far," said Mr. Steiner, and with no word to the little woman who held out his hat to him, he followed Pettit into the street. "Thinking of joining the family?" he asked jocosely.

Pettit's answer was discouraging in its brevity, but his companion was not rebuffed. "Queer pair of little old maids," he remarked. "And really the place isn't very comfortable. But I've been there quite a while, about fifteen years, and I haven't the courage to break away. Too soft-hearted, I suppose."

Pettit mumbled something non-commital, and just then a car came along, which he boarded with Mr. Steiner's shout of "good-night" ringing in his ears.

The book was published. But first came many long evenings under the lamp in Pettit's room, the original manuscript beside him, a steadily growing pile of sheets of closely written note-paper in front of him. These were hours of tearing apart and of putting together again, of fierce enthusiasm and again of utter disgust. One thing baffled him to the end. Do what he might, her secret remained her own. In desperation he gave up the attempt to learn it, invented a motive, and worked the thing out along his own lines as best he might. It was a plausible motive, such a one as might well be the spring of a commonplace, colorless existence like hers. But he knew that her inspiration had been something else. If only he could have found it—this key-stone to her House of Dreams. As it was, he gave himself up to the writing of the story without reserve. The printers' proofs he read in person. It was a task, he explained to Miss Beasley, which he could perform to better advantage at the office. And she never suspected his design. When what was done was irrevocable and he laid before her the first copy of a slender volume bound in cool gray he had his reward.

She sat by his desk at the time, and for a minute afterward she did not stir or speak. Her eyes, bathed in a light which somehow was faintly reminiscent to Pettit, rested on the book, a little smile played about her mouth. But she seemed filled with a strange awe, and when she laid a hand upon the book, passing her finger-tips over its covers, it was timidly done—almost as if she believed the book impalpable, ready to dissolve at the touch. As it grew upon her that it was tangible, a real book—*her own*—her fingers closed upon it convulsively. Joy flooded her face. The next moment she had carried the book to her breast. Her head was bent over it, her lips were moving. No sound came from them, but Pettit understood that she was repeating to herself the title of the book and her own name—over and over again.

When at last she realized that she was not alone, still hugging the book, she held out a hand to him. Her eyes were shining through a mist of tears. She tried to say something to him; it ended in a quick little sob and a clutch at the book against her breast.

A month later book reviewers were asking, "Who is Elizabeth Beasley?" There was not much to tell them. But that made small difference. The book sold. It was not a literary sensation; it made no great stir. But people began to speak of it to one another, and it steadily gained readers. At the end of four months it had achieved a success which enabled Pettit to send a check of fair size to its author. With this went a personal note of congratulation. It was but the second time he had written to her since the book was published, and he had not seen or heard from her since that day. He believed he knew the reason. She had

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read the book, and it was to her as a house empty of a child—the child her own. This thought put Pettit in an ill humor—an ill humor with himself.

The same day that he despatched his note to her Pettit had a caller—a caller who followed so quickly the announcement of his name that there was no chance to escape him. He trod in heavily at the heels of the office boy, his hand outstretched, Pettit's name without the "Mr." before it on his lips.

"Suppose you've been wondering why I didn't show up sooner," he began, dropping into a chair and stretching out his legs. "I've been meaning to come ever since that night we met. But the fact is you fooled me for a while. I'll acknowledge it. Thought you really were hunting for a room—yes, I did, until I picked up a copy of the book yesterday and learned from Lizzie that selling books was your game. Had to worm it out of her—that's the truth, though you wouldn't think it. Once I found it out, I put two and two together—and here I am."

Pettit said that he saw as much, and neither his words nor his voice expressed any delight at the fact. While restraining the impluse to add that he was just then too busy to prolong the interview he was wondering what could be the immediate reason for this visit. Something besides the familiarity in his caller's manner irritated him inexpressibly.

Mr. Steiner for several minutes was content to indulge himself in reminiscent remarks upon the slight circumstances of their first meeting, and appeared to be disturbed not at all by the curt replies which he got. Finally, he came back to the explanation with which he had introduced himself, and then, after a pause which Pettit thought premonitory of withdrawal, he suddenly drew up his legs, and plumped out the question, "Look here, Pettit, about that book. How much do you figure it's going to bring in—in cold hard dollars—to Lizzie?"

Pettit was sharply aroused. "If you will pardon me," he replied, "that is a matter upon which I would prefer not to express an opinion. If I did, it would certainly be only to the two parties most interested in the question."

Mr. Steiner laughed boisterously. "Now that's what I call right funny," he declared. "Of course you have to be careful; I'm on to that. But it's funny that you should make such a remark to *me*. Who do you think are the parties most interested in this book?"

"I had supposed until this time," said Pettit with acid precision, "that those two parties were Miss Beasley and this company."

Again Mr. Steiner laughed. "Say, Pettit," he returned, "I've got a little surprise for you. You're a great fellow. Can't you imagine that somebody else might be just as much interested as you and Lizzie are? You can't? Well, someone else is."

"May I ask the name of this third party?" inquired Pettit, with difficulty contriving an even voice.

"You certainly can," Mr. Steiner answered. "And I'm the very fellow to tell you. For it's me. Yes, *me*. And the reason I'm interested is just this: I'm thinking of marrying the lady."

He threw himself back in the chair, shot out his legs at full length, and laughed louder than ever. Pettit's stare was one of complete amazement. And for an instant nothing but astonishment possessed him. Then, as the significance of the announcement grew upon him, his wrath blazed out in an oath.

Mr. Steiner's laughter died away, and he had opened his mouth to make a retort when Pettit began to speak. "Look here," he asked, "what did you mean when you said just now that you were thinking of marrying Miss Beasley?"

"Just what I said. We're engaged. Only got to fix the day. And that won't be put off long—now that Lizzie's book——"

He checked himself abruptly, but Pettit mentally supplied the words unspoken, and the reply on his own lips was not uttered. In a flash had come to him what he had sought for in vain for many weeks—the inspiration of a little woman's story of herself. The man before him was the hero of the unwritten chapter of her life. She loved him; Pettit was sure of that. And this had been her secret. Now it was a secret no longer; for she had stepped upon the threshold of her House of Dreams. And soon she would pass its portals to live in it and to find —what? The joys which she had hungered for and fed upon in fancy for so long? Or an empty shell, comfortless, roofless, falling about her ears?

Looking at the ungainly length lolling before him, the eyes dully fixed on Pettit's face, the mouth loosely opened in a grin,

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Pettit saw the House of Dreams already in ruins. This filled him with a great anger. It should not be. He would prevent it. But how?

Suddenly, he leaned forward in his chair and brought his hands smartly together. It was in his power to save her. He had only to tell the truth. To show the man before him, as he knew he could show him, that this book was not her book, that its success was much less than it seemed to be, that no other book could come from her to earn the dollars which were all that drew him to her. Once Steiner was convinced of this, he would never do what he was about to do, and she—would be saved. Saved? There Pettit's racing thoughts were brought to an abrupt halt. Saved for what? he asked himself. To recognize the danger she had escaped? To be content with that much? No. Only to realize that she would never know her dream fulfilled. And more cruel even than this, to realize that her happiness had been snatched from her at the very moment when she had begun to taste its sweetness.

Pettit's hands fell apart, his pose relaxed, and he looked away from Steiner and out across the green platform of the square. There, beneath the elms, children were playing, and down one of the walks toward him came a little woman, her figure drawn primly within the folds of a shawl, a gloved hand swinging a bag at her side. It might almost have been she. No, no, he could not deny her the one hour of joy which was surely hers. And so he waited until he felt that the wrath had passed from his face, then turned about.

"I've been thinking over what you asked me just now, Mr. Steiner," he said. "And in view of what you have told me, I don't feel justified in refusing the information. Miss Beasley's book is selling, as you know. I can see no reason why it should not continue to sell for some time to come. In the end, it should bring her a considerable amount in royalties."

THE TIDES OF BARNEGAT

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

XX—(*Continued*)

THE beach began filling up. The news of a shipwreck had spread with the rapidity of a thunder-shower. One crowd, denser in spots where the stronger men were breasting the wind, which was now happily on the wane, were moving from the village along the beach; others were stumbling on through the marshes. From the back country, along the road leading from the hospital, rattled a gig, the horse doing his utmost. In this were Doctor John and Jane. She had, contrary to his advice, remained at the hospital. The doctor had been awakened by the shouts of a fisherman, and had driven with all speed to the hospital to get his remedies and instruments. Jane had insisted upon accompanying him, although she had been up half the night with one of the sailors rescued the week before by the crew of No. 14. The early morning air—it was now seven o'clock—would do her good, she pleaded, and she might be of use if any one of the poor fellows needed a woman's care.

Farther down toward Beach Haven the sand was dotted with wagons and buggies; some filled with summer boarders anxious to see the crew at work. One used as the depot omnibus contained Max Feilding, Mrs. Wharton Boggs, and Lucy—anything to divert her mind—and half a dozen others. She had passed a sleepless night, and having been roused by the cries of those hurrying by, had thrown a heavy cloak around her and opening wide the piazza door, had caught sight of the doomed vessel fighting for its life.

With the change of wind and tide predicted by Captain Holt, the wreckage from

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the grounded schooner began to come ashore —crates of vegetables, barrels of groceries, and boxes filled with canned goods. Some of these were smashed into splinters by end-on collisions with cord-wood; others had dodged the floatage and were landed high on the beach.

During the enforced idleness Tod occupied himself in rolling away from the back-suck of the surf the drift that came ashore. Being nearest a stranded crate he dragged it clear and stood bending over it, reading the inscription. With a start he beckoned to Parks, the nearest man to him, tore the card from the wooden slat, and held it before the surfman's face.

"What's this? Read! That's the *Polly Walters* out there, I tell ye; and the captain's son's aboard! I've been suspicionin' it all the mornin'. That's him with the slouch hat. I knowed he warn't no sailor from the way he acted. Don't say nothin' till we're sure."

Parks dodged a stick of cord-wood that drove straight at him like a battering-ram and, watching his chance, dragged a floating keg from the smother, rolled it clear of the surf, turned it on end, and took a similar card from its head. Then he shouted with all his might:

"It's the *Polly*, men! It's the *Polly* —the *Polly Walters!* O, God, ain't that too bad! Captain Ambrose's drownded, or we'd a-seen him! That feller in the slouch hat is Bart Holt! Gimme that line!" He was stripping off his waterproofs ready for a plunge into the sea.

As the words fell from his lips Captain Holt made a spring from the dune and came running toward Parks, who was now knotting the shot-line about his waist. He had heard the shouts of the crowd repeating Parks's cry.

"What do you say she is?" the captain shouted, straining his eyes toward the wreckage.

"The *Polly*—the *Polly Walters!*"

"My God! How do ye know? She ain't left Amboy, I tell ye!"

"She has! That's her—see them kerds! They come off that stuff behind ye. Archie got one and I got t'other!" and he held the bits of cardboard under the rim of the captain's sou'-wester.

Captain Holt snatched the cards from Parks's hand, read them at a glance, and a dazed, horror-stricken expression crossed his face. Then his eye fell upon Parks knotting the shot-line about his waist.

"Take that off! Stay where ye are, Parks—don't ye move, I tell ye."

As the words dropped from the captain's lips a horrified shout went up from the bystanders. The wreck with a crunching sound, was being lifted from the sand. She rose steadily, staggered for an instant, and dropped out of sight; she had broken amidships. With the recoil two ragged bunches showed above the white wash of the water. On one fragment—a splintered mast—crouched the man with the slouch hat; to the other clung the two sailors. The next instant a great roller, gathering strength as it came, threw itself full length on both fragments and swept on. Only wreckage was left now, and one head.

The captain ripped a line from the drum of the cart, and with a cry to the men to stand by and catch the slack, dragged off his high boots, knotted the bight around his waist, and started on a run for the surf.

As his stockinged feet reached the edge of the foam, Archie darted after him, seized the captain around the waist and held him with a grip of steel.

"You sha'n't do it!" he cried, his eyes blazing. "Hold him, men—I'll get him!" and with the bound of a cat he landed in the middle of the floatage, dived under the logs, rose on the boiling surf, worked himself clear of the inshore wreckage, and struck out in the direction of the man clinging to the shattered mast, and who was now nearing the beach, whirled on by the in-rushing seas.

Strong men held their breath, tears brimming their eyes. Captain Holt stood irresolute, dazed for the moment by Archie's danger. The beach-women—Mrs. Fogarty among them—were wringing their hands. They knew the risk better than the others.

Jane, at Archie's plunge, had run down to the edge of the surf and stood with tight-clenched fingers, her gaze fixed on the lad's head as he breasted the breakers—her face white as death, the tears running from her eyes. Fear for the boy she loved, pride in his pluck and courage, agony over the result of the rescue, all swept through her as she strained her eyes seaward.

Lucy, Max, and Mrs. Boggs were huddled together under the lee of the dune.

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Drawn by George Wright.

The Captain started up the dune with the bedraggled body of the unconscious man.

—"The Tides of Barnegat."

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Lucy's eyes were staring straight ahead of her; her teeth chattering with fear and cold. She had heard the shouts of Parks and the captain, and knew whose life was at stake. There was no hope left; Archie would win and pull him out alive, and her end would come.

The crowd watched the lad until his hand touched the mast, saw him pull himself hand over hand along its slippery surface and reach out his arms. Then a cheer went up from a hundred throats, and as instantly died away in a moan of terror. Behind, towering over them like a huge wall, came a wave of black water, solemn, merciless, uncrested, as if bent on deadly revenge. Under its impact the shattered end of the mast rose clear of the water, tossed about as if in agony, veered suddenly with the movement of a derrick boom, and with its living freight dashed headlong into the boil of cord-wood.

As it ploughed through the outer drift and reached the inner line of wreckage, Tod, whose eyes had never left Archie since his leap into the surf, made a running jump from the sand, landed on a tangle of drift, and sprang straight at the section of the mast to which Archie clung. The next instant the surf rolled over the three, submerging them in the tumble.

Another ringing order now rose above the roar of the waters, and a chain of rescuing surfmen—the last resort—with Captain Nat at the head dashed into the turmoil.

It was a hand-to-hand fight now with death. At the first onslaught of the battery of wreckage Polhemus was knocked breathless by a blow in the stomach and rescued by the bystanders just as a log was curling over him. Green was hit by a surging crate and Mulligan only saved from the crush of the cord-wood by the quickness of a fisherman. Morgan, watching his chance, sprang clear of a tangle of barrels and cord-wood, dashed into the narrow gap of open water, and grappling Tod as he whirled past, twisted his fingers in Archie's waistband. Here the three were pounced upon by a relay of fishermen led by Tod's father and dragged from under the crunch and surge of the smother. Both Tod and Morgan were unhurt and scrambled to their feet as soon as they gained the hard sand, but Archie lay insensible where the men had dropped him, his body limp, his feet crumpled under him.

All this time the man in the slouch hat was being swirled in the hell of wreckage, the captain meanwhile holding to the human chain with one hand and fighting with the other until he reached the half drowned man, whose grip had slipped from the crate to which he clung. As the two were shot in toward the beach, Green, who had recovered his breath, dodged the recoil, sprang straight for them, threw the captain a line, which he caught, dashed back and dragged the two high up on the beach, the captain's arm still tightly locked about the rescued man.

A dozen hands were held out to relieve the captain of his burden, but he only waved them away.

"I'll take care of him!" he gasped in a voice almost gone from buffeting the waves, as the body slipped from his arms to the wet sand. "Git out of the way, all of you!"

Once on his feet, he stood for an instant to catch his breath, wrung the grime from his ears with his stiff fingers, and then shaking the water from his shoulders as a dog would after a plunge, passed his great arms once more under the bedraggled body of the unconscious man and started up the dune, the water dripping from both their wet bodies. Only once did he pause, and then only to shout:

"Green,—Mulligan! Go back, some o' ye, and git Archie. He's hurt bad. Quick, now! And one o' ye bust in them doors. And Polhemus,—pull some coats off that crowd and a shawl or two from them women if they can spare 'em, and find Doctor John, some o' ye! D'ye hear! *Doctor John!*"

A dozen coats were stripped from as many backs, a shawl of Mrs. Fogarty's handed to Polhemus, the doors burst in and Uncle Isaac lunging in, tumbled the garments on the floor. On these the captain, with the assistance of the surfmen, laid the body of the rescued man.

While this was being done another procession was approaching the house. Tod and Parks were carrying Archie's unconscious form, the water dripping from his clothing. Tod had his hands under the boy's armpits and Parks carried his feet. Behind the three walked Jane, half supported by the doctor.

"Dead!" she moaned. "Oh, no—no—no, John; it cannot be! Not my Archie! my brave Archie!"

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The captain heard the tramp of the men's feet on the board floor of the runway outside and rose to his feet. He had been kneeling beside the form of the rescued man. His face was knotted with the agony he had passed through, his voice still thick and hoarse from battling with the sea.

"What's that she says?" he cried, straining his ears to catch Jane's words. "What's that? Archie dead! No! T'ain't so, is it, doctor?"

Doctor John, his arm still supporting Jane, shook his head gravely and pointed to his own forehead:

"It's all over, captain," he said in a broken voice. "Skull fractured."

"Hit with them logs! Archie! Oh, my God! And this man ain't much better off—he ain't hardly breathin'. See for yerself, doctor. Here, Tod, lay Archie on these coats. Move back that boat, men, to give 'em room, and push them stools out of the way. Oh Miss Jane, maybe it ain't true, maybe he'll come round! I've seen 'em this way more'n a dozen times. Here, let's get these wet clo'es off 'em." He dropped between the two limp, soggy bodies and began tearing open the shirt from the man's chest. Jane, who had thrown herself in a passion of grief on the water-soaked floor beside Archie, commenced wiping the dead boy's face with her handkerchief, smoothing the short wet curls from his forehead as she wept.

The man's shirt and collar loosened, Captain Holt pulled the slouch hat from his head, wrenched the wet shoes loose, wrapped the cold feet in the dry shawl, and began tucking the pile of coats closer about the man's shoulders that he might rest the easier. For a moment he looked intently at the pallid face smeared with ooze and grime, and then stepped to where Archie lay stretched on the floor, Tod now crouched beside him. The young surfman's strong body was shaking with the sobs he could no longer restrain.

"It's rough, Tod," said the captain, in a choking voice, which grew clearer as he talked on. "Almighty rough on ye and on all of us. You did what you could—ye risked yer life for him, and there ain't nobody kin do more. I wouldn't send ye out again, but there's work to do. Them two men of Cap'n Ambrose's is drownded, and they'll come ashore some'er's near the inlet, and you and Parks better hunt 'em up. They live up to Barnegat, ye know, and their folks'll be wantin' 'em." It was strange how calm he was. His sense of duty was now controlling him.

Tod had raised himself to his feet when the captain had begun to speak and stood with his wet sou'-wester in his hand.

"Been like a brother to me," was all he said, as he brushed the tears from his eyes and went to join Parks.

The captain watched Tod's retreating figure for a moment, and bending again over Archie's corpse, stood gazing at the dead face, his hands folded across his girth—as one does when watching a body being slowly lowered into a grave.

"I loved ye, boy," Jane heard him say between her sobs, "I loved ye! You knowed it, boy. I hoped to tell ye so out loud so everybody could hear. Now they'll never know."

Straightening himself up, he walked firmly to the open door about which the people pressed, held back by the line of surfmen headed by Polhemus, and calmly surveyed the crowd. Close to the opening, trying to press her way in to Jane, was Lucy. Behind her stood Max Feilding and Mrs. Wharton Boggs.

"Friends," said the captain, in a low, restrained voice, every trace of his grief and excitement gone, "I've got to ask ye to git considerable way back and keep still. We got Doctor John here and Miss Jane, and there ain't nothin' ye kin do. When there is I'll call ye. Polhemus, you and Green see this order is obeyed."

Again he hesitated, then raising his eye over the group nearest the door, he beckoned to Lucy, pushed her in ahead of him, caught the swinging doors in his hands, and shut them tight. This done, he again dropped on his knees beside the now breathing man.

XXI

THE CLAW OF THE SEA-PUSS

WITH the closing of the doors the murmur of the crowd, the dull glare of the gray sky, and the thrash of the wind were shut out. The only light in the House of Refuge now came from the two small windows, one above the form of the suffering man and the other behind the dead body of Archie.

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Jane's head was close to the boy's chest, her sobs coming from between her hands, held before her face. The shock of Archie's death had robbed her of all her strength. Lucy knelt beside her, her shoulder resting against a pile of cordage. Every now and then she would steal a furtive glance around the room—at the boat, at the rafters overhead, at the stove with its pile of kindling—and a slight shudder would pass through her. She had forgotten nothing of the past, nor of the room in which she crouched. Every scar and stain stood out as clear and naked as those on some long-buried wreck dug from shifting sands by a change of tide.

A few feet away the doctor was stripping the wet clothes from the rescued man and piling the dry coats over him to warm him back to life. His emergency bag, handed in by Polhemus through the crack of the closed doors, had been opened, a bottle selected, and some spoonfuls of brandy forced down the sufferer's throat. He saw that the sea-water had not harmed him; it was the cord-wood and wreckage that had crushed the breath out of him. In confirmation he pointed to a thin streak of blood oozing from one ear. The captain nodded, and continued chafing the man's hands—working with the skill of a surfman over the water-soaked body. Once he remarked in a half-whisper—so low that Jane could not hear him:

"I ain't sure yet, doctor. I thought it was Bart when I grabbed him fust, but he looks kind o' different from what I expected to see him. If it's him he'll know me when he comes to. I ain't changed so much maybe. I'll rub his feet now," and he kept on with his work of resuscitation.

Lucy's straining ears had caught the captain's words of doubt, but they gave her no hope. She had recognized at the first glance the man of all others in the world she feared most. His small ears, the way the hair grew on the temples, the bend of the neck and slope from the chin to the throat. No—she had no misgivings. These features had been part of her life—had been constantly before her since the hour Jane had told her of Bart's expected return. Her time had come; nothing could save her. He would regain consciousness, just as the captain had said, and would open those awful hollow eyes and would look at her, and then that dreadful mouth, with its thin, ashen lips, would speak to her, and she could deny nothing. She had not told Max—not even that the captain's son was expected home; it would all come as a shock to him, and when he asked her if it was true she could only bow her head.

She dared not look at Archie—she could not. All her injustice to him and to Jane: her abandonment of him when a baby; her neglect of him since, her selfish life of pleasure; her triumph over Max—all came into review, one picture after another, like the unrolling of a chart. Even while her hand was on Jane's shoulder, and while comforting words fell from her lips, her mind and eyes were fixed on the face of the man whom the doctor was slowly bringing back to life.

Not that her sympathy was withheld from Archie and Jane. It was her terror that dominated her—a terror that froze her blood and clogged her veins and dulled every sensibility and emotion. She was like one lowered into a grave beside a corpse upon which every moment the earth would fall, entombing the living with the dead.

The man groaned and turned his head, as if in pain. A convulsive movement of the lips and face followed, and then the eyes partly opened.

Lucy clutched at the coil of rope, staggered to her feet, and braced herself for the shock. He would rise now, and begin staring about, and then he would recognize her. The captain knew what was coming; he was even now planning in his mind the details of the horrible plot of which Jane had told her!

Captain Holt stooped closer and peered under the half-closed lids.

"Brown eyes," she heard him mutter to himself, "just 's the Swede told me." She knew their color; they had looked into her own too often.

Doctor John felt about with his hand and drew a small package of letters from inside the man's shirt. They were tied with a string and soaked with salt water. This he handed to the captain.

The captain pulled them apart and examined them carefully.

"It's him," he said with a start, "it's Bart! It's all plain now. Here's my letter," and he held it up. "See the printing at the top—'Life Saving Service'? And here's some more—they're all stuck together.

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Wait! here's one—fine writing." Then his voice dropped so that only the doctor could hear: "Ain't that signed 'Lucy'? Yes—'Lucy'—and it's an old one."

The doctor waved the letters away and again laid his hand on the sufferer's chest, keeping it close to his heart. The captain bent nearer. Jane, who, crazed with grief, had been caressing Archie's cold cheeks, lifted her head as if aware of the approach of some crisis, and turned to where the doctor knelt beside the rescued man. Lucy leaned forward with straining eyes and ears.

The stillness of death fell upon the small room. Outside could be heard the pound and thrash of the surf and the moan of the gale; no human voice—men and women were talking in whispers. One soul had gone to God and another life hung by a thread.

The doctor raised his finger.

The man's face twitched convulsively, the lids opened wider, there came a short, inward gasp, and the jaw dropped.

"He's dead," said the doctor, and rose to his feet. Then he took his handkerchief from his pocket and laid it over the dead man's face.

As the words fell from his lips Lucy caught at the wall and with an almost hysterical cry of joy, threw herself into Jane's arms.

The captain leaned back against the lifeboat and for some moments his eyes were fixed on the body of his dead son.

"I ain't never loved nothin' all my life, doctor," he said, his voice choking, "that it didn't go that way."

Doctor John made no reply except with his eyes. Silence is ofttimes more sympathetic than the spoken word. He was putting his remedies back into his bag so that he might join Jane again. The captain continued:

"All I've got is gone now—the wife, Archie, and now Bart. I counted on these two. Bad day's work, doctor—bad day's work." Then in a firm tone, "I'll open the doors now and call in the men; we got to git these two bodies up to the station, and then we'll get 'em home somehow."

Instantly all Lucy's terror returned. An unaccountable, unreasoning panic took possession of her. All her past again rose before her. She feared the captain now more than she had Bart. Crazed over the loss of his son he would blurt out everything. Max would hear and know—know about Archie and Bart and all her life!

Springing to her feet, maddened with an undefinable terror, she caught the captain's hand as he reached out for the fastenings of the door.

"Don't—don't tell them who he is! Promise me you won't tell them anything! Say it's a stranger! You are not sure it's he—I heard you say so!"

"Not say it's my own son! Why?" He was entirely unconscious of what was in her mind.

Jane had risen to her feet at the note of agony in Lucy's voice and had stepped to her side as if to protect her. The doctor stood listening in amazement to Lucy's outbreak. He knew her reasons, and was appalled at her rashness.

"No! Don't—*don't!*" Lucy was looking up into the captain's face now, all her terror in her eyes.

"Why, I can't see what good that'll do!" For the moment he thought that the excitement had turned her head. "Isaac Polhemus 'll know him," he continued, "soon's he sets his eyes on him. And even if I was mean enough to do it, which I ain't, these letters would tell. They've got to go to the Superintendent 'long with everything else found on bodies. Your name's on some o' 'em and mine's on some others. We'll git 'em ag'in, but not till Gov'ment sees 'em."

These were the letters which had haunted her!

"They're mine! Give them to me!" she cried, seizing the captain's fingers and trying to twist the letters from his grasp.

A frown gathered on the captain's brow and his voice had an ugly ring in it:

"But I tell ye the Superintendent's got to have 'em for a while. That's regulations, and that's what we carry out. They ain't goin' to be lost—you'll git 'em ag'in."

"He sha'n't have them, I tell you!" Her voice rang with something of her old imperious tone. "Nobody shall have them. They're mine—not yours—nor his. Give them——"

"And break my oath!" interrupted the captain. For the first time he realized what her outburst meant and what inspired it.

"What difference does that make in a matter like this? Give them to me! You dare not keep them," she cried, tightening her fingers in the effort to wrench the letters

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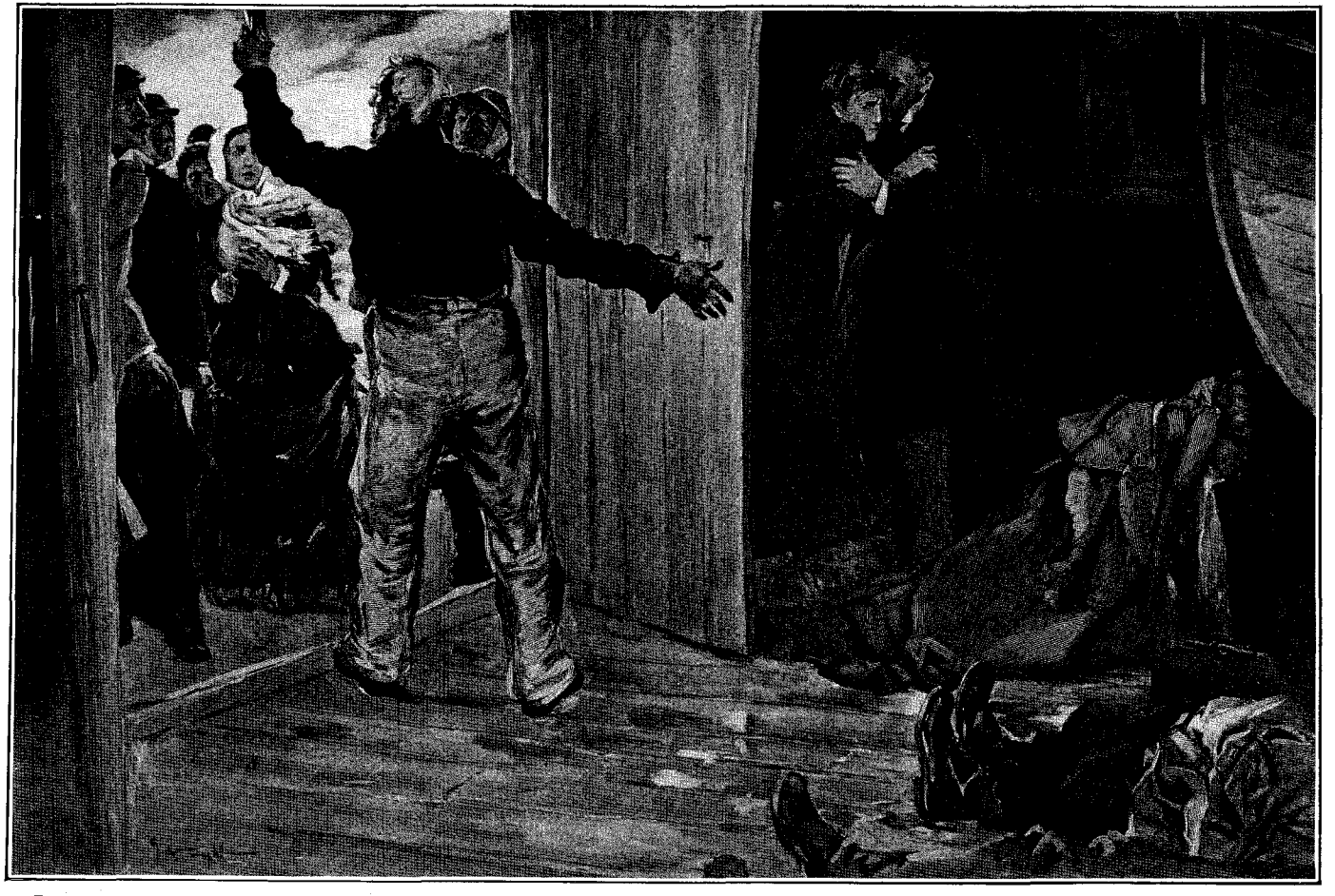

Drawn by George Wright.

"Come in, men!" he shouted.

—"The Tides of Barnegat."

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from his hand. "Sister—doctor—speak to him! Make him give them to me—I will have them!"

The captain released his brawny hand as easily as a child would brush aside a flower. His lips were tight shut, his eyes flashing.

"You want me to lie to the department?"

"Yes!" She was now beside herself with fear and rage. "I don't care who you lie to! You brute—you coward— I want them! I will have them!" and again she made a spring for the letters.

"See here, you she-devil. Look at me!" the words came in cold, cutting tones. "You're the only thing, livin' or dead, that ever dared ask Nathaniel Holt to do a thing like that. And you think I'd do it to oblige ye? You're rotten as punk—that's what ye are! Rotten from yer keel to yer top-gallant! and allus have been since I knowed ye!"

Jane started forward and faced the now enraged man.

"You must not, captain—you *shall* not speak to my sister that way!" she commanded.

The doctor stepped between them: "You forget that she is a woman. I forbid you to——"

"I will, I tell ye! It's true, and you know it, doctor." The captain's voice now dominated the room.

"That's no reason why you should abuse her, captain. You're too much of a man to act as you do."

"It's because I'm a man that I do act this way. She's done nothin' but bring trouble to this town ever since she landed in it from school nigh twenty year ago. Druv out that dead boy of mine lyin' there, and made a tramp of him; throwed Archie off on Miss Jane; lied to the man who married her, and been livin' a lie ever since. And now she wants me to break my oath! Damn her!"

The doctor laid his hand over the captain's mouth. "Stop! And I mean it!" His own calm eyes were flashing now. "This is not the place for a talk of this kind. We are in the presence of death, and——"

The captain caught the doctor's wrist and held it like a vice.

"I won't stop. I'll have it out— I've lived all the lies I'm goin' to live! I told you fifteen year ago when I thought Bart was dead, and you wanted me to keep shut, and I did, and you did too, and you ain't never opened your mouth since. That's because you're a man—all four square sides of ye. You didn't want to hurt Miss Jane, and no more did I. That's why I passed Archie there in the street; that's why I turned round and looked after him when I couldn't see sometimes for the tears in my eyes; and all to save that *thing* there that ain't worth savin'! By God, when I think of it I want to tear my tongue out for keepin' still as long as I have!"

Lucy, who had shrunk back against the wall, now raised her head:

"Coward! Coward!" she muttered.

The captain turned and faced her, his eyes blazing, his rage uncontrollable;

"Yes, you're a *thing*, I tell ye!—and I'll say it ag'in. I used to think it was Bart's fault. Now I know it warn't. It was yours. You tricked him, damn ye! Do ye hear? Ye tricked him with yer lies and yer ways. Now they're over—there'll be no more lies—not while I live! I'm goin' to strip ye to bare poles so's folks 'round here kin see. Git out of my way—all of ye! Out of my way, I tell ye!"

The doctor had stepped in front of the infuriated man, his back to the closed door, his open palm upraised.

"I will not, and you shall not!" he cried. "What you are about to do is ruin—for Lucy, for Jane, and for little Ellen. You cannot—you shall not put such a stain upon that child. You love her, you——"

"Yes—too well to let that woman touch her ag'in if I kin help it!" The fury of the merciless sea was in him now—the roar and pound of the surf in his voice. "She'll be a curse to the child all her days; she'll go back on her when she's a mind to just as she did on Archie. There ain't a dog that runs the streets that would 'a' done that. She didn't keer then, and she don't keer now, with him a-lyin' dead there. She ain't looked at him once nor shed a tear. It's too late. Out of my way, I tell ye, doctor, or I'll hurt ye! All hell can't stop me!"

With a wrench he swung back the doors and flung himself into the light.

"Come in, men!" he shouted. "Isaac, Green—all of ye—and you over there! I got something to say, and I don't want ye to miss a word of it! You too, Mr. Feilding, and that lady with ye—and everybody else that kin hear!

"That's my son, Barton Holt, lyin' there

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dead! The one I druv out o' here nigh twenty years ago. It warn't for playin' cards, but on account of a woman; and there she stands—Lucy Cobden! That boy beside him is their child—my own grandson, Archie! Out of respect to the best woman that ever lived, Miss Jane Cobden, I've kep' still. If anybody ain't satisfied all they got to do is to look over these letters"— and he held them up—"and after the Superintendent gits through with 'em and they come back to me anybody that's got a right to kin read 'em! That's all!"

Lucy, with a wild, despairing look at Max, had sunk to the floor and lay cowering beneath the life-boat, her face hidden in the folds of her cloak.

Jane had shrunk back behind one of the big folding doors and stood concealed from the gaze of the astonished crowd, many of whom were pressing into the entrance. Her head was on the doctor's shoulder, her fingers tight hold of his sleeve. Doctor John's arms were about her frail figure, his lips close to her cheek.

"Don't, dear—don't," he said softly. "You have nothing to reproach yourself with. Your life has been one long sacrifice."

"Oh, but Archie, John! Think of my boy being gone! Oh, I loved him so, John!"

"You made a man of him, Jane. All he was he owed to you." He was holding her to him—comforting her as a father would a child.

"And my poor Lucy," Jane moaned on, "and the awful, awful disgrace!" Her face was still hidden in his shoulder, her frame shaking with the agony of her grief, the words coming slowly, as if wrung one by one out of her breaking heart.

"You did your duty, dear—all of it." His lips were close to her ear. No one else heard.

"And you knew it all these years, John—and you did not tell me?"

"It was your secret, dear; not mine."

"Yes, I know—but I have been so blind—so foolish. I have hurt you so often, and you have been so true through it all. O, John, please—please forgive me! My heart has been so sore at times—I have suffered so!"

Then, with a quick lifting of her head, as if the thought alarmed her, she asked in sudden haste:

"And you love me, John, just the same? Say you love me, John!"

He gathered her closer, and his lips touched her cheek:

"I never remember, my darling, when I did not love you. Have you ever doubted me?"

"No, John no! Never, never! Kiss me again, my beloved. You are all I have in the world!"

THE END.

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MUSIC AT TWILIGHT

By Richard Watson Gilder

I

Oh, give me music in the twilight hour!
Then, skilled musician, thou of the magic power,
Summon the souls of masters long since gone
Who through thine art live on!

As the day dies I would once more respire
The passion of that spirit whose keen fire
Flashes and flames in yearning and unrest
And never-ending quest.

Or listen to the quick, electric tones,
Or moods of majesty, of him who owns
The secret of the thrill that shakes the earth
And moves the stars in mirth.

And I would walk the shore of sound with him
Whose voice was as the voice of cherubim:
Musician most authentic and sublime
Of all the sons of time.

Bring their deep joys, the breath of solitudes,
Dear dreams and longings, and high, hero-moods;
Aye, bring me their melodious despairs
To die in twilight airs.

For, given a rhythmic voice, re-uttered so,
Sorrow itself is lost in the large flow
Of nature, and of life is made such part
As doth enrich the heart.

And on the tide of music, to my soul
Shall enter beauty's solace—life be whole,
Not broken by chords discordant, but most sweet,
In sequent tones complete.

II

Great is the true interpreter, for like
No other art, two sentient souls must strike
The spark of music that in blackness lies
'Mid silent harmonies,

Till, at a cunning touch, the long-lost theme,
Newly imagined, and new-born in dream,
Clothed gloriously in garment of sweet sound,
Wakes from its darkened swound.

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So would I ask, musician, of thy grace
That thou wouldst bless and sanctify the place
With august harmonies, well-loved of old;
But from thy manifold

Miraculous memory fail not of thine own
Imaginings enraptured of pure tone;
That I may nearer draw to music's shrine
And mystery divine.

CARMELINA'S CARABINIERE

By Julian Street

ILLUSTRATIONS BY S. IVANOWSKI

ADELAIDE was a trifle shaky about keeping house in Capri, chiefly owing to our ignorance of Italian, but I promised not to be critical, and agreed that if the worst came to the worst we could get American canned things from Morgano's—we call it J. P. Morgano's—and live on them.

However, we secured the services of an Italian teacher, and in a few weeks Adelaide felt that we knew enough to scrape along.

"But I wish he'd teach us more about knives and forks and meats and vegetables," she said, "instead of words like 'honor,' and 'truth,' and 'honesty,' and 'pope.' I'm sure we will use knives and forks more than honor and truth and honesty."

How little we know when the odd bits of knowledge we acquire are to serve us in good stead. We were to need 'honor,' 'truth,' and 'honesty' much sooner than we thought. 'Pope,' I will admit, we have not yet had a chance to utilize, yet who can say when we may be called upon?

The house was a gem set in the green hillside on the way to the ruins of Tiberius's Villa Jovis. Its garden is famed in Capri, and is pictured on postal cards which Donna Lucia sells to the tourists who come daily from Naples and Sorrento, on the little steamer, and go away again in the afternoon, fondly imagining they've seen the island.

Four servants went with the villa, making us feel very grand. In New York we have managed it with one; never have we had more than two. Besides, the New York servants haven't such impressive names. Instead of the conventional Annie or Delia or Maggie, we now found ourselves being ministered to by Jovenina, Carmelina, and Teresina. We never had a man-servant before, but in New York the janitor's name was Gus. Now, lo and behold! we had a chef wearing white apron, coat, and cap, and rejoicing in the name of Archangelo. The wages of all four came to one dollar more per month than we had paid our cook at home.

Jovenina was intelligent. She understood a little English, when she wanted to, and she knew that Americans liked fires in their rooms and hot-water bottles in their beds. She made beds wonderfully, so that they stayed made, and she went about her work in soft-soled slippers and kept things neat and trim.

Carmelina's duties were principally downstairs. She was quite as neat as Jovenina, though not so clever, we thought. Of all the servants she was most pleasing to the eye. Indeed, Adelaide and I used to watch her at her work for the sheer joy of seeing her. As she went about, dust-cloth in hand, she suggested a gazelle putting its forest home to rights. We used to argue about Carmelina, Adelaide averring that she would look best singing in a tree-top, whereas I fancied her a nymph or dryad on whom a huntsman might come suddenly in some deep, mysterious wood. Even Adelaide admitted that clothes had no proper place on Carmelina.

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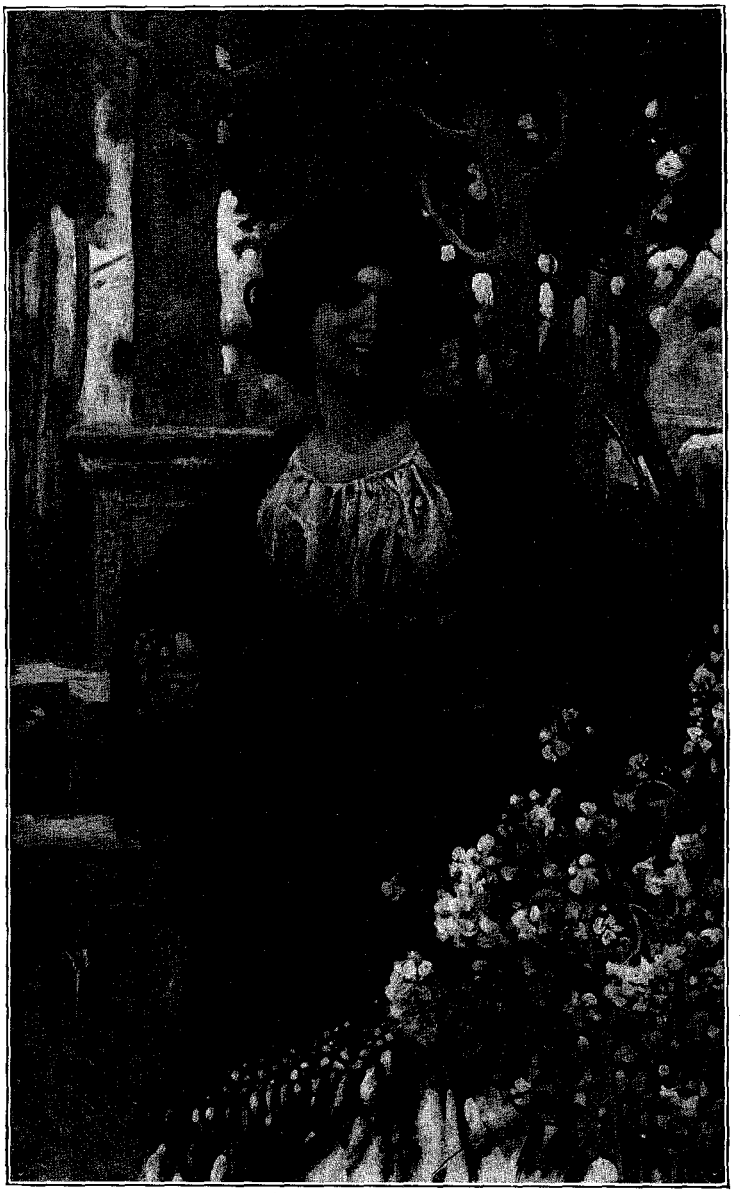

Carmelina.

One could not call our Teresina beautiful, but what she lacked in looks she made up in strength. Hers was the heavy work. She carried monstrous baskets full of wood up to the rooms upon her head, juggling them with astounding ease. In the same manner she brought huge flasks of wine from the piazza to the villa. Her movements were ungraceful, excepting when she had some such impedimenta on her head. Then there came an easy swing that gave her charm and dignity.

As for Archangelo, I saw him little, but I ate his dishes much, dreading the day when I should have to leave them. It seemed incredible that a boy of his years could have mastered so completely the culinary art.

Kind American friends, more experienced than Adelaide in the ways of the Italian servant, gave her freely from their store

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of wisdom, saving her no end of trouble. Thus she learned how much things cost, so that Archangelo could not deceive her with his marketing accounts—the national pastime of Italian chefs who work for foreigners. She also knew the wisdom of keeping candles, matches, tea, and sweets locked up when not in use, to prevent their taking wing mysteriously.

Money, jewelry, and the like were usually quite safe, we were told, the peculations of Italian servants not running in the direction of large stealings, but only toward petty thefts—unimportant and almost laughable. True, we did not like the idea of their stealing from us at all, but this, we were assured, could not be entirely prevented. So we settled down to a comfortable life of not worrying over what we did not know about, and at the end of the first week Adelaide admitted that she found housekeeping far easier in Italy than in New York. So little was she occupied with her duties of superintendence that she found time to interest herself at once in the sights of Capri and in quiet observation of the natives—especially our servants. Soon she began to give me interesting bits of gossip concerning them. Archangelo had been assistant chef at the Hotel Quisisana. His father was a fine old man who had been to South America, but who was devoting his old age to acting as the works of the clock in the piazza. It was he who rang those many, many bells we heard and puzzled over. Some forty rapid, high-pitched bells at eighteen minutes before one; seven bells of deeper tone at six minutes after three, and so on. Adelaide had asked Archangelo to explain these seeming irregularities, and had learned that the bells were only intended to approximate the hour; that his father was old and occasionally forgot, and rang too little or too much; also, that he was but a man, and that hunger sometimes came gnawing at his vitals at, say, quarter before twelve, whereupon he rang for twelve o'clock and wandered home to his spaghetti. His appetite also accounted for occasional delays in the bell for one o'clock. Suppose Archangelo's mother was late in the cooking of the midday meal? Could his father return to the piazza without his luncheon? And what does a quarter of an hour matter, after all? In Capri it is truly *dolce far niente*.

Adelaide also discovered that Carmelina was betrothed. The idea of seeing a pretty Capri love story enacted here before our eyes engaged us both immensely. It seems that upon entering the kitchen one evening my wife had come upon a dashing carabiniere whom we had seen in the piazza—gay uniform, cocked hat, revolver, sword, and all. Later she had found him there again, and on inquiring had learned that he was a favored suitor for Carmelina's hand. Carmelina said his name was Luigi; that he was a great and good man—the terror of all evildoers in Capri—and that she had been smiled on by the Virgin on the day when Luigi first observed her, for it was not every girl who could hope to become the bride of a carabiniere. We were so fascinated by this frank avowal that we spent the evening planning things to do for Carmelina when she married.

One Sunday I met them coming together from mass, Carmelina decked in her best silk scarf, and looking radiantly happy; Luigi spectacular in his uniform. I was proud indeed to be saluted by this being of black mustache and flashing eye, for no field-marshal could have been more splendid.

Another time I chanced upon them in the evening. It was in the little stone-walled via—the short cut from the piazza. I heard voices coming toward me singing the aria from "La Boheme," and when I met the singers, just around the corner, I discovered them to be Carmelina and Luigi strolling gayly home. Fancy Annie or Maggie coming through West Eightieth Street of a summer's night, hand and hand with her policeman, and singing "La Boheme"!

When I told Adelaide of this she became more than ever fond of Carmelina, and a few days later she informed me that Carmelina knew "I Pagliacci," too, and had hummed it sweetly at her work, while upstairs Jovenina had given a snatch of "Tosca," as she made the beds. Ah! if Katie could have hummed Italian opera! But Katie never hummed. She sang occasionally in raucous tones when I was trying hard to concentrate upon my work. That I remember. On Mondays she would sometimes accompany herself upon the wash-board with "Tam-manee!" and while getting dinner she occasionally rendered "Every morn I bring thee viluts." She learned both these gems through the wall,

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where, in the next apartment, lived a large and—if you like that sort—rather handsome widow and her mechanical piano-player. But I digress.

Things went on nicely at our villa, even though my safety-matches vanished faster than they should, and the tea was sometimes weak, suggesting that not all that Adelaide doled out had found its way into the pot. Likewise, my cigars and cigarettes made off, and the jam and honey that we had for breakfast evaporated strangely.

Hers was the heavy work.—Page 241.

It was difficult for Adelaide to bring herself to the point of intruding such vulgar matters upon the minds of these soft-eyed souls surrounding us. When one has picturesque Italian servants who sing grand-opera arias one should not be too finicky, she told me. But at last she mustered her Italian and her courage, and spoke to the four of honor and truth and honesty, very nearly saying "pope," as well, so pleased she was with finding uses for her pent-up knowledge.

Adelaide assured me that the peculations abated after this, and when I began surmising which of our four had taken things she declined to discuss the question—I think she feared I might cast doubt on the integrity of her two song-birds. Could Carmelina sing "I Pagliacci" while, with the other hand, so to speak, she pocketed a box of matches? Could Jovenina put our honey into the mouth that chanted "Tosca"? He must be an ugly pessimist, indeed, who could harbor such suspicions.

One night the soup was weak, and Adelaide, upon investigation, found that the father of Archangelo, ignoring the bell for six o'clock, had called and naïvely eaten up the soup-meat. This, coupled with the fact that we had never heard Archangelo sing Italian opera, brought doubt upon him, and anything that disappeared thereafter added, in my wife's eyes, to the blackness of his character. A chef whose father would gobble up our soup-meat would not stop at anything, she told me. Knowing full well that Adelaide revelled in his productions no less than I did, I felt safe in suggesting that we immediately dismiss the offender.

"Oh, I don't think we'd better do that," she hastened to reply. "You see we might get another who was worse, and besides that compote he makes is so good; and the timbale; and umm! the zabiaone!"

"No doubt you're right," I said. After all, Adelaide is the housekeeper, not I.

An American dish dear to my heart was served at luncheon the next day. Adelaide had shown Archangelo how to make it. I shall not tell you what it really was, but he called it "corna beef lash." After partaking of it I told Adelaide that I was sure she was right in retaining Archangelo.

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We had been keeping house two months when the first serious annoyance came. Adelaide missed a sum of money amounting to some sixty lira. She was sure she had put it in the trunk, but Adelaide sometimes forgets, and I was loath to believe that any of our four would deliberately unlock and steal. The removal of tea, matches, sweets, and the like is only "taking," in the eyes of most Italian servants, but to filch more valuable things is stealing, just as it is in other countries. The disappearance of money was a serious matter—so serious that we chose to believe that the mistake had been with us. So we did not put it to the servants as a theft, but rather as a loss. They helped us hunt, seeming excited at the largeness of the sum. No trace of it was found, however.

A few days later came another discord; one which affected Adelaide's tender heart, disturbing her far more than the matter of the money had. The course of Carmelina's love affair did not run smooth. When Adelaide broke this news to me there was a fire in her eye which would have overawed the resplendent Luigi had he seen it. She had the story in part from Carmelina herself, in part from Jovenina, and the rest from her own observations.

It seems that Luigi, in natural pride of such a conquest, had brought his friend Mariano, another carabiniere, to the house one evening to meet the lovely Carmelina.

Was it unnatural that she should have tried to make herself agreeable to Luigi's friend? Did she not wish all his friends to be her friends as well? She chatted and laughed the evening through with Mariano, leaving her sweetheart to the tender mercies of Jovenina and Teresina. But though Luigi appeared satisfied with this arrangement he was consumed with jealousy as he watched his sweetheart and his friend. Mariano was an Iago thus to engage the attentions of the girl! Carmelina did not love him, after all; she was as fickle as the winds!

Luigi said nothing till it came time to go. Then he called Carmelina aside and reproached her cruelly for the very thing that she had done to please him.

Did Luigi think that she had made herself agreeable to Mariano for her own amusement? Was it likely that, from preference, she would talk with anyone but Luigi? If he was made jealous of his friend so easily, why had he brought him here at all? Mariano, indeed! She would never look at him again! He was neither as handsome nor as sympathetic as her Luigi!

But her explanations were of no avail. She was double-faced, said Luigi, like the marble statues that adorn the Quisisana. It was the carabiniere's uniform she loved, and not the man within it.

Now Carmelina's pride revolted. Very well! If Luigi thought these things of her it was fortunate that he had found them out in time. She did not wish to have a husband who would make her miserable with silly jealousies—perhaps even shame her publicly in the piazza, as some Capri husbands have a way of doing.

Adelaide and I imagined that beautiful dark head tossed back proudly and those big black eyes, no longer soft, but flashing. I wished I might have seen it, but when I said so, Adelaide pronounced me cruel and wicked. My mind, she told me, was like a clinic—a vivisectionist's clinic, too, if you please!—where human emotions were picked to pieces gleefully. Then she kissed me on what she's pleased to term my "bald spot."

Carmelina no longer sang Italian opera as she dusted. Adelaide said that now she dropped big tears upon the furniture, and I admit that I was annoyed with Luigi when I noticed that her gorgeous eyes were often red. Such eyes were never made for tears.

Adelaide raged anew soon after this. They had thought that Luigi would never come again, but they had not reckoned the Machiavellian scheming of his evil mind. He came to the villa regularly as before, but—fiend in human form—it was Jovenina now!

I demurred when Adelaide demanded that I go below and send him home. It would be too much like trying to eject a Julius Cæsar in full armor from one's kitchen. Why should I interfere in these Capri love affairs? I managed to persuade the dear creature I was right. Then she turned her thoughts to Jovenina. What a little serpent the girl was, to accept the homage of Carmelina's carabiniere! Had I noticed how differently she dressed? She was spending every cent she earned on finery. She wore her best regalia every night at dinner now, so that if Luigi came, she would attract him. Had she not better

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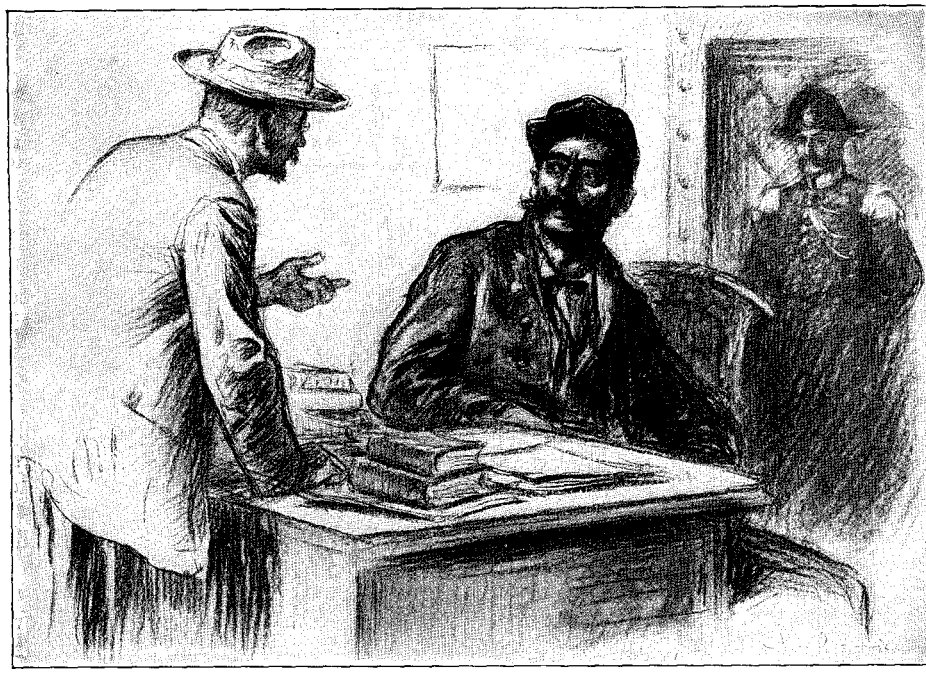

In lame Italian I told my tale.—Page 246.

dismiss Jovenina from the house? Carmelina was worth two of Jovenina, anyway.

When I counselled caution, Adelaide again alluded to me as a vivisectionist; likewise, after her usual custom when she calls me names, she kissed my "bald spot." But she agreed, at last, to let things take their course, for a time, at least.

Soon after this, our minds were diverted unpleasantly, from Carmelina's love affair.

Lembo, the commissionaire who brings one everything from Naples, came with another instalment of our money from the bank. Next day, when Adelaide went to the trunk, a considerable sum was missing. Twenty-three dollars may not seem much to you, but it is one hundred and fifteen lira over here, and that's a lot of money.

I consulted an Italian gentleman who befriends Americans in Capri. He advised me to say nothing of the loss, but to mark some notes and leave them in the trunk as bait, looking every day to see if they had disappeared. When finally they went, I was to hurry at once to the Maresciallo—no, it is not at all like maraschino—hurry, at once, I say, to the Maresciallo, who is the local head of the carabinieri, and place the matter in his hands.

I did not expect further pilfering until the next money came from Naples, but two days later six of the marked five-lira notes took wing.

Adelaide discovered the loss while I was at the Torre Quattro Venti having tea. She hastened to send word, so that I might get the carabinieri quickly, before the thief disposed of the marked notes.

In the gathering dusk I found my way to the headquarters of this band of military police. It was not an easy place to find, for it was tucked away in one of the narrow jointed little alleys which empty into the Via del Castello, beneath the arches of old Santa Teresa.

At last I rapped upon the massive door with a monumental knocker that sent the echoes flying. Presently I heard footsteps inside; then an iron-latticed peep-hole opened cautiously, and someone asked me what my errand was. My answer seemed satisfactory. After an unbarring and unlocking that made me think what Capri must have been in mediæval days, when Saracen pirates occasionally called, I was admitted.

A shadowy carabiniere showed me through dark rooms and up a stairway, to

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the Maresciallo's office. While I sat and waited, a lamp was brought.

The room was absolutely bare of furniture excepting for a rickety desk, three wobbly chairs, and a set of shelves marked with the impressive word "archivio." On the wall was a board with hooks, such as one sees in the offices of rustic hostelries at home, but the keys which hung upon these hooks were huge and ancient weapons—keys I imagined knights producing at their castle doors on coming home from the crusades. Besides some printed notices, the only adornment of the chamber was a target, marked upon the whitewashed wall, suggesting that when not engaged with his "archivio" the Maresciallo practised marksmanship, from his desk chair.

A carabiniere knocked at a door beside the target, while several others watched, as though a revelation were expected.

It flew open, and the Maresciallo's head appeared, as Punch's head pops out between curtains in the pulcinella.

I am sure that this is the only occasion on which the Maresciallo has been seen by human eyes looking anything but grand. He was not in his gorgeous uniform, but was dressed like a soldier in a battle painting. His fatigue coat was half unbuttoned, showing the gray shirt underneath, and his cap was like those worn by Italian workmen who have recently completed their military service.

They told the Maresciallo that I wished to see him. He entered the room and seated himself at his desk. I stood before him, and carabinieri ranged themselves about. Even the wobbly desk seemed to try to straighten up in the great man's presence.

In the unpleasantness of my errand I had quite forgotten Luigi. Now, suddenly, I caught sight of him, and it dawned upon me, horridly, that in speaking of the theft, I cast suspicion upon both girls toward whom his flashing eye had glanced with favor. The awkwardness of the situation staggered me, and I rejoiced that, though we were known to one another, I had not the honor of actual acquaintance with him. I wondered which of the others might be Mariano, but above all I speculated as to how Luigi would accept the news I brought. Would he chase me about the island with his sword and slay me, or would he only scorn me for a "pazzo" foreigner.

The Maresciallo fixed me with a shiny eye as in lame Italian I told my tale.

Did I suspect anyone?

I hastened to aver that I did not.

Were my servants honest?

They seemed so, but one of them had surely robbed us.

Ah, but which one?

I depended upon the Maresciallo, with his superior facilities, to discover that.

I was uneasy as we talked, for Luigi stood behind me. Should I hear his sword as it came from its scabbard or would my first notice be the prick of its sharp point between my shoulder-blades?

The Maresciallo moralized. Had I only lost jewelry the case would be more simple, but money—ah, money was hard indeed to trace!

Again I pointed out that the last bills stolen had been marked.

But how could I prove the marks?

In the Maresciallo's presence I now marked a note as I had marked the others.

But suppose the servants said the mark was theirs?

I had two witnesses.

Ah, that was well. Now was I certain that I had no direct suspicion?

Indeed I was.

Then how was he, the Maresciallo, to know where to begin?

That was beyond me. I had hoped that he might hasten to the villa and try to ferret out the thief ere the marked money had changed hands.

This sort of conversation proceeded for an hour—a very valuable hour, I felt, for each minute wasted rendered slighter our chances of success. I grew impatient, heartily wishing myself in police headquarters in New York.

At last the Maresciallo said that he would come up in the morning to investigate.

When I pointed out that the marked bills would almost certainly have vanished by that time, he winked a knowing eye and advised me to leave the case with him.

Dissatisfied, I started home. Fortunately, however, I had not gone far when I met the Italian friend who had advised the marked-note trap. I told him of the failure of my efforts with the Maresciallo, and he insisted upon returning with me to the stronghold of the carabinieri. When, for the second time, I reached the Maresciallo's

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Drawn by S. Ivanowski.

"She has quarrelled with her lover. She is most unhappy."—Page 250.

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office, I noticed a change in the manner of that dignitary. You see my friend was one of Capri's "city fathers." What a great thing is influence!

Everything that my Italian friend explained threw new light upon the subject of the theft. Within five minutes activities commenced. The Maresciallo would accompany me at once to the villa, where he would sift the matter to the bottom. It was an outrage that foreigners should be robbed! It would give Capri a bad name!

He disappeared behind the doors whence I had seen him emerge at first, and stayed there half an hour. But ah, the transformation when he reappeared! Now he was the real Maresciallo—the being I had seen in the piazza; him whom the Capriotes held in awe, and called "the Brigand."

Have you ever been escorted home by three policemen? If so, you know how people turn and look, and wonder what you've done. My progress through the piazza and past Morgano's and the stores was most conspicuous. Even the darkness did not shield me, for the swords of my three attendants clanked constantly, and our eight feet, keeping step, sounded hideously loud in the narrow stone-paved streets, attracting much attention. So great was my embarrassment I did not notice for a time that the Maresciallo had picked Luigi as one of his assistants, and even when I did discover it, I cared but little, so far gone I was with shame at being thus brought home.

Never had the flight of steps that leads up to our villa seemed so long. The nasty business must be gone through with, but I wished to have it over soon. It is not hard to decide to have an aching tooth removed, but the journey to the dentist preys upon one's nerves.

The Maresciallo told me not to ring, but to admit him directly to the kitchen. So we entered the garden gate and I rapped loudly on the kitchen door.

I had the feeling of a Judas as I heard Archangelo's footsteps coming blithely. Then the door was opened, and our proficient chef discovered me standing in the garden with my army. All care and sorrow left me at sight of the ludicrous, dismayed expression of that face. I should have laughed aloud but for my fear of Luigi and the Maresciallo.

All the servants were in the kitchen when we entered. As the Maresciallo explained his errand, I tried to detect some sign of perturbation in one or the other of them.

Archangelo was nervous and full of protestations; Carmelina was plainly astonished beyond measure; Jovenina assumed an air of nonchalant *ennui;* Teresina's black eyes popped out.

Until I saw him talking with the servants I had not realized the powers of the Maresciallo, and the aptness of his soubriquet, "the Brigand."

His mustaches were long and inky black, his features were large and good, and his deep-set eyes seemed to pierce the things they looked at and come through upon the other side. I have seldom seen a man of more impressive manner. He was self-contained, keen, and commanding, and his expressions of face and voice had surprising range and force. I became fascinated in observation of his methods. There was a seeming deep significance to every word he uttered, as though one more question would bring forth the money, show us who the culprit was, and settle the entire matter.

He had a way of throwing back his head, looking at his victim through half-closed eyes, and speaking very slowly. This seemed to drive the servants wild; there would at once begin arm-waving and expostulation that reminded me of panicky days on the New York Stock Exchange. He would change suddenly from this cold deliberate style to one of fire and rapidity. His head shot forward, his eyes blazed, and his question snapped out sharp as the click of a steel trap.

His gestures, too, were marvellous. He would pop his hand quite suddenly before his face, peering at Archangelo between the outstretched fingers, his pantomime irresistibly suggesting a prisoner looking from behind the bars.

If the answers to his questions did not suit him he raised his eyebrows and his shoulders, giving a look of derisive contempt which was beyond description.

Perhaps the finest accomplishment of this many-sided "Brigand" was his sinister laugh. He used it to denote the full extreme of scorn and disbelief, and it rang out cold and blood-curdling as the mirthless laughter of Mephisto.

Throughout his questioning I was pleased to observe the calm demeanor of our

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Carmelina. She looked the Maresciallo in the eye and answered him with a directness that was disarming.

Archangelo was the first to fall into the "Brigand's" toils, for, on examination, it developed that he had been to several of the shops that afternoon and had paid bills amounting to about two hundred lira. They were our household bills, he said. Now, it is a Capri custom to pay daily, and I knew well that Adelaide was scrupulous upon this point. Archangelo admitted that he accounted to her every morning, and that before he went to market she always gave him money to pay for what he bought.

Why, then, had he not done so?

He became confused. It was bothersome he said. Instead of paying day by day, he put the money in the post-office—which, in Italy, is a sort of bank as well—and left it there until considerable accounts accumulated, when he drew it out and settled them as he had done this very afternoon.

The Maresciallo's irony was biting. Ah, so Archangelo was not the chef for the signore, but the keeper of the privy purse? The signore, not feeling competent to manage his own funds, gave them to Archangelo so they might be safe? Perhaps Archangelo bought tickets in the government lottery? Yes? And had he seen fit to invest some of the signore's money in the lottery as well?

Suddenly the "Brigand" pointed his long finger at the end of Archangelo's nose, and tossing his head back gave vent to his frost-bitten "Ha, ha!" When our chef expostulated wildly he was met with the imitation of the face behind the prison bars. This fell like a blight upon Archangelo. He then received a lecture and a warning on the subject of other people's money that I was sure he would heed.

At this point Carmelina proposed that all be searched. I was glad that the suggestion came from her, for I had liked her manner throughout this trying time. Not once had she looked at Luigi; not that her eyes had been cast down in embarrassment, but rather that they had looked past him and about him, and even through him. Of the two I was sure that Luigi was the more uneasy.

The other servants could not well object, so the search began at once with our fallen Archangelo. No marked money was discovered, but as the Maresciallo had suggested, there were tickets in the lottery, and alas! he had cigars and cigarettes of the brands I used. These he stoutly averred he bought, but the fact that they were of kinds not to be had on Capri seemed to disprove his statement. Besides, my initials were on the cigarettes.

Now a woman who had been sent for arrived to superintend the searching of the other three. Carmelina asked that Adelaide be present during the ceremonies, and Adelaide, when urged, reluctantly consented. The five entered one of the bedrooms and for most of what happened there I must depend on Adelaide's account as given me later.

Jovenina waved the other two aside with the manner of a queen. She must be searched first. After the removal of her waist, she produced from somewhere a handkerchief, which she placed upon the dresser, saying nonchalantly, "A little tea." I may mention here that Adelaide's opinion of Jovenina's assumed indifference was identical with mine. Of all the servants we were least sure of her.

Next came Teresina. In a dirty pocket with bits of string and other things were several lumps of sugar. Teresina hastened to explain that she had bought them. But with them was a box of safety-matches bearing a number marked in ink. I had recently begun numbering the boxes in the hope of keeping better track of them, so Teresina laid it on the table with a sickly grin that owned her guilt.

Next came Carmelina's turn. There had been some reserve in the disrobing of the others. Not so with Carmelina. Before they knew it, she had—as Adelaide put it—"popped out of her clothes," and stood there, well—let us say a forest nymph in bronze.

Nothing was found on Carmelina with the exception of her pretty figure, and I was standing outside in the hall with the three carabinieri when that was found. I know because I heard the exclamations.

"O Carmelina, What a pretty thing you are!" cried Adelaide, and the woman who had come to search remained to pray, for I heard her laugh, and exclaim, "O *Mamma mia!* Yes, yes, yes!"

Luigi was there beside me, so I suppose he heard it, too.

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They came out presently, and when the "Brigand" found that Carmelina was the only one on whom no contraband had been discovered he smiled and nodded to her, saying, "Good!" For the other two he had no word.

Now the searching of the rooms began. It is needless to go into details; even the painted figure of the Madonna on Archangelo's wall was searched. Drawers, shelves, bureaus, boxes—all were investigated without result. As the hunt progressed things became less strained. There were smiles, and even little jests at the awkwardness with which the carabinieri handled some of the feminine apparel.

But even when Luigi and the other carabiniere were searching Carmelina's room, under the supervision of the "Brigand," the girl failed to give the slightest notice to her former admirer. When questions were put to her by Luigi or the other, she answered to the Maresciallo as though he had addressed her. I fondly fancied Luigi squirming beneath his gorgeous uniform.

The search was almost finished when Luigi, in a desultory hunt through the pockets of a coat that hung upon a hook in the girl's room, found a letter bearing no address. It had a big red seal, and I remembered her having come that morning to ask me for a piece of wax.

"What is this?" asked Luigi, holding it up for her inspection.

"A letter to my sister in Sorrento," said Carmelina, turning to the "Brigand."

"Does it contain anything?"

"Only the letter."

"Then you won't object to its being opened?"

"But I have no more wax," she protested.

"Perhaps the signore will let you have a little?" smiled the "Brigand."

I nodded.

"But it's only a letter to my sister," objected Carmelina.

I must own that I was surprised at the girl's attitude. It seemed to me that, for the first time, she was nervous. The "Brigand" shot her a quick glance beneath his eyebrows.

"Open it," he said to Luigi.

Luigi ripped the envelope. I sighed with relief, for there was no money. Somehow, Carmelina's seeming anxiousness about the letter had momentarily shaken my faith in her.

She had turned away as Luigi opened it. Her face was red. "Don't let him read it!" she begged the Maresciallo.

He looked at her again beneath his bushy brows.

"Read!" he commanded Luigi.

Luigi began perusing the epistle. It seemed as though the room had suddenly grown hot, for as he read he mopped his brow.

"Well?" asked the Maresciallo sternly.

Luigi looked beseechingly at Carmelina's back and hesitated for an instant. "Nothing," he said, addressing his superior.

"What does it say?"

"It concerns her personal affairs," said the now crimson carabiniere. "She has quarrelled with her lover. She is most unhappy——"

Here Jovenina tittered.

A choking sob burst from our Carmelina. With her face in her hands, she rushed from the room.

"Enough! enough!" cried the Maresciallo, glaring savagely at Jovenina, who instantly subsided.

The search was over. The money was not found. The Maresciallo left, saying he would see me in the morning.

I talked the matter over with Adelaide before going on my nightly rounds to see that doors and windows were secured.

"The money's gone forever," she said. "But there's one thing we know about it."

"What's that?" I asked.

"That Carmelina didn't take it."

"Yes," I agreed; "and whatever has become of it, I think it's well invested."

"Vivisection?"

"Well, if that's what you choose to call it, yes. It was surely odd, and Italian and dramatic."

"Forty dollars' worth," reflected Adelaide. Then suddenly: "I tell you! Write about it and get the money back that way."

"Perhaps," I answered, as I started on my door and window locking tour.

The sharp Italian moonlight was streaming in through the French windows leading to the garden. As my hand found the bolt I paused; outside I saw a figure. It was a carabiniere. He stood quite motionless. Then I discovered that he was not alone. His big blue cape sheltered someone else as well—someone whose dark head lay peacefully upon the carabiniere's shoulder.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

NOWADAYS, as is often remarked, we do not grow old. The chimney-corner sees us no more; knitting is a lost art and an old lady's cap an obsolete headgear. The modern grandmother does not renounce a personal interest in pomps and vanities and the modern grandfather plays golf. The old-fashioned grandmother was perhaps not less worldly-minded, in spite of the tradition which makes a saint of her, but hers was a vicarious worldliness. It was for her granddaughters that she desired frivolities. Plenty of good clothes, plenty of beaux, and in the end to marry plenty of money; that was her ideal; and she set much store by good looks. She was a trifle cynical as to the duration of early attachments. One old lady, who had eloped with the man of her heart, was asked by a granddaughter whether, if she had it to do over again, she would still make a runaway marriage. With the appalling frankness which belongs alike to childhood and old age, she replied: "Yes, but not with Mr. A."

Age *versus* Youth

With increasing enlightenment in matters of hygiene the period of old age is deferred, and the tides of life now flow strongly at a time when our forefathers and, still more, our foremothers were laid on the shelf; and yet, put it off as we may, it is bound to catch up with us, unless we be of those whom the gods love. To the earlier period of meek acceptance belongs the assertion, so often repeated as to be sometimes carelessly taken for truth, that contact with youth more than anything else makes old people forget their age. Never was a more mistaken statement. In a way, it is true that the society of young persons does keep their elders young, by stimulating their pride and preventing them from giving way to certain foibles incident to their time of life. It is in the nature of a salutary discipline; and those persons who are brought in contact with the little segregated communities of old men and old women who are collected in "Homes" will probably agree that it is a discipline which is most desirable. For of all the pitfalls which lie in wait for old age, the most distressing is that lack of self-control which lays bare the weaknesses hitherto kept under cover by a normally strong will. The constant presence of the younger generation is at the same time a moral goad and a support. The very instinct of self-preservation leads one to adapt oneself to their standards. If you would not be unpleasant to look at, you must cultivate the niceties of the toilet. Not for you, madam, any "sweet neglect." At your age, "robes loosely flowing, hair as free" are not as befitting as a well-preserved figure and a trim coiffure. Not for you, sir, an overindulgence in slippered ease. Beware the trousers that bag at the knees and the wrinkled waistcoat. If you would not be an unwelcome companion you must constantly bear in mind that "brevity is the soul of wit." You must be sympathetic, but discreet; wise, but not too wise; modern enough to be companionable, but old-fashioned enough to be suitable. And you must not expect to be understood. Youth believes itself to be misunderstood, age knows itself to be so. But for your comfort you may know that the vigorous discipline to which you subject yourself undoubtedly retards the progress of senile decay.

As for your children and grandchildren, they are charming creatures; so handsome and gay and clever, so affectionate and so full of pretty ways with you, and as sympathetic as their limited experience of life will permit. You love their very inexperience and in your secret heart you think them a great improvement on what you were at their age. But as for feeling young in their presence, that is another matter. For that you must seek the society of someone older than yourself; someone who calls you by your first name, or, better still, by a nickname; who gives you advice and thinks your clothes are too old for you—someone, in short, who from the vantage-ground of superior years bullies you a little. And when the last person is gone to whom you were always young, then, indeed, you know the loneliness of age,—model grandparent though you may be, adoring your descendants and adored by them.

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THE voice of the Spelling Reformer is once more heard in the land after so considerable a lapse that we thought he had forgotten all about us. This time he comes re-enforced by the Captain of Industry, who announces that he is going to "finance spelling reform." Decidedly we must now mind our Ps and Qs.

We have been growing careless of late. Once upon a time we took shame to ourselves if we made errors in spelling and we were in haste to devise excuses for our shortcomings. It was a slip of the pen, we said; or if we acknowledged our weakness we maintained that good spellers were born, not made, and tried to brazen it out in that way. Nowadays, when a high priest of spelling reform tells us that the student is no longer obliged to sit "with a dictionary at his elbow" and that the traveller need no longer "pack one with his linen and his Bible," we feel that we are not called upon to be slaves to the vagaries of twenty-six letters; that it is of no consequence whether we spell the English language correctly or not; and that, in fact, so irregular and illogical a language does not deserve any consideration at our hands—to such ease of conscience have we arrived. True, we are still cowardly enough to anticipate criticism by saying in a casual way to whomever it may concern, "You know I don't pretend to know how to spell"; for nothing so disarms criticism as to confess one's sins before committing them.

Some Advantages of Unreformed Spelling

It is doubtless a fine thing not to be obliged to worry over a vowel put in or a consonant left out, but we seem to be coming to the end of this happy, care-free period, for now we are to be brought up with a sharp turn. Ironclad rules are to be laid down which, if we follow them, will give to our most serious and eloquent pages an appearance at once barbarous and would-be funny, reminding us of the methods of the early school of American humorists. Perhaps the only thing necessary is to get used to these changes; but shall we of the present generation ever succeed in getting used to them? Shall we ever be able to take the literature of the future seriously? Protests come from those who treasure that "nice and delicate sense for visual symbols which has been built up through centuries"; but what chance have we old fogies if Capital is to finance spelling? And not only is it proposed to give us a changed spelling, but we are even offered a new alphabet, so dotted over with cabalistic signs that it may be warranted to ruin the strongest eyesight!

It really is not wise to subject even youth to a too sudden shock to its "delicate sense for visual symbols." One would not willingly arouse laughter when one is in dead earnest. Take, for instance, the case of my friend Justus, who felt obliged, the other day, to write a letter of admonition to his graceless nephew. Now my friend is not a spelling reformer, but, although a man of education, he has always been an indifferent speller, and he does by no means sit with the dictionary at his elbow. The double consonant is his stumbling-block. When he sat down to write his letter he was in a severe frame of mind, and as he wrote his indignation grew—a righteous and well-justified indignation too; and since he does not lack a command of concise and forcible language he did not fail to make his opinion of the boy's behavior clear. The boy, who is by no means irreclaimable, found himself very unhappy upon the receipt of this letter. He knew quite well that he had made a fool of himself and his uncle's scorn cut deep. As he read, he had a despairing sense that nothing was very much worth while any more, that no efforts could make up for the past, and that "foolishness" (how much more contemptuous a word than folly!) was more irremediable than sin. And then suddenly, as his eyes followed the lines, the tension was relieved and he burst out laughing. For my friend Justus, at the climax of his scorn, had written "apetites" for appetites. "Apetites!" chuckled the boy, and after that could bear to be told that his debts were "appaling." Of course you and I, who have a sneaking kindness for the boy, are glad that the sting was drawn; but the effect was not what my friend Justus intended.

Our friends the spelling reformers intend, I understand, to make their spelling conform to our pronunciation; but there seems to be some danger that it will be the other way about, and that long before we have got used to their indicatory dots and lines our pronunciation will have become hopelessly vitiated. Who that has heard *program* pronounced *progrum* can be free from this apprehension? Can even the ingenious suggestion that the silent letters should be made to do their duty and that we should sound the final *ugh* avail to save us?

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THE FIELD OF ART

EASTMAN JOHNSON—HIS LIFE AND WORKS

HOLLAND, the country above all others to which art owes gratitude for the creation and maintenance of sane traditions of painting, rendered a signal service to American art some half century ago in the solid technical training which it gave to Eastman Johnson. The education of our earlier painters had been various. When the nineteenth century was nearing its middle period there was a general exodus of students to Düsseldorf, and it was to pursue his studies there that in 1849 Eastman Johnson took ship for Europe. The vessel on which Johnson sailed, bound for Antwerp, was detained at Flushing; and it is to be regretted that no written record has been made of the story which Johnson delighted to tell, and told so well, of how he and his comrade, George Henry Hall, who survives him—impatient young pilgrims desiring to plunge at once into the promised land of art—left the vessel and, ignorant of the language and customs of the country, trudged on foot along the River Scheldt toward their goal. On their way each step revealed to their New-World eyes some detail filled with romance and promise, until after nightfall they found themselves before the closed gates of the city of Antwerp, which was then a walled town obedient to the old custom of curfew.

After an amusing parley in conflicting tongues the capital of Flemish art received them kindly, and henceforward the art of Flanders and Holland made so direct and sympathetic an appeal to Johnson that his sojourn in Düsseldorf was comparatively brief and its lessons had little or no visible effect on his life-work. His earlier student stage passed, he settled at the Hague, where his success was so marked that when after an absence of long duration he determined to return to the United States, his patriotic purpose was carried out in the face of a temptation to accept the formal proffer of the position of court painter at the Hague. It may be said in passing that a singular good fortune has rewarded the efforts of many of our painters abroad, a good fortune made the more conspicuous, perhaps, by our lack of appreciation of many of the same men at home. Stuart's renunciation of a position hardly second to Reynolds' in order that he might transmit to posterity the features of Washington, Vanderlyn's success in Paris, Allston's deliberate return in the face of a strong probability that he might inherit the position and influence which Benjamin West had so long held in London, and Morse's turning from his brilliant *début* abroad to found at home the National Academy of Design, are all instances of Americans taking a position in the art of the Old World that proves the trite axiom that our prophets are not without honor save in their own country.

This may be deliberately written even in view of what we deem here to have been the successful career of Eastman Johnson, and may be enregistered without bitterness as a necessary sacrifice on the part of all those honorable men who have laid the foundation of our present and future art. If we had to-day an institution possessing the authority of the Institute of France, addressing a public sufficiently enlightened to accept the life-work of a sincere and gifted artist as an important part of the accrued intellectual wealth of our country, an exhibition might be had of the work of Eastman Johnson like those which in the year following their death gather together a comprehensive and representative showing of the life-work of the greater artists of France within the galleries of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris. This summer sees such exhibitions there of the work of Fantin-Latour and J. J. Henner; good painters both, but no more important to the art of their country than is Eastman Johnson to ours.

Such an exhibition would show that returning home shortly before the Civil War Johnson was, as Aaron Burr wrote of Vanderlyn at his return (I quote from memory), "the best trained painter that is or has been born upon our shores." Chronologically, the most important evidence of a higher de-

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gree of technical skill in drawing, painting, and composition that any of our men at that time possessed may be found in the "Old Kentucky Home," now in the Lenox Library in New York, though a number of smaller pictures, notably a "Prisoner of State," may have preceded this. At about the same period must be noted some very remarkable studies and drawings made among the Indians in the Northwest.

As he was thirty years ago so Eastman Johnson remained to the last. He was seventy-five years of age when, returning from the decorous revels by which the Century Club of New York at long intervals celebrates the Twelfth Night, he caught sight of himself in a mirror. He was dressed in the costume of a Dutch burgomaster, his ruddy face emerging from a "cartwheel" ruff. It was three o'clock in the morning, but as he himself told the story, the effect of light under the gas tempted him, and procuring a canvas, he then and there painted from his reflection in the glass until dawn, producing a spirited portrait that many of his younger contemporaries could well envy, and that more than one of the old Dutch masters could regard with an approving eye. A full-blooded, honest painter, close kin to a great and virile race, when the time comes that present accomplishment shall have triumphed over false and temporary fashion, and it is recognized that we must honor our own men, his place will be assured.

WILL H. LOW.

THE example set by Eastman Johnson, both as a man and an artist, is one worthy of the consideration of all artists.

As a painter he has for many years stood among us, acknowledged both by the men of the older and the younger schools as an able technician and as a worthy exponent of the art we have developed on this side of the ocean. Mr. Johnson began his career as a draughtsman, doing his first portraits in crayon, and his work was throughout characterized by recognition of form. It is a matter of interest to note that in the history of painting, with but very few exceptions, every producer of work emphasizing drawing and a knowledge of form has scored, even though color was not a dominant or even strikingly perceptible accompaniment. In the case of Mr. Johnson, however, color was an accompaniment of no mean proportion and was handled in a manner which, technically, commanded the respect of those of us who had come from the schools of Paris, where the *pâte* and the *coup-de-brosse* were held in the highest esteem. His method of work was one known to our predecessors and esteemed by us, though differing from that which I had myself been taught in the *atelier* of Carolus Duran. It was one of the warm, transparent shadows sustaining lights and half-tones painted with vigor and *impasto*. Thomas Couture was perhaps the best exponent of this method in France during the period preceding my study there. Eastman Johnson practised this formula of painting with extreme dexterity, using both warm and cool lights in delicate contrast to half-tones of pearl and cool gray, the whole backed by warm, rich, luminous shadow painted transparently. This method of painting, in the hands of a man who was a practised draughtsman, gave a means of expression which only required to have back of it a mind in touch with humanity and of high ideals to produce works of art above the average, and such were the works of this artist. In telling the stories of our American people, both in New England and the South, he never descended into the trivial, he was never simply anecdotic. The art conveyed to the canvas always prevailed over the simple story. The work of the *painter* was dominant. Be it in "The Glass with the Squire" or in the "Corn Husking," one felt the merit of the man who handled the brush above the sentiment of the subject, and it is this quality in Eastman Johnson's work that makes me glad to write of him as an artist. He tells his story in a strong and forceful manner, unheeding the clamor for detail and triviality. Such have been the characteristics of men like Jean François Millet and Winslow Homer, who being men absorbed by and devoted to their art, have felt that its superiority must be maintained over the theme presented, thereby making their canvases of that lasting quality which the mere recital of an incident in paint never attains.

In portraiture Mr. Johnson was both forceful and sympathetic. Some of his heads of men are as strong as any that have been produced in our time. I recall with the greatest pleasure a head of Dr. McCosh which was in the collection of his work exhibited at the Century Club a few years ago. Laid in with great skill, this canvas both in

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color and value was a masterpiece, portraying the refined intellectuality of a sitter in a direct manner without overelaboration. The planes of the brow and face were declared with the surety which comes from long training and artistic judgment. There was no juggling with the brush or forcing of the pigment, no avoidance of a form or a feature to bring into prominence the author's skill in keying up a high light. The whole was a conscientious representation of the personality of the subject, reminding one of the dignity and charm of certain portraits by Titian and the early Italians. Our later school of painters are interpreting things in a somewhat different way. Is it a better way? I seriously doubt it. The paint and the execution are playing the rôle of importance and occupying too much the centre of the stage. Mr. Johnson represented sincerity and a knowledge based on training and coupled with natural gifts of a high order. His work will be always valuable both intrinsically and as an example to followers of his art.

CARROLL BECKWITH.

EASTMAN JOHNSON was eighty-two years old when he died and the beginnings of his art went back to a time when painting in this country was at its lowest point. The culture of England and of Europe in general, which was reflected in our colonial life, had about died out, and in its place was growing up a crude and trivial art to satisfy a public for the most part uncultivated and busy with other things. This public, however, had at least the advantage of being homogeneous and democratic. The artists belonged to it and were understood and honored by it, and when they advanced they lifted the public with them.

It was for this public that Johnson catered both in his early efforts before he went abroad in 1849 and after his return in 1860. He never lost touch with it as did the great body of the "younger men" who in the 80's came back from Europe with new ideas of what constituted a picture.

Johnson was by that time one of the "older men," and though well disposed toward the new movements and respected by its followers he remained true to the earlier traditions. He never lacked public comprehension and patronage as the "younger men" did. His training was different. He had begun with Düsseldorf, but soon went to Holland, where the sound and thorough technique taught suited him perfectly. This technique, with its careful drawing, warm transparent shadows and solid, opaque lights, had nothing revolutionary in it, but represented the academic tradition of the country. Johnson mastered it thoroughly, and having mastered it, thought no more about it, but centred his mind upon his subject.

This is where he differed from the "younger men" trained in Munich or Paris. They had cast in their lot with the innovators. They brought from Munich felicities of dashing brushwork and from Paris effects of open-air lighting unattempted before. The subjects on which they displayed these novelties were matters of indifference to them. Paradoxically, the very fact that they had not lived so long abroad as Johnson made them more removed from our native taste. They had not painted pictures in Europe, but studies, and they still had a student's pride in the skill of the student, with no experience of the completeness and seriousness of finished work. They did things "amusing" to themselves and which were "amusing" largely from technical reasons which their public was not in a position to understand.

Eastman Johnson was the direct contrary to all this. To him his subject was as paramount as it was to the early Italian or Flemish painters. He had a story to tell, and he appealed not to a restricted circle, but to the great public; and his pictures displayed incidents of common life, mostly that country life which nearly everyone of that earlier day had known in youth. This story-telling intent was general in America at the time and produced much work that was trivial and inartistic, but Johnson's was neither. His nature was strong and deep and he chose from the life around him what was human and permanent, discarding instinctively the petty and insignificant. His world of plain folk, farmers, peddlers, housewives, or country boys is seen with sympathetic insight. More important still, it is seen from a painter's standpoint and rendered with something of that "style" which escapes the commonplace.

The work is full of artistic qualities added unconsciously in the desire to express the subject. The draughtsmanship is admirable, not only correct, but strong and full of character; the composition is well arranged, the lights and darks spot well, and the color, while rich and warm, according to the school traditions, is not perfunctory, but

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shows real feeling. No impatience or change of mood leaves any part incomplete, yet labor does not wear out inspiration. There are felicities of handling not aggressive but as skilful and interesting as ever came out of Munich, and atmospheric effects rendered with a delicate accuracy that Paris training has not surpassed. It is the combining of artistic and popular elements that is Eastman Johnson's characteristic merit. For a generation he stood almost alone in offering to the uncultured public pictures which they could thoroughly enjoy and which at the same time increased and educated their artistic perceptions. Even now there seems to be no one who fully replaces him in that office. SAMUEL ISHAM.

THE death of Eastman Johnson removes almost the last link which unites us with that past of our art which was, in a certain sense, analogous to the period of our literature of which Bryant, Longfellow, Prescott, Motley, Whittier, and Lowell were representatives. It was characteristic of both fields of effort that in the output of each there was a distinct national flavor. The sympathies of both writer and painter were of the soil of their native land.

Romance invested the institution of slavery; and later the Civil War provided subjects, and farm life suggested topics to the healthy-minded and not too complex painter of the day which appealed to a public equally simple and receptive in its attitude toward painted themes. Hence we still recall by this painter "The Old Kentucky Home," "The Pension Agent," "The Tramp," "The Old Stage-coach," "Nantucket Whalers," and "The Cranberry Pickers," which reveal a past, or fast-vanishing, phase of our civilization.

This fact, of itself, would not make them memorable; but Johnson had a fine sense of color and a wholesome appreciation of the intimate and homely subjects of the Dutch school. Beautiful grays were to be found in his interior scenes, a rich *impasto*, and a kind of looseness in the touch which removed them far from much of the practice that was going on at the time of his return from abroad. These pictures are veritable contributions as records of vanishing phases of the national life. But as he had begun by making portraits, so he returned to them; and his reputation was that of a portrait-painter. To consider these is to go into a subject that is more or less technical. It would not be wise, however, to measure Johnson's art by the practice of to-day; but for the time he worked and the environment in which he worked, his accomplishment was remarkable. He had indeed many attributes that well fitted him for his work. A genial, robust, and wholesome personality—one that by no idiosyncrasy or affectation would be likely to repel a sitter—and this sometimes counts for much.

When a painter puts before us personalities so strongly marked as some of Johnson's most telling presentations, one is rather indisposed to find fault because of the lack of those qualities of the virtuoso which much of the work of to-day displays, not always so successfully united with the human side. It is perfectly true, however, that the painter we are considering made use of conventions in painting which the worker of the present seeks to avoid. In spite of this there was in his work a breadth of aspect, a merging into the background of certain uninteresting passages of form, a care in the selection of accessories, that testified to the presence of a controlling judgment in the conception of the canvas, which stamped it as the production of one possessed of the essentials of portrait art. Our painter's method was, after all, a rather full-blooded one—his touch was, as opposed to that of his contemporaries, free and loose—a reminder, perhaps, of that vigorous manipulator of pigment, Couture; while Johnson's color seemed to come from his very veins, so rich and ruddy was its glow.

If he had been possessed of a surer and more certain sense of planes, if he had builded, with his strong color, the constructive forms of the human head with the competency say, of Raeburn, we should have had still greater pleasure in the canvases he has left. Still, vigor and character were the distinguishing marks of Johnson's work above, perhaps, that of any of his contemporaries, and he outlived many of them in his working years. FRANK FOWLER.

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THE FIFERS.

From the painting by Eastman Johnson.

—"Eastman Johnson, Painter," page 263.

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